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March 1980
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Winter Riding Hints —from 1938

Your Twelve Ol' Ladies Are Ready— To Be Voted On

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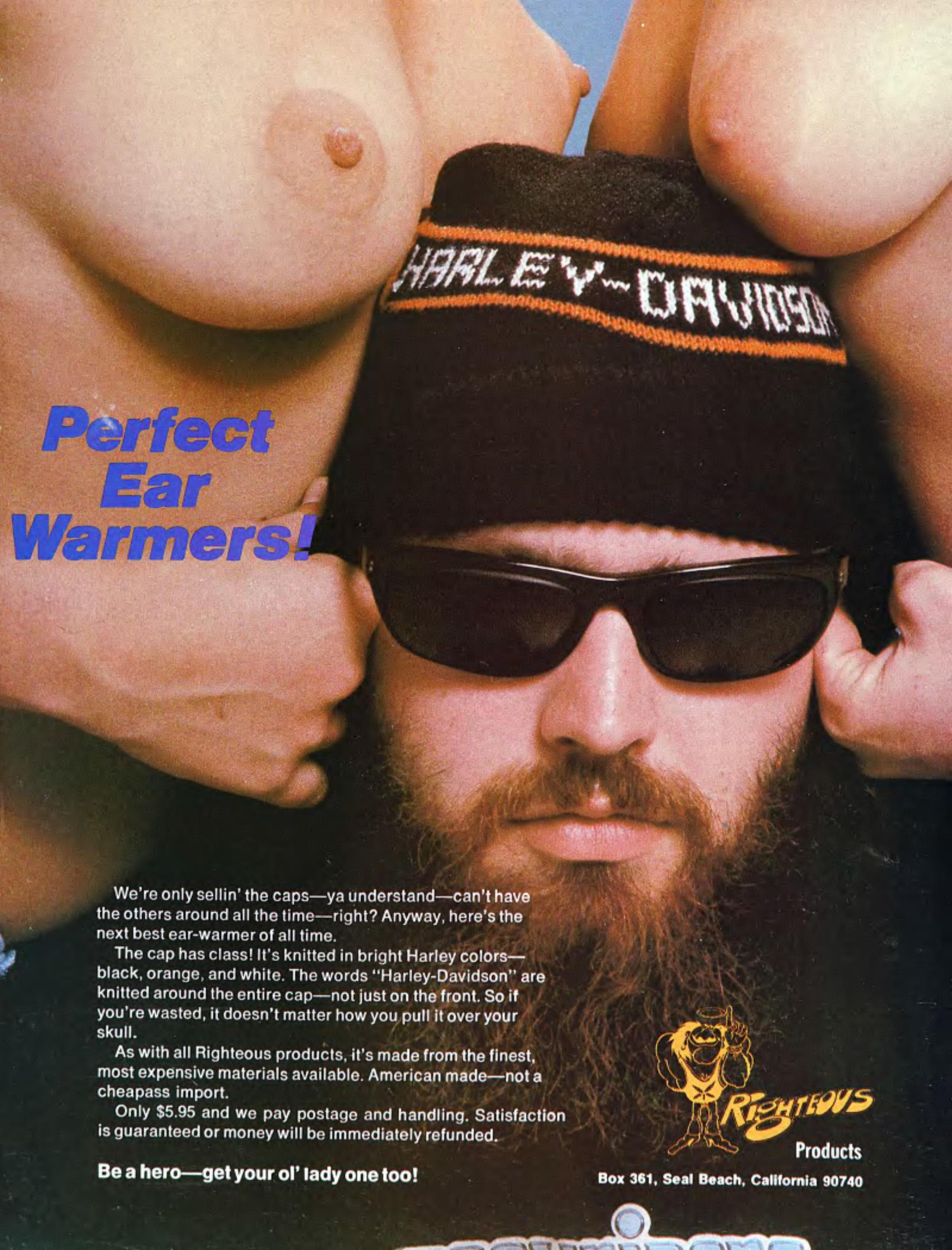
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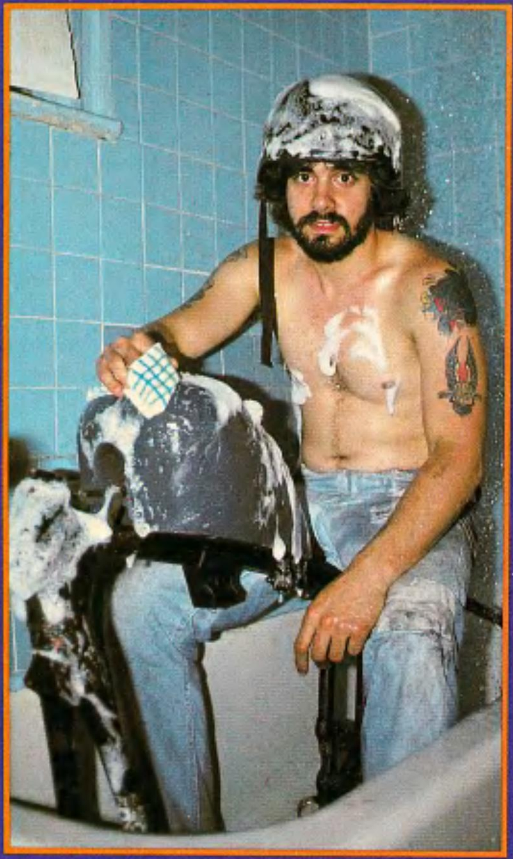
Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 **Number 81, March, 1980.** Vol. 9. **Easyriders** is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 676 South Glenwood Pl., Burbank, California 91506. (213) 843-3277. **Editorial mailing address** is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 889-8701. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91505 and at additional offices.

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Cover photo of Trisha by Grant Edwards

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 26th.

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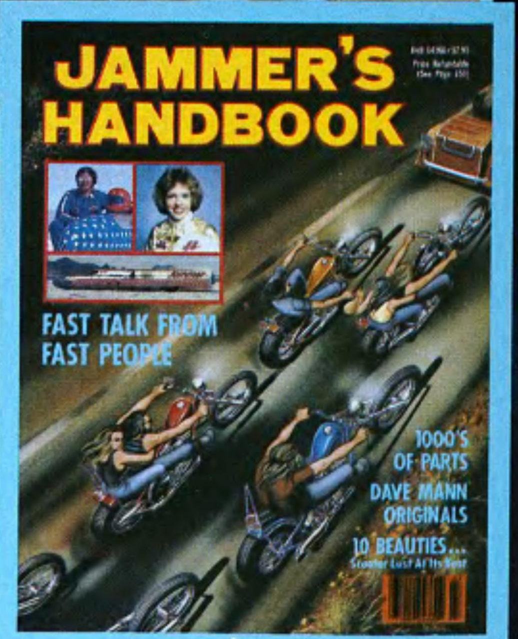


Tell me quick--am I missin' out on some new sex trip? A dude was just caught after spending months at breaking into women's bedrooms and cutting large chunks of hair off their gourds as they slept. Nothing else--just snipped and ran. (Shit, if he had any class, he'd at least have taken pubic hair.)

You probably read about that fuckin' dog in Laredo, Texas that sniffed out 40, yep, f-o-r-t-y, pounds of cocaine in a secret panel of a station wagon, which a dude was tryin' to drive into the States. Ya read it all the time--where man's former best friend (before he turned snitch) is the cause for people gettin' busted--but wait, let me tell ya about my kinda dog: This dog (yes, dog) was busted because he was seen staggering down the street! He was stoned-ass, could hardly stand up, and he had a gold earring in one ear. They busted him for drug smugglin', but didn't say where he had it on him. (Do you suppose he sampled it, or was it in his belly and the balloon broke or what? You figure it out.)

Speakin' of animals, a sheriff's department in Utah is lookin' for their pet pig that was ripped off; but they are hesitant to advertise for it. Why? Well, they describe it thusly. It's white with red eyes, one black ear, a long snout--and it answers only to the name of ''Policeman!''

Then how about the dude in Florida who went to the refrig and found no beer. ''What, no beer--why, you bitch.'' He picked up his shotgun and bashed his pregnant ol' lady in the mouth with the butt end. That ought to be an object lesson to any ol' ladies readin' this to keep the refrig packed-- and cold.

Morning eye-opener: The Mexican Feds just destroyed 465,000 marijuana plants. I wonder who counted them?

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Old man file: A 114-year-old man in Japan just won 1,500 bottles of distilled liquor in a court suit. And there's the 88-year-old man who was just found innocent of raping a 94-year-old woman. He said thanks a lot, but he couldn't get it up if his life depended on it.

Do you have a criminal record? Well, a biosocial research company has concluded that those with records drink excessive amounts of milk and avoid eating fruit, nuts, and vegetables. They also said that too much milk turns some kids into troublemakers--and all this time you thought you had failed as a parent.

Now I've heard everything: A county jail in Wisconsin took a prisoner to the emergency hospital to have the lumps on his head repaired. According to the police, the prisoner jumped into a brick wall head first!

Educational dept.: Live down stream from a beaver (the animal) dam? In northwestern Pennsylvania they've determined that so many beavers are shittin' in the water supply that they're contaminating it. 17,000 residents in that area are now boiling water. Beavers weigh as much as 60 pounds, so you know they're dumpin' some pretty big loads into the water.

Musta been the full moon: A dude in Ohio went into a store, pinched a female clerk on the ass, picked up three girlie mags, and split without paying. So what? Well, he did all of that while wearing nothing but a pair of men's briefs over his head. I don't know if the shorts were all the way over his head and he was peekin' outta the pee hole or what.

We all know that the prisons in Mexico are rough on inmates. But there's one that's tough on the guards as well--they have to serve out the remaining sentence of any prisoner who escapes while they're on duty.

Two dudes recently got bored with their jobs in the furniture factory at the Oregon Penitentiary, so they got themselves sewn inside a 3x8-foot sofa which was then shipped outta there. ■

WORDMONGER

Another One

☐ Just got the December issue and was lookin' through it for the umpteenth time when it hit me. The bike feature "Black 'n Bad" on page 66 shows the belt drive on the right side and the pipes and carb on the left—just the opposite of the same bike on the next page. I put the rag down, smoked a joint, and yup, still the same. So I dunno—whatdafuck?

John Lynch
Del Rio, Tex.

■ Well, ya see. . .

Owes One

☐ I'd just like to pass on some thanks to a bro who showed me a taste of biker brotherhood despite the fact that I was riding a riceburner. I was out puttin' with the wife when my electrical system failed and I was goin' nowhere in the middle of the boondocks. Then a bro named Dave pulled up on his Sporty and offered to help—he ended up waiting until I got relatives to come get us. I had only a little herb on me at the time, but I really owe him a good brain roast for helpin' me.

Bob Kryvanis, Jr.
Ansonia, Conn.

Sharing Rag

☐ My ol' man has had a subscription to your mag for about five months now. Well, the problem is that I have to fight him even to get to thumb through the damn thing before he reads it. Maybe **Easyriders** should have a his and her plan for our situation.

Mary Otten
Union, Mo.

■ We do—wait your turn.

They Like Her

☐ You're fulla shit. The girl pictured in the November issue is really super. My ol' man and I have discussed her at length and we like her. She turns us both on. She can sleep wth us any day of the week.

Mike's Mouse
Barboursville, W.Va.

Surprise Package

☐ I want to tell you about a righteous thing that happened the other day. I was lying here in the house of iron, and I got a kite to go to the package room. Now, not having anyone out there who really gives a fuck, it set me to wonderin'. Well, the following morning, all set for some sneak attack by my keepers, I proceeded to trek down to the package room. Upon arrival and after all the necessary searching and general harassment I asked for my package, and here is where I experienced what the guys with families must feel, because in this plain brown envelope were the three back issues of my **Easyriders** sub that the joint must have misplaced. I wrote to you people, explaining, but never once did I really expect you to replace them. Whatdafuck, I guess I forgot you guys are still brothers under all the newsprint.

Pelican
Comstock, N.Y.

Digs Paperbacks

☐ My ol' man and I just got finished reading **Best Biker Fiction** #1 and #2, and we enjoyed both a hell of a lot. Special thanks to Larry "Rabbit" Cole and Louis Bosque for the best fuckin' stories we've ever read! Keep up the good work, bros.

Zep and J.J.
Anchorage, Alaska

Cruel Punishments

☐ I enjoyed Dr. Twatburger's article "Punishments" in the December issue, but I must disagree with his statement that "pressing to death" was one of the cruelest punishments. While it was certainly harsh, I can describe two that were far worse.

Crucifixion, as practiced by the Romans, was administered in two parts. First, the victim was whipped with a "scourge," a sort of cat-o'-nine-tails with metal barbs and lead slugs on the lashes. Most died from the "scourging" alone. Then the victim was nailed to a cross with Roman spikes driven through the bones of the wrists, not the palms, and the feet—and Roman spikes were from six to ten inches long and thick as a man's finger. The victim hung by these, and the pressure on the median nerves sent waves of agony shooting down his arms into his spine and back up to the wrists again, over and over. Death came from shock and exhaustion after a period of anywhere from a few hours to several days.

Impalement was popular in a few societies, but its chief practitioner was Prince Vlad Tepes. He ruled Wallachia, known today as Rumania, during the middle 1400s. The executioner used a long pole, or "pale," greased or blunted to keep the victim from dying too soon, driven slowly up the victim's ass, or through the belly, depending on Tepe's mood. The pale was then thrust upright in the ground, leaving the victim on display like a sardine on a toothpick, to die hours or days later. Prince Vlad, by the way, was the real-life Dracula—a nickname by which he was actually known during his lifetime.

D.W. Reiley
Elizabeth City, N.C.

Prolific Writer

☐ I've been sitting here for a while, trying to write a decent letter to ya, but when I reread them, they never make sense. So instead of getting frustrated, I'd just like to say "high."

J.D.
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Bad Blood Pressure

☐ That "Macho Madness" article (Jan. '80) nearly caused my blood pressure to burst my skull. I wish I could meet the idiot who wrote it so I could slap some sense into him.

Dana Doodle
Georgetown, Mass.

Donkey Dicks

☐ Spider's little riff on the "Fragile X Syndrome" (Nov. '79) really stunk. If he had half a brain in his empty skull, he would know that the male chromosome is the deciding factor in any chromosomal change, such as sex, etc. So tell the asshole that it was his dear ol' father's fault that he's been sucking donkey dicks too long or maybe he's gone nuts already.

C.M.
Santa Rosa, Calif.

■ Who'snuts?Who'snuts? Who'snuts?

A Question

☐ The centerfold in your November issue shows an old car. A friend of mine thinks the car is a '55 or '56 Chevy sedan delivery. I think the fucker's crazy. The car *is* hard to identify, but I have to say it's a '57 Chevy Nomad or just a straight wagon. We would appreciate it if you would clear up this minor disagreement.

Mike
Mishawaka, Ind.

■ It's a '56 Chevy two-door station wagon with rear quarter windows filled.

A Fantasy

☐ In your November issue, try page 63—the flick from John Chilese. Ya can't miss the brute—right page, top right-hand corner. Well, I wanna tell him that's the nicest body, hands, hair, face, ear, nose, and smile I've ever seen and I would love to love him.

Babe
Surrey, B.C., Canada

Mann Art

☐ Dave Mann really outdid himself on the great centerfold in the December issue. It really says a lot.

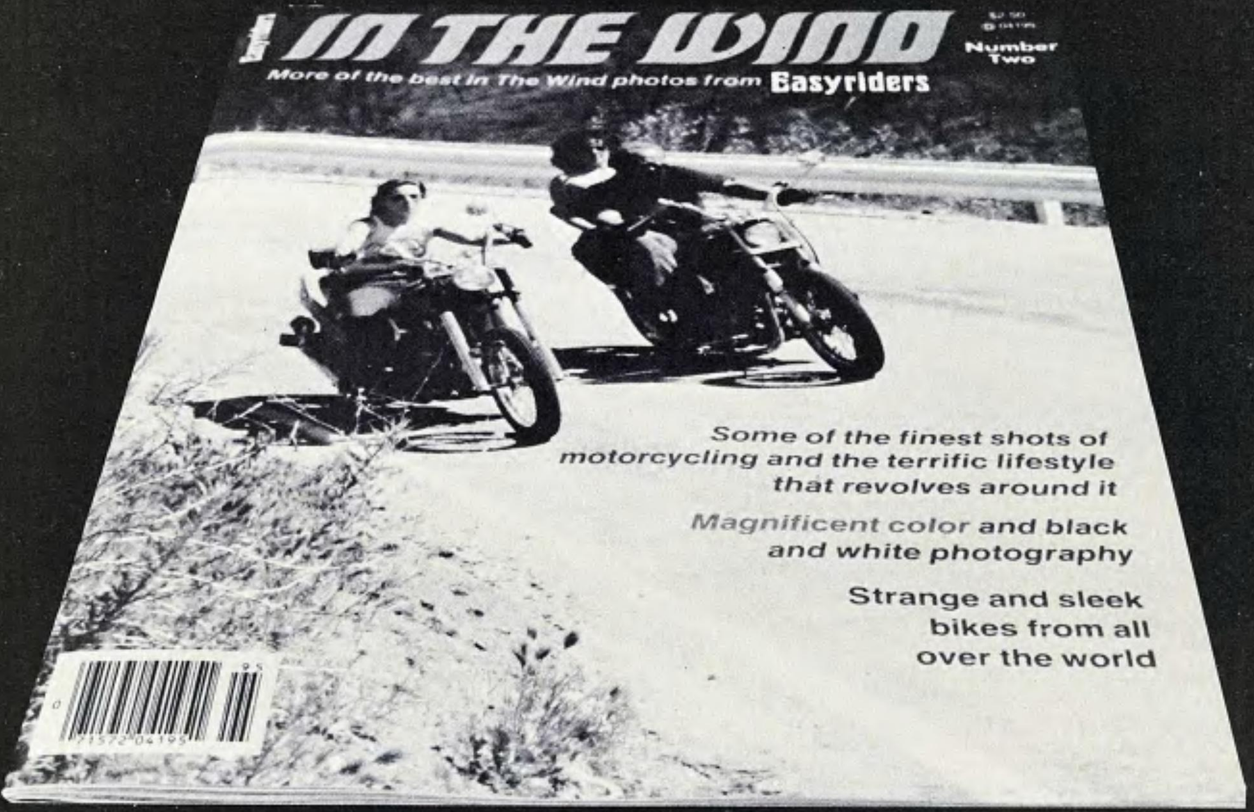
Carol Dillow
North Lima, Ohio

Fall Putt

☐ Nothing is more beautiful than riding through the country in the fall. It's the best high you could ever get. What more do you need?

Diamond
Grand Rapids, Mich.

WIND
Number Two



This is not your ordinary garden variety motorcycle magazine. This 197-page mutha has over 178 mind-bogglin' color photos of bikers doin' their thing. Over 243 black and white photos of bikers doin' other things! Everyone happy with their faces into the wind. Now you can buy this liver-quiverin' masterpiece directly from the animal farm. Just send $2.50 to Box 52, Malibu, California 90265—and we're such good muthas we'll pay the outrageous postage and fondling costs. Do it right now before your mind wanders. Now, we said!

Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

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An Invite

☐ After a few joints and reading your rag for the past five years, I gotta say that you guys are really great! So instead of raisin pie, if you're ever up my way, stop in for a cold brew, dinner and partying. You deserve it!

Butterfly
Perry, Kan.

■ Does that include Spider and Mutha?

Helpin' Out

☐ Just read the feature about the Denver bros in the January rag. As a loner who's been down here and there over the years, I gotta tell you that you've hit it on the head. Every time I've had to land somewhere that wasn't in my plans, I've found local people who know that brotherhood ain't just a fucking word. Nearly all patch holders, most loners, and even a lot of Honda 250 types will help out with tools, parts, a place to crash, or at least a beer or two. It makes ya fuckin' proud, don't it?

Doug
Chicago, Ill.

Weird Shit

☐ Damn, I read your rag in one sittin' and have to do all sorts of weird shit for 29 days till the next one comes out.

P.J.
Richmond, Va.

Go For It

☐ Anyone who has ever considered writing to someone in the "Male Call" column—go for it! I have a wonderful man who will be coming home any day now and we have a special love ahead of us.

Shortenin' Dave's K.C. Lady
Sugar Creek, Mo.

An Offer

☐ In response to Nance's letter in the December issue: Buy your own Harley, lady, and get your ass moving. You'll find more "nice-looking bros" than you can handle. In fact, you can start with me!

Daydreamer
North Jersey, N.H.

Wanted To Be Alone

☐ You bikers are crazy. I fell in love with a scooter tramp. We were gonna live together. One day I needed to be alone for a while, and when I told him, he musta thought it was a threat to him, because I haven't seen or heard from him since.

Bonnie
Long Beach, Calif.

Mass. Needs Help

☐ We, the Modified Motorcycle Association of Massachusetts, have sent letters to all the motorcycle organizations in the four neighboring states—Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island—asking their memberships to write a letter to a senator in Boston, Massachusetts, who has given the MMA of Massachusetts a problem with our helmet law passage this year. The senator's name and address is as follows: Senator Mary Fonseca, Room 309, State House, Boston, Massachusetts 02133.

We would like you to tell her that she is denying Massachusetts tax dollars and vacation money because you, the motorcyclists from the neighboring states, don't want to ride through Massachusetts because you have to wear helmets and don't have the freedom of choice that you do in your home states.

If all you motorcyclists in the four neighboring states would help our cause, it would be greatly appreciated. We are working on other ways to make her change her mind, but we figured that we should ask organizations in the four neighboring states to show their disapproval of her not giving the riders in Massachusetts the freedom of choice.

Salvatore L. Amato
MMA
Somerville, Mass.

Uncommon Tits

☐ I'm curious about how you find so many titless women to feature in your magazine. I know it isn't a trait common to California chicks, 'cause I used to live there. So I figure either you guys hang around junior high schools looking for trainees (they probably work cheap) or maybe you just go to great lengths to find grown titless women so your readers' ol' ladies won't feel threatened and shitcan your hard work. So which is it?

Little Jon
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

■ There's more to a woman than her tits—or so someone told Renegade recently.

Willie Nelson

☐ I really enjoyed the interview. It's about fuckin' time there were a few articles on down-home, partyin' music people.

Sunrise
Tampa, Fla.

Vanished Bikers

☐ Back in '77 when Maine bikers were fighting for the helmet repeal, this area was crawling with scooter folk—custom Harleys, parties, runs, meetings, interested and well-organized people.

I bought a 74 in June, but it wasn't until September that I could find another Harley to putt down the road with. Is there just a handful of bikers left or are you all hibernating in a cave somewhere up north?

Burni the Burnout
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

Who's Nuts?

☐ Just a few words from Asia. I was in Seoul, Korea, waiting for my marriage certificate a couple of months back. I was sitting in the U.S. Embassy, reading your 69th issue. I started laughing my ass off, as usual, and I noticed all the straights around staring at me. Here I am, in my fucked-up Levi's, leather, Hog T-shirt, and boots, and them in their suits and ties. After a while, I started laughing again. Everybody was exchanging looks, wondering which of us was nuts. Of course, I had no doubt.

Radz
Korea

Better Time

☐ I just wanted all you people to know that you're really makin' this Texas chick's time a hell of a lot easier. Bein' in the joint is hard enough, but being in the joint in Texas is a fuckin' bitch!

Your righteous mag and all the memories that it brings back are gonna keep me goin' until that day when I can climb back on a scoot again.

Thanks from all of us Harley ladies who are downed here in Texas. Keep doin' it for us!

Molly Revia
Gatesville, Texas

Tech Question

☐ Do ya know why women have legs? It keeps 'em from leavin' a trail like a snail. Yuk, yuk!

Rick and Sid
San Diego, Calif.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the—back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. ■

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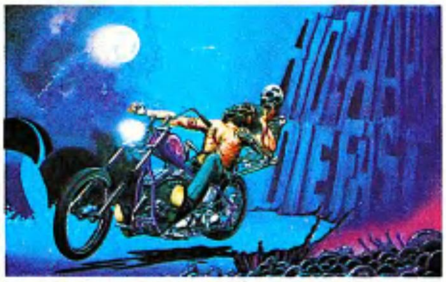
M-9 "Hollyweed"

M-7 "Run Heat"

M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"

M-2 "Freedom of the Road"

M-6 "Apehanger Days"

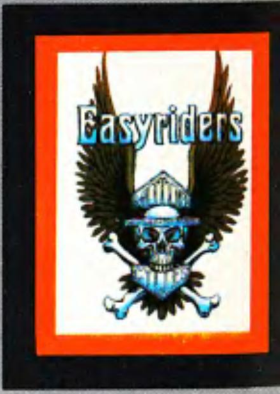


M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"

M-13 "Won't Start"

M-12 "Country Style"

M-8 "Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Necessary Evil

Dealers across the country report they're reaping profits on bikes—both new and used—and accessory sales.

However, many dealers are quick to point out that this sudden interest in motorcycle riding has caused havoc in their service departments. Most shops have been inundated by an avalanche of "oldies but goodies" brought in by folks wanting to do their bit for the gas crisis. Faced with this fix-up work as well as a flood of new bike setups and warranty work created by the increased number of new bike sales, many dealers are in an almost impossible situation: many shops are buried so deep in service work they couldn't work themselves out in six weeks if their lives depended on it.

It's therefore not too surprising that a lot of dealers are looking at their service department as merely a necessary evil, a flaw in an otherwise very pretty profit picture.

—Dealernews

On Vacation

For most people, vacation is a chance to get away from what you do for a living. But when you do motorcycling for a living the situation is different, especially if you chose that occupation because you love it and it's in your blood. Going on vacation to escape something you love makes no sense, and going on vacation without your motorcycle wouldn't be any fun. So I took mine along.

Actually, it took me. Vacation consisted of giving the bike its head and hanging on. Two days, twelve hundred miles, a Willie Nelson concert, my first motorcycle camping adventure, six states and as many radar detector beeps, a sunburn, a daylong Kansas thunderstorm and an unearthly High Plains fog later, my motorcycle and I sat on top of Pike's Peak together and agreed that vacations are the neatest thing since grey tape.

—Dave Despain
American Motorcyclist

Of Men And Bikes

Merriwell and I are sitting at the bottom of a gorge. It's grassy and very steep-sided, and a brand-new Triumph single-carb 500 twin is lying on its side just burping over while we stare at each other glassy-eyed and winded. We have gotten this machine *down* the hill pretty easily, whooping and hollering with the joy of knowing how terrific we are. Now it is getting dark, and two brand-new butter-bar Army lieutenants who are supposed to know how to maneuver complex machinery in time of war are completely bollixed by a simple motorcycle.

Then there was a classic one night after it had warmed up and the honeysuckle perfume drenched the evenings. Our little hormone pumps blasted with all sorts of energy and we took off to find a twisty road, Merriwell steering and me leaning. We'd just blown past a hog ranch when Merriwell started slowing down.

"What's happening, Merriwell?"

No answer.

He pulled off onto the shoulder and just turned around and looked at me. His whole face was a bloody mess, and for a horrible moment, the reason didn't register.

Lesson number fourteen: Pigs draw flies. After that, we bought goggles.

We always wondered why the post secretaries whom we managed to lure to our wolves' lair would pause at our front door as only a Kentucky girl will when she's sizing up a situation. First thing greeted them at our front door was the stern end of the Triumph, which we parked in the kitchen. You could really actually see their minds working. ("If these guys park a motorcycle in their kitchen, what are they going to do to me?") We never seemed to get any that year.

—George S. Larson
Cycle Guide

Exercise Your Vote

"Rider Vote," a public service advertising campaign aimed at the motorcycle press, has been launched by the AMA. The purpose of the campaign is to promote voter registration among motorcyclists, and thus set the stage for significant biker impact on the 1980 elections. The ads proclaim to the two-wheeled community that voting is " . . . as important as your right to ride!"

The approaching Presidential election and the onset of a new decade are noted in some of the advertisements, which point out, "Some riders feel they didn't get a very fair shake from government in the '70s. Maybe that's because they didn't help elect the government in the '70s."

—American Motorcyclist

MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps — no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Either black with an orange stripe down each outer edge or orange with a black stripe down each outer edge. Indicate either black or orange suspenders, your name and address when ordering.
Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate delivery. $7.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.

Send money order or check for $7.95 per pair to:

Good Products
Box 807
Yucca Valley, Calif.
92284

California residents add 6%
Sorry no C.O.D's. All foreign orders add $1.00

Runnin' Weekend

By Mick Karr

Even the sunniest of days can turn into one icy-fingered mutha once the sun nods out, Pete thought, grateful for his heavy black leathers as he threaded his way through the last clumps of commuter traffic leaving the city that Friday night. Letting the weight of the 74 hold him securely in his lane, he leaned back against the sleeping bag strapped to his sissy bar and thought about the weekend ahead. Damn! It would be good to get away from all the everyday hassles, camp out alone, and just let his batteries recharge. There would be time enough later to think about next week—now was the time to kick back and let it flow.

The closer he came to the mountains, the more Pete felt alive. His heartbeat accelerated with anticipation and he ceased to be aware of the cold as he flowed with the ever-diminishing freeway traffic headed toward the mountains. Eventually, he was the only traveler on the dark mountain freeway. As he rounded a wide curve, he saw up ahead the flashing red lights of a car in distress. What a bummer to be broke down out here, he thought, heading across the freeway toward the emergency lane. He backed off on his quick throttle and let the bike slow from compression. As he got closer, he hit the groove between the cement freeway and the asphalt emergency lane and rode with the jolt that took him off the freeway.

Bringing his shovel to a stop, he sat up straight, kicked out the stand, and rocked the machine over until it rested firmly on the pavement. He straddled the big silver bike, pushed his goggles back on his tangled, black mane, and hoped he wouldn't scare the shit out of whoever was stranded in the little red VW up ahead. He knew from experience that his six-foot, four-inch bulk, totally encased in black leather, could strike terror in the hearts of citizens who automatically buy that "big, bad biker" myth—but all he wanted to do was help.

Well, he thought as he approached the apparently abandoned car, here goes nothin'. Whoever belonged in the vehicle had obviously left it in order to escape the thick, grey smoke that was still drifting around the car's interior. It looked like oil smoke, and when Pete opened the hood, his suspicions were confirmed. Squinting, he saw that the engine had been extremely hot. Now the entire engine area was dry-looking and the intake manifold was grey-white. He hunted around until he found the dip stick, managed to yank it loose, and wiped it on his bandana before shoving it down the small hole. Sure enough, it came up bone-dry and he muttered "Bummer" to himself as he read the bad news.

He sensed something moving slightly just to his right and glanced over, only to see two very small blue sneakers and the bell bottoms of what looked to be a small pair of jeans over against the freeway railing about four feet from him. Was it a kid? Pete turned back to the dipstick and pretended deep concentration, then quickly shot his gaze back to the railing. Sure enough, the feet and legs were still there and they looked to be moving a bit. Or was that shaking? He took a small step forward to get a better look, and could then make out a tiny waist, and above that a short-sleeved pink T-shirt. Short sleeves—no wonder she was shaking! Her pretty face, framed in long ringlets of dark brown, revealed insecurity—even fear—and discomfort in the extreme cold. Pete tried to smile and say something encouraging, but her frightened look caused him to back off and turn to his bike, instead. As he bent over to unfasten the bungie cords holding his sleeping bag, he glanced up at the girl and saw her dark eyes fill with concern as they surveyed the disabled car. He quickly unrolled the bag, grabbed the handful

—*Continued on page 72*

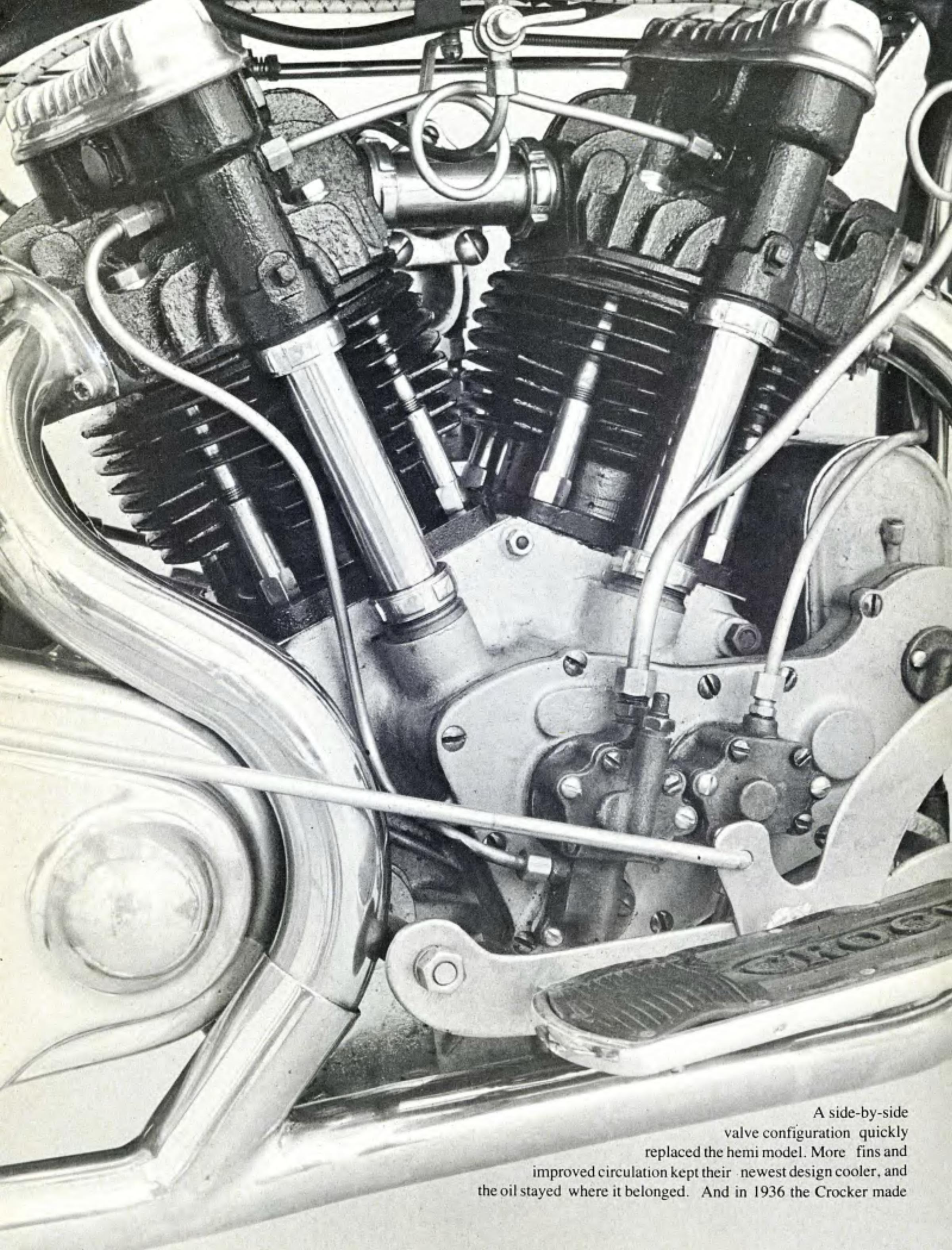
DAVID MANN

'39 Crocker

Another V-twin that didn't make it

The Crocker motorcycle was manufactured from 1936 to 1942—less than a decade. And during that short existence, the company made several extensive changes to the only model they produced. They gave it their best shot.

The Crocker began as a 30.5-cubic-inch single, which the Crocker people raced unsuccessfully against J.A. Prestwich-powered English bikes. The competition became increasingly difficult, so that the manufacturers were forced to withdraw the one-lunged unit and come up with a more powerful mill. In the spring of 1936 Crocker produced a V-twin design of 61-inch displacement. But the first six or seven hemi-headed units severely overheated, and valve life turned out to be shorter than that of spark plugs. In addition, there was a tendency for the needed oil not to circulate within the V-twin. It was carefully blown over the exterior of the new mill.



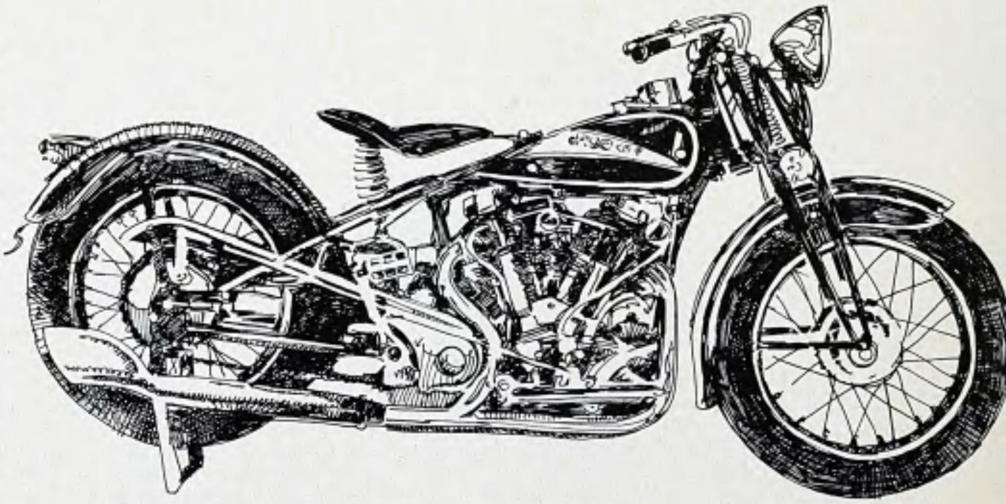
A side-by-side valve configuration quickly replaced the hemi model. More fins and improved circulation kept their newest design cooler, and the oil stayed where it belonged. And in 1936 the Crocker made

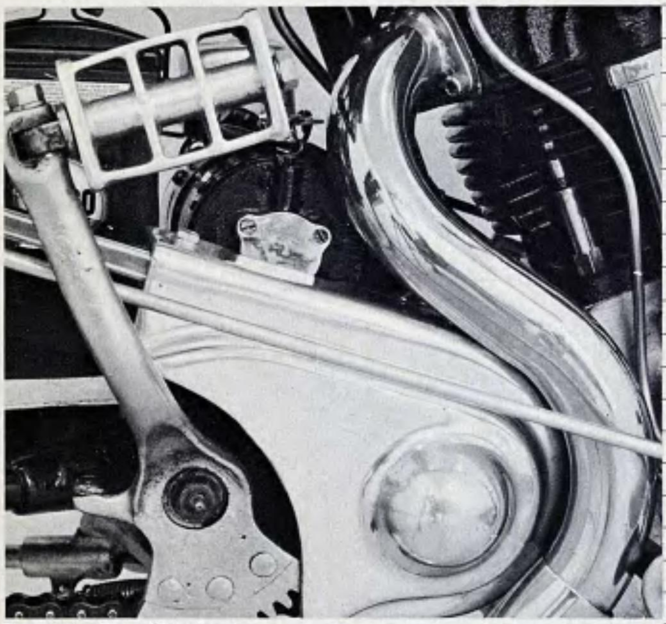
a positive showing at the races at Monroe Dry Lake, now Edwards Air Force Base. They raced against 61-inch Harleys and 74-inch Indians that year.

It may be difficult to swallow, but Crocker manufactured only 65 to 100 machines during their brief existence, which came to an abrupt end when World War II began. The model number on this scooter is 55, although it was probably only the 28th to 30th bike built that year. The manufacturer stamped in higher numbers to give the illusion of greater strides in production.

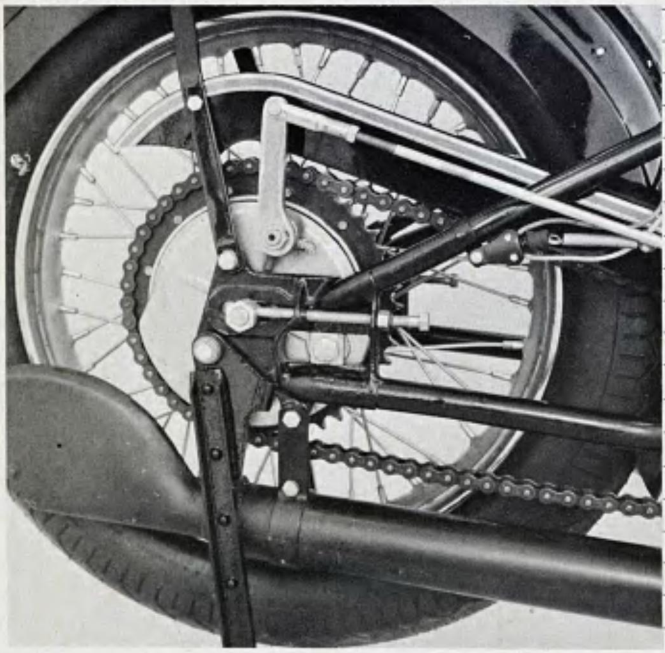
Well, bros, that's every fuckin' thing I know about the Crocker motorcycle. Oh, wait, there is one more item. The Crocker people built their bikes using Indian rims and Harley-Davidson mufflers. Now you've got it all.

—Weed

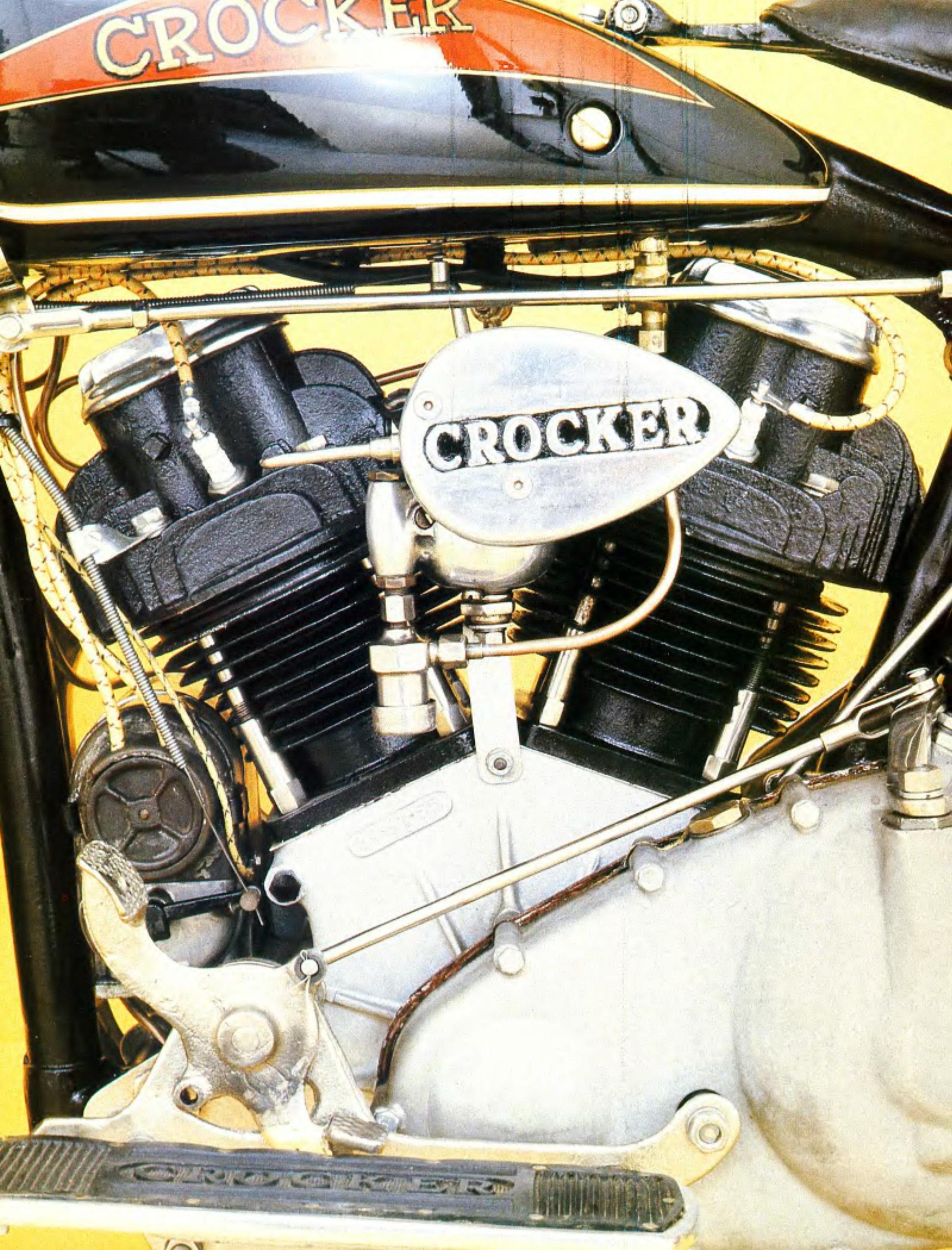




Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owners: Richard Morris	**City:** So. Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Albert G. Crocker	Year: 1939	
Year and make: 1939 Crocker	Builder: Crocker	
Model: 61 OHV	Type: single downtube/diamond	
Value: $765 (1939) factory price	Rake: stock	
Assembly: owner/friends	Stretch: none	
Time: 2½ years	Other alterations:	
Chroming by: Ferrier	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Indian	
Year: 1936-'41	Risers: none	
Model: V-twin	Fender(s): stock	
Rebuilder: Dewy Bonkrud	Headlight: Indian	
Ignition: Splitdorf 45 deg. magneto	Taillight: Crocker	
Displacement: 1000cc.	Speedo: Corbin	
Lower end: Crocker pins, H-D wheels	Front pegs: floorboards	
Balancing: Dewy	Rear pegs: why?	
Pistons: H-D	Electrics: J-6 plugs/Indian gen.	
Cases: stock	Gas tank: cast aluminum	
Heads: ported, 1¾ valves	Oil tank: in right tank	
Cam: Bonneville Crocker	Oil system: one feed/one return	
Lifters: reworked Chevrolet	Primary cover: yes	
Carb(s): Linky	Seat: Don's Leather Shop	
Air cleaner: aluminum cover	Sissy bar: stock fender straps	
Pipes: Crocker	Height: high enough	
Muffler(s): 1930-39 VL	Material: flat steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: stock 1 in. gears	Type: British style	
Year: 1939	Extension: none	
Shifting: tank shift 3-speed	Builder: Crocker	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: steering dampers	
Trans sprocket: 25	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 44	**Front:**	**Rear:**
Painting	Size: 18	Size: 18
Molding: Jim Coons	Hub: Crocker	Hub: Crocker
Painter: Jim	Rim width: 3½ in.	Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: black & red	Tire: Gdyr.	Tire: Gdyr.
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: clear over paint		
Other special modifications: Chief handlebars, Indian headlight		


CROCKER
CROCKER

WINTER RIDING TIPS

Snow? Hell yeah, I'll take a couple of fat lines. What, ya mean the snow that lays on streets and is all slippery and shit? I knew it was too good to be true—Bandit came in rappin' snow and I thought he'd scored and was going to turn on his ol' buddy. But no, he had visions of igloos, snowmen, and 60-weight turning to ice cubes. Hey, what's this shit about snow and ice? It's not even supposed to rain out here, ya know. I don't know if it was the rare piston ashtray that is now embedded in the wall behind me, or the kinda easy way he picked me up by the collar with just two fingers, that got my immediate attention to his problem. He wanted me to find out some tips on cold-weather maintenance to pass on to the bros who are not blessed with sunny skies all year.

So, keeping in mind his threat to find Spider and come back for another chat if I couldn't come up with something, I looked for a safe hiding place. Settling into a comfortable hideout, protected by bent rims, slick tires, and four months' worth of newspaper classified sections, I came across what had to be a stash of Spider's Harley stuff. You wouldn't believe where he hides that shit. Anyway, here was a flyer from the Milwaukee factory specifically on the subject of making scooters winter worthy. I had visions of being a hero. I might even get outta here early, I thought.

Just as my ass hit the cinder block behind my milk crate, Bandit was back. Spying the winter tips in my hand: "So that's where they've been." He was way ahead of me again. I was left holding a rusty paperclip while he headed for the bar—early. Nevertheless, here are a couple of genuine winter tech tips straight from old Milwaukee, back about 1938. Makes me shiver just readin' 'em.

—the Baltimore Escapee

Cold Weather Reminder

For many of us, winter is just around the corner. If in your locality you will soon have below-freezing weather, now is the time to get out a card or letter to all of your riders suggesting a winter tune-up job. The most effective plan along this line is to work up a combination of tune-up jobs at a special, low flat price for the group. You can probably stand a little extra work in the shop right now and at the same time you will be doing your riders a good turn by getting their machines in shape for good cold-weather starting, easy shifting and best all-around performance. Don't forget, too, that an active winter service campaign always results in the sale of a lot of cold-weather accessory equipment. Here are some of the things that need attention in getting ready for winter service:

Battery—Charge and inspect terminal connections.

Generator—Clean commutator. Inspect brushes and renew any nearly worn out. Check charging rate and if low for winter service, adjust higher.

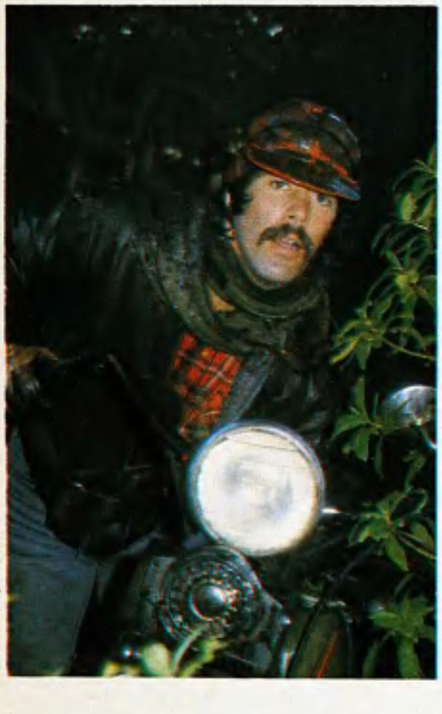
Circuit Breaker Points—Clean and adjust, or renew.

Spark Plugs—Clean and adjust, or renew.

Valves—Clean carbon and grind valves, or if this is not done, on side-valve motors, raise valve covers and flush out thoroughly with kerosene, with motor running to correct possible sticky, sluggish action. Adjust tappets.

Carburetor—Remove and clean thoroughly. In readjusting, set

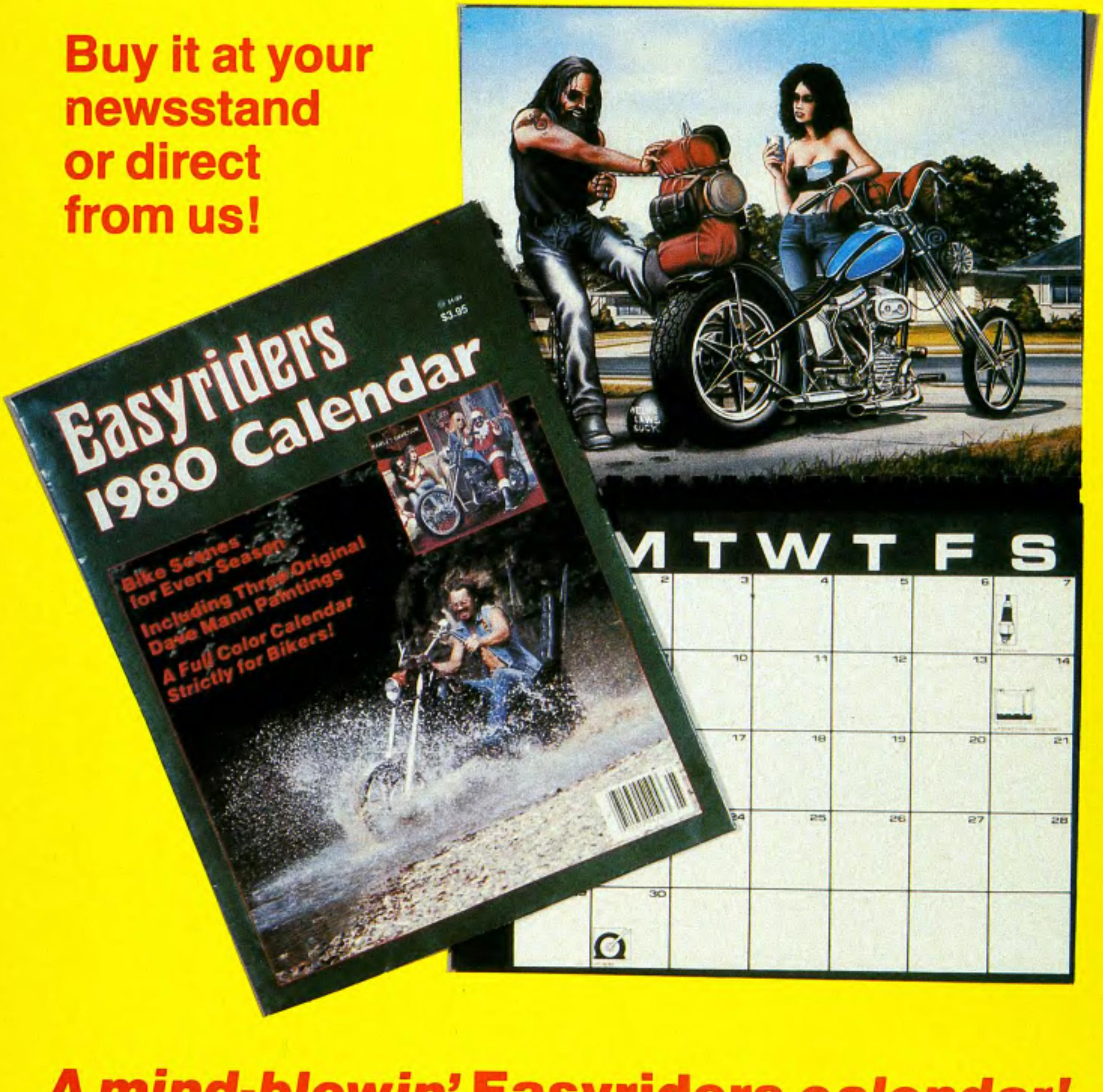
—Continued on page 82



Photos by Kim

You asked for it!

Buy it at your newsstand or direct from us!



A mind-blowin' Easyriders calendar!

Twelve fantastic scenes—one for each season and mood. Dave Mann paintings and superb color photos printed on very heavy slick paper; hole-drilled for hanging and spiral bound—no cheapo staples! First class—just what you'd expect from **Easyriders**. Go to your favorite newsstand or order direct by sending $3.95 to Calendar, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Not available in Canada

Knucklehead Oil Control

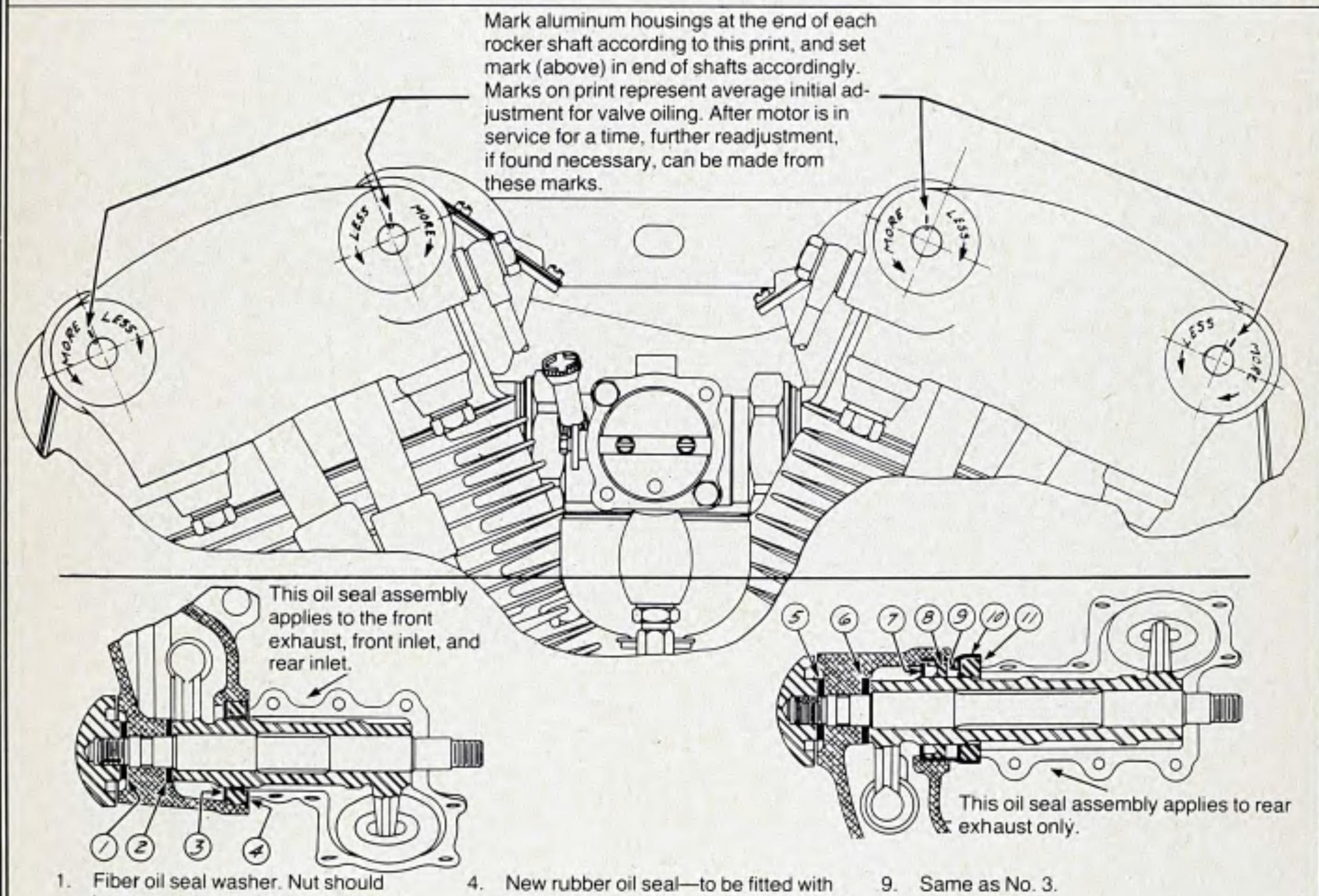
What we have here is not a fold-out of a naked knucklehead, but an almost foolproof diagram showing how to set up knuckle rocker arm shafts so the right amount of oil gets to the rocker arm and valve springs.

Another way to make some sense outta this mess is to suppose ya got a couple of your seals or gaskets leaking on the rocker box. You may have done a fine job of rebuilding the heads, top to bottom, but it's just possible that the rocker arm shafts are in such a position that the oil is flowing too heavily, unchecked, and ending up all over your shiny new chrome or rust, whatever. Or, if the rocker arms are squeaking, or you feel they are not getting the necessary oil, an adjustment is available. All that has to be done is to remove the large nuts on the right side of the engine, loosen the rocker arm nut on the left side and, with a small centerpunch, mark the rocker box itself, using this diagram as a guide. Then rotate the rocker shaft in the direction it needs to go, amount of turn depending on the oiling requirements of each individual rocker arm assembly. Tighten the left-side nut to hold the shaft where you want it.

Replacing the large nuts on the rocker boxes should be done after checking the fiber washers that seal the right-hand side of the box. Shop manual specs indicate that there should be .010 clearance between the corners of the nuts and the aluminum rocker housings. If the corners of the nuts hit the housing, you're not getting a tight seal and a leak will develop before long, and besides, the chrome will get scratched.

Add enough fiber washers behind each nut to obtain the .010 clearance the manual calls for, and you're on the road again. The whole operation could be done in one afternoon while you're resting from the night before.

—Wrench



1. Fiber oil seal washer. Nut should bottom against washer, not against aluminum housing. It is sometimes necessary to use two washers.
2. New 1/16" steel spacing-thrust washer.
3. Steel oil seal retaining washer (from original assembly). See description No. 3 in shop dope.
4. New rubber oil seal—to be fitted with fabric side against end of spring cover.
5. Same as No. 1.
6. Same as No. 2.
7. New steel oil seal retaining washer.
8. New rubber oil seal. Apply aluminum paint where it enters housing to seal it oil tight.
9. Same as No. 3.
10. Tubular spacer. Apply aluminum paint where it enters housing to seal it oil tight.
11. New rubber oil seal. This seal can be fitted either side against end of spring cover.

1938 oil seal assembly

Miraculous Mutha Tells All

Welcome Back, Mutha

It's A.F.T. (about fucking time) you brought your twat back to us. What happened, Zappa get bored or lost in yer cunt? Whatever, good ta have ya back.

Dog Face
Boston, Mass.

More Sweet Talk

I'd squeeze your shit and sniff your tit (or vice versa) if I had ya in this cage.

Tell me, when a dude rolls up on ya for a hit, what's he get—slappin' tits or gapin' lips? So it goes, the rap about you in this lay-up even traumatizes my no-scruples fright zones! You got a rep that's even super-sedin' Larry er . . . er . . . whatever they're called that makes lighters work.

Tito
Dannemora, N.Y.

• Whatever.

Wide Open?

I have been reading your advice page in **Easyriders** and I have to ask you—are you as wide open and cool as you seem to be, or is it all just a lot of bullshit?

Cowboy
Tillery, N.C.

• If you could see what I'm doin' right this second, all your questions would be answered.

No Go

I don't know if you'll believe this or not, but it's true! I came across this really neat chick, the kind any dude would love to have sit on his face. She's still a virgin. I've tried everything from A to Z and she won't put out. Please give me a good bullshit line so I can get my achin' balls relieved, or come give me some head!

Weed Hopper
Prescott, Ariz.

• Why is she so neat?

18 Inches

My ol' lady loves to give head, and I mean she's good. I got a 12-incher and she can get her lips on my nuts. But one afternoon, she eyed one of my bros while he was drainin' his lizard in the bushes and that thing was at least half a foot longer than mine. She says she won't do me again until she goes down on his. It's been three weeks and I'm so horny I could fuck a dead buzzard's ass. What should I do?

Mighty Rat
Lafayette, La.

• You should introduce me to your bro—and hurry up about it. Then she would know she hasn't got a chance and she'd come runnin' back to you.

Indian Blanket, Anyone?

You sure got a big ass. Shit, woman, your ass could keep my '48 Indian warm while your tits keep me warm. Shit, you can be my dog any time. After all, a man ain't free till he's got his dog and Hog.

D. W.
Mansfield, Ohio

• What's gonna keep me warm?

Who Needs Head?

I've been in for five out of a twenty stretch and I just had to tell Patty Wills of Manhattan, Kansas, that when I get out, I'll settle for a straight lay. I've forgotten how nice it can be.

"Ace"
Kingston, Ontario

• Don't forget — just don't forget.

Cow Cunt

You're a fine-looking piece! I've eaten live cow cunt before and I was wonderin', is your cunt as righteous tastin' as a cow's cunt? How 'bout smearin' it on some paper, and send it to me? I'll let you know if your cunt's better than that tasty cow's. I love eatin' cunt, even yours, cunt.

Sonny Zikefoose, Sr.
Pendleton, Ind.

• Well, about mine bein' better than your cow's, I s'pose it depends on the cow; but Spider's already told me mine's better than any cow's he's had.

'Bout sendin' ya some—how about an old rag?

An Essay

I noticed your pic in the November issue. Shit, did you lose some weight? How the fuck did you do it? One more question, sister—how can I get my fuckin' main man to eat me out? I keep my pussy clean by shavin' it an' it's clean all the way through. Also, would you be willin' to share Spider? I'm very happy you're back! Sure did miss ya. Stick with it.

Star Rider
Missoula, Mont.

• One fucking question at a time, please.

I.B.T.C.

I read your November issue and I just fell in love with the feature girl, who was called I.B.T.C. If I could have her name, phone number and address, I'd do anything. I've been jerkin' off ever since that issue. At least send me a picture of her so I can jerk off some more.

Very Horny
Jacksonville, Fla.

• Pushin' the competition isn't my thing.

Gettin' Worse

I met this broad, I sold my putt, and I got a job as a prison guard. Then the broad left.

Now, this fucker in one cell block says he's a biker and I should let him escape. I would do it, except I know he's really Jimmy Carter.

What should I do? Am I still fucked up or what?

Smokin' J
Rockland, Maine

• You're just gettin' started. You should do the bro's time and let him go.

Ugly Together

Boy, oh, boy, bitch. You're ugly, but I'm uglier. I think Spider would rather fuck me than you any time.

Sexy Dago
Sugar Creek, Mo.

• Give him your best shot.

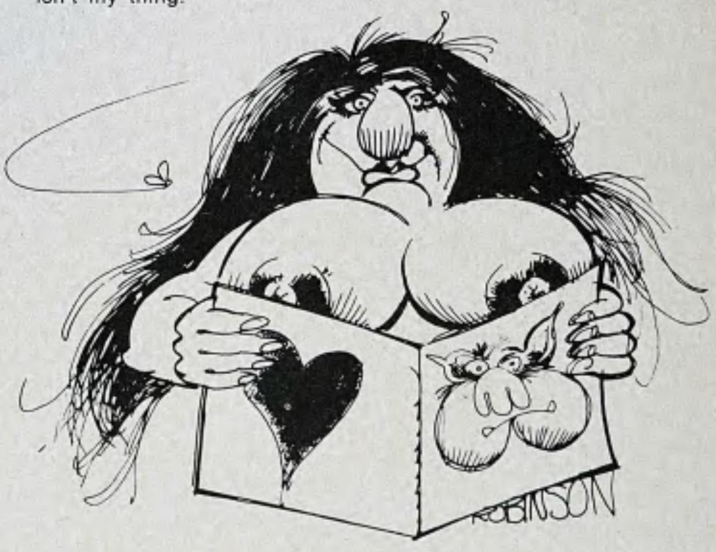
No Class

I'm writing to tell you that I'm at C.Y.T.S., a youth training school in Ontario, California. I think you should come in person to sell us **Easyriders** 'cause I can't find them in the store here at this junior prison. Will ya?

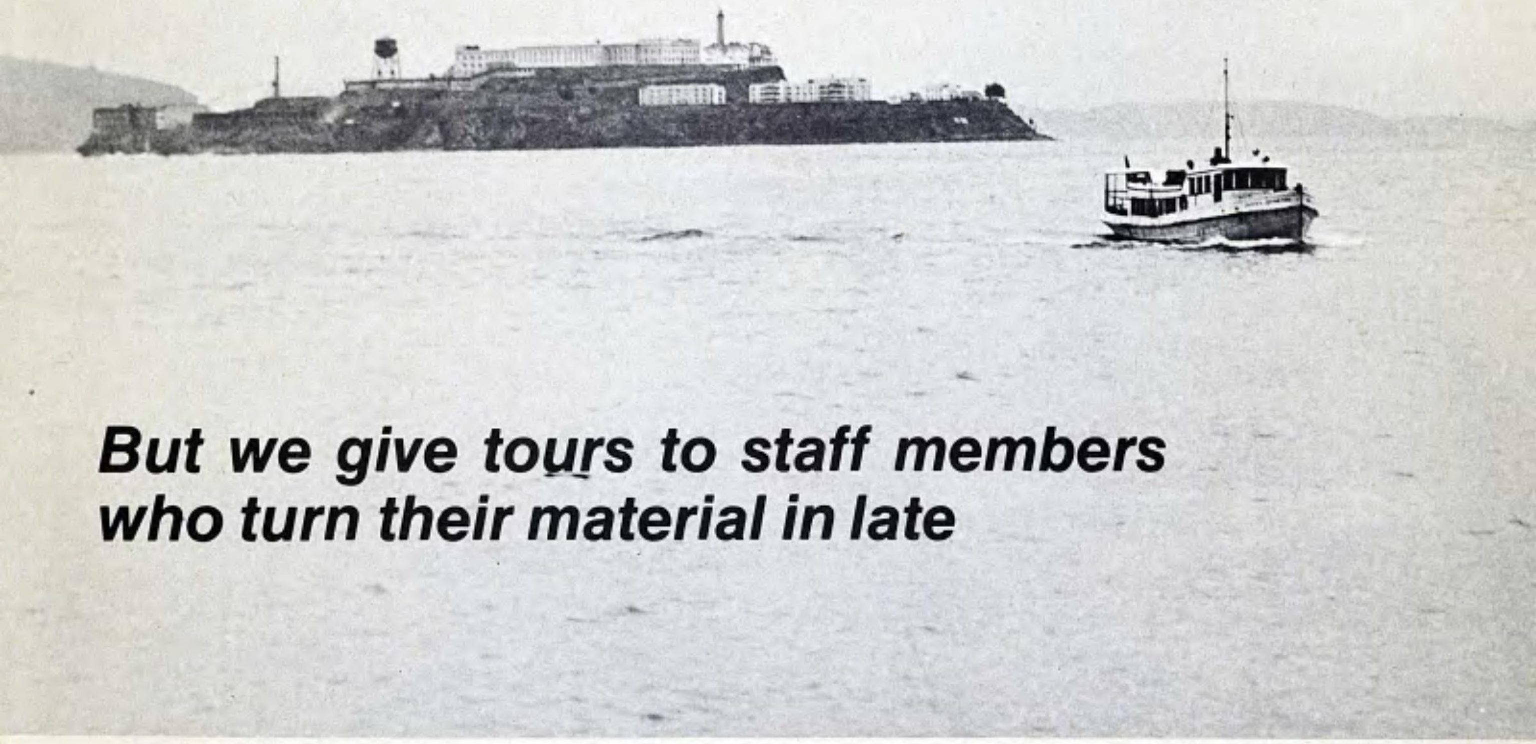
Bruce Price
Ontario, Calif.

• When a place like that shows no class, there's nothin' I can do to give it to 'em.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o ***Easyriders****, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.* ■



No, we didn't start Easyriders on Alcatraz



But we give tours to staff members who turn their material in late

We wanta put out the best biker rag. And it takes well-thought-out material, researched articles, and creative thinkin' to accomplish a really together book for the ridin' heavies out there in the streets. If our people don't come across, then we're forced to take 'em some place where they can think without the influence of hallucinations and women. Alcatraz is just the spot. So be confident that if you subscribe to **Easyriders** you will get the best biker rag, or you can come to Alcatraz and complain about it.

We'll even throw in a free decal the bros made in the ol' license plate shop.

Our subscriber list is not sold or rented to any organization.

Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

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Check one:

Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's $15.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's $30.99 for a two-year subscription.

And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

☐ Here's $16.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's $31.00 for a two-year subscription.
Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
☐ Please extend my present subscription

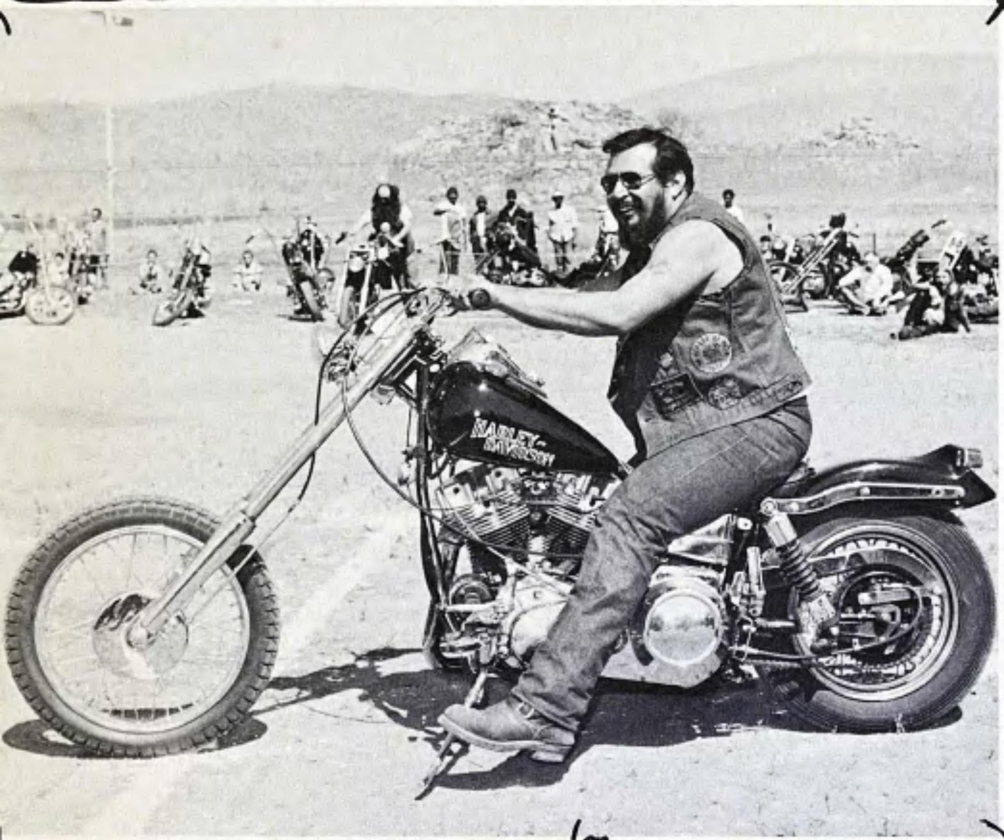
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Do you own a bike? __________ Make? __________
Do you plan to customize it? ______ What do you like best about **Easyriders** magazine? ____________________

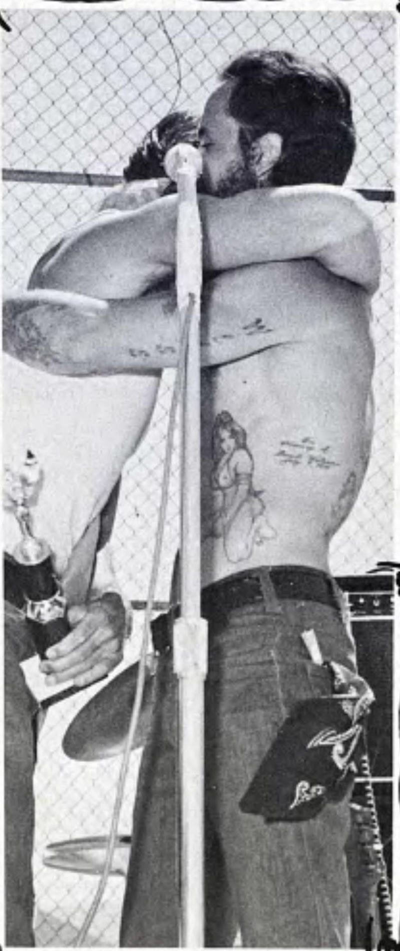
Tehachapi Bike Show

Another joint opens up to outside riders

We got a letter some time back—another prison bike show. We wrote back, "Goddam, bros, sure would like to feature every prison show, but can't." The biker inside who was in charge wrote back—to a higher authority. We got a memo—higher authority wants this one covered. We wrote the biker inside, "Your group lucked out."

The wheels started turning. Close coordination with the prison began. We had to conform with the wishes of the prison authorities if we were to get in. Security checks were made on our people and riders who were to attend. Slowly, the





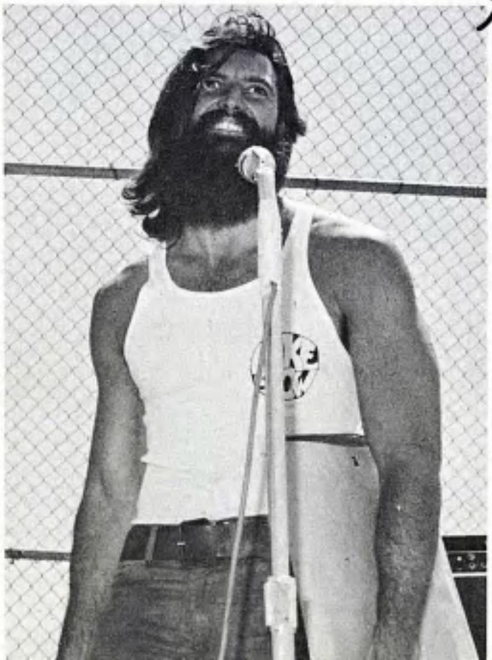
day of the event grew close. Inmates waited, patiently or not, to hear the rumble of scooters from all over the state converging on a place where free souls were confined.

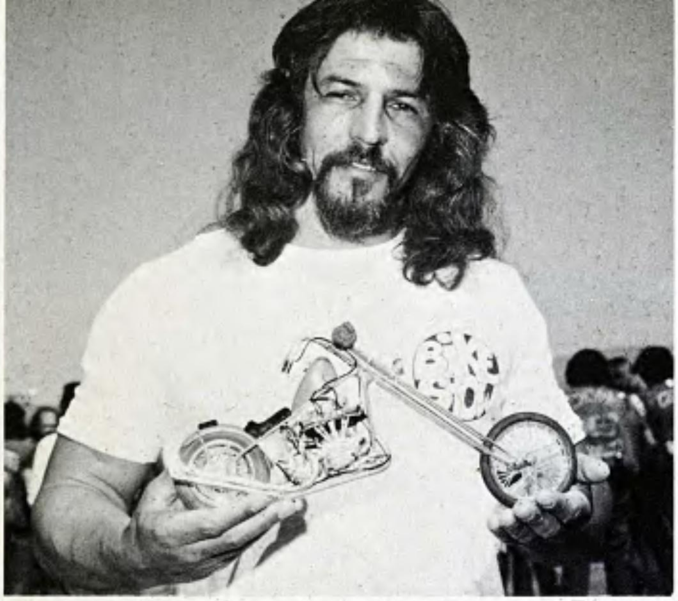
There are always delays, requirements, objections, and paranoia associated with a large number of bikers entering a prison compound and associating with the inmates. But the bike people inside were patient, working hard and long with prison officials to ensure that the event was a success and would create a

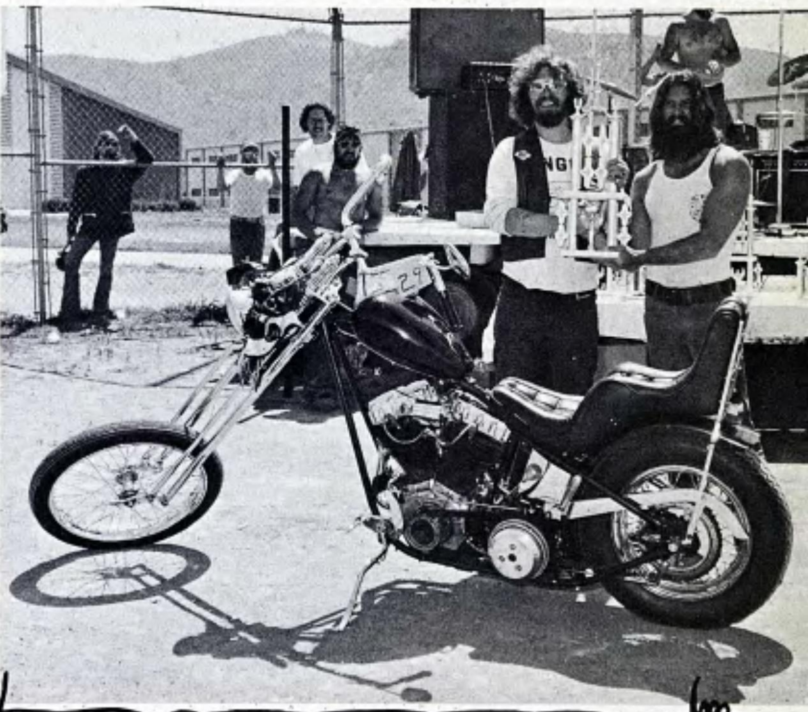
positive atmosphere for future shows.

The day finally arrived. More than fifty riders from all over the state converged on Tehachapi on time. The officials hesitantly opened the gates to the road-worn guests. They were searched, then let pass into the prison yard, where they met other riders, who were there for a different purpose. Free spirits merged and partied, had a bike show, enjoyed live music, and shared a strong sense of brotherhood for a day.

We hope it will happen again someday for the bikers inside Tehachapi, and in other joints across the country, too. ■



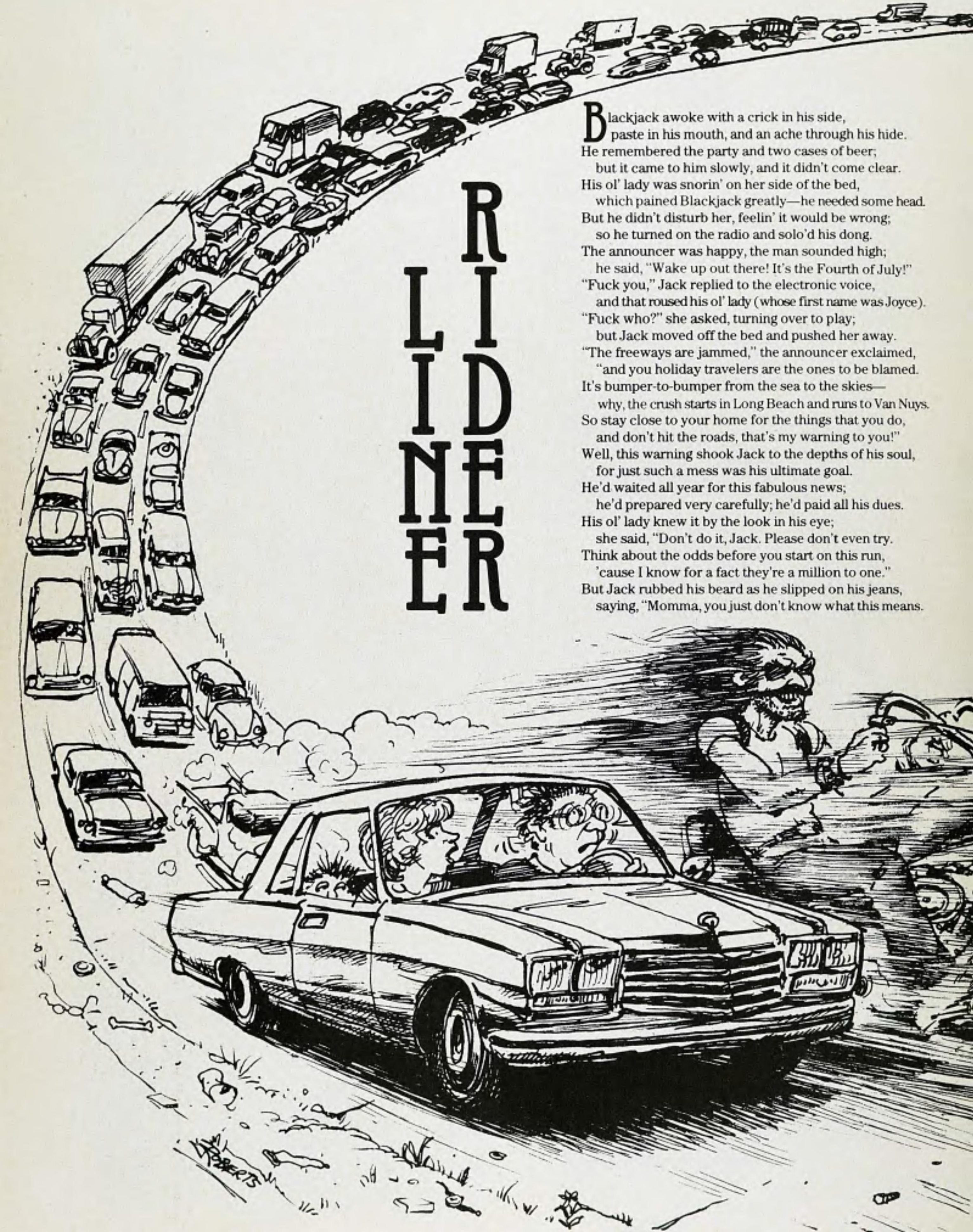




Photos by Pete Chiodo

LINE RIDER

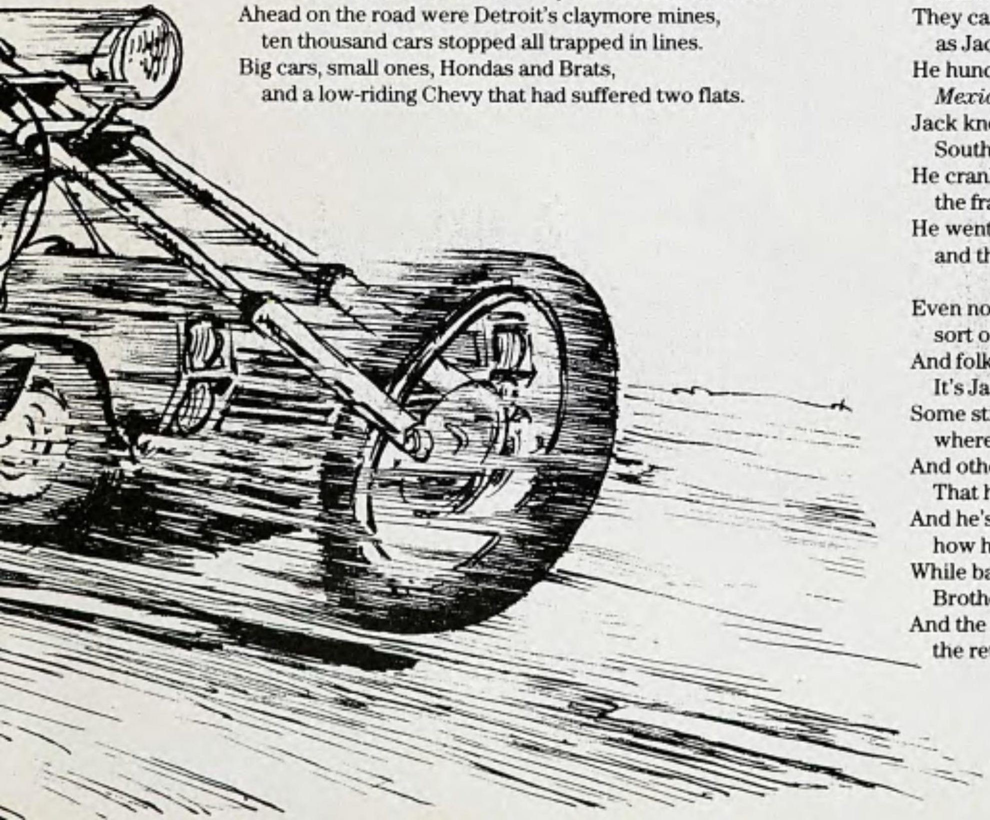
Blackjack awoke with a crick in his side,
paste in his mouth, and an ache through his hide.
He remembered the party and two cases of beer;
but it came to him slowly, and it didn't come clear.
His ol' lady was snorin' on her side of the bed,
which pained Blackjack greatly—he needed some head.
But he didn't disturb her, feelin' it would be wrong;
so he turned on the radio and solo'd his dong.
The announcer was happy, the man sounded high;
he said, "Wake up out there! It's the Fourth of July!"
"Fuck you," Jack replied to the electronic voice,
and that roused his ol' lady (whose first name was Joyce).
"Fuck who?" she asked, turning over to play;
but Jack moved off the bed and pushed her away.
"The freeways are jammed," the announcer exclaimed,
"and you holiday travelers are the ones to be blamed.
It's bumper-to-bumper from the sea to the skies—
why, the crush starts in Long Beach and runs to Van Nuys.
So stay close to your home for the things that you do,
and don't hit the roads, that's my warning to you!"
Well, this warning shook Jack to the depths of his soul,
for just such a mess was his ultimate goal.
He'd waited all year for this fabulous news;
he'd prepared very carefully; he'd paid all his dues.
His ol' lady knew it by the look in his eye;
she said, "Don't do it, Jack. Please don't even try.
Think about the odds before you start on this run,
'cause I know for a fact they're a million to one."
But Jack rubbed his beard as he slipped on his jeans,
saying, "Momma, you just don't know what this means.



A surfer's got waves, a pitcher his slider,
and I'm out to prove I'm the *champion* line-rider.
So don't give me no shit; there's nothin' to say.
I've waited all year—today is the day!"

Jack washed out his mouth with two ounces of gin,
then a pint of tequila to feel human again.
Then he walked through the yard with its tangled high grass,
and yelled as his dog bit him square on the ass,
"Goddammit, dog, you're one mixed-up bastard.
I ain't no bad guy, I'm your very own *master.*"
He tore off the cover from his one pride and joy,
the love of his life, his favorite toy.
His heart swelled with glory, his face filled with glee,
for there sat his '64 Sportster H-D.
Now Napoleon had Paris and Caesar had Rome;
but Blackjack had a Sportster, all flat-black and chrome.
And he spoke real soft to the waitin' machine,
said, "We're gonna go fast and we're gonna go clean.
For this is the time we leave all the rest,
and prove for a fact that we are the best."
He mounted the beast, and jumped on the pedal,
and thrilled at the power he felt in the metal.
He guided it out through the broken-down fence,
and he breathed real slowly so as not to get tense.
Then down past the houses, along quiet streets,
where the kids stopped to watch in the summertime heat.
Past Brother Bill's bike shop, so still and forlorn,
where Jack was a hero and line-riders are born.
He spun along storefronts where girls stopped to stare,
at the dude on the Sportster with the long auburn hair.
Then onto the freeway, still testin' the gears,
till the wind and the sun made his eyes stream with tears.

The Sportster she howled like a wolf at the moon,
and that's when Jack knew they'd be tested real soon.
Ahead on the road were Detroit's claymore mines,
ten thousand cars stopped all trapped in lines.
Big cars, small ones, Hondas and Brats,
and a low-riding Chevy that had suffered two flats.



There were wagons and 'beds, vans and day-cruisers,
driven by fathers and stoners, and losers.
And hardly a one had reflexes to see,
Blackjack screamin' past on his cherry H-D.

The cars were a blur as he hit sixty-five;
he was splittin' the lane, he was really alive.
He yelled out his pleasure with a laugh and a shout,
as he kicked back and touched on eighty straight out.
Now, the cars were not cars, they were just big steel bees,
as Jack roared between 'em, nearly scrapin' his knees.
He felt weak in the stomach, all mushy inside.
Sweet Jesus," he swore, "here's my greatest line-ride."
The pull of the slip stream tore at his mouth,
as he leaned to a turn and kept goin' south.
"Goodbye all you muthas, and hasta luego.
I swear I won't stop till I pass San Diego."
Jack cranked the bike's throttle—it was hummin' just fine—
and the speedo passed ninety at the Orange County line.
The pedestrians stopped and the drivers all gasped,
as a long-haired, mad demon went flyin' on past.
Doing one hundred, he shot down the line,
leaving Tricky Dick Nixon's casa behind.
At Vista he thought the engine would blow,
but the bike kept on movin' like a hot UFO.
The "Chippies" had orders not to give chase,
"Too risky," they said, "we can't match his pace."
But they called in the 'copters to buzz low and scare him,
to show that no madman could ever out-dare them.
But Blackjack just laughed. "Goddam your hide,
you boys ain't stoppin' my greatest line-ride."
So he throttled down hard and the bike hit red line,
till the 'copters all fell a good mile behind.

He made Carlsbad, Solana, Corona Del Mar,
and now he went past his *one millionth* car.
They came and they went in dizzying order,
as Jack swiftly approached the Mexican border.
He hunched o'er the bars—the wind whistled shrill.
Mexico Ahead, said the sign on the hill.
Jack knew he had made it—the end of the line.
South of the Border, cheap women, and wine.
He cranked on the Sportster till the pistons all gagged,
the frame turned white hot, and the poor tailpipe sagged.
He went through the gate at one hundred and ten,
and those who recall it still whisper, "Amen."

Even now at the border there's a strange-lookin' thing,
sort of odd shaped, like a bent-up old ring.
And folks nod when they see it, for they know it's no joke.
It's Jack's final monument, one tortured front spoke.
Some still claim he lives in the mountains down south,
where the rivers run free to their tropical mouths.
And others will swear in sober daylight,
That he's often in Hussong's on Saturday night.
And he's drinkin' his 'shooters and tellin' his story,
how he line-rode that Sportster into legend and glory.
While back in L.A. his ol' lady weeps,
Brother Bill shakes his head, and the dog cannot sleep.
And the kids sit around still waitin' to see
the return of ol' Blackjack on his Sportster H-D.

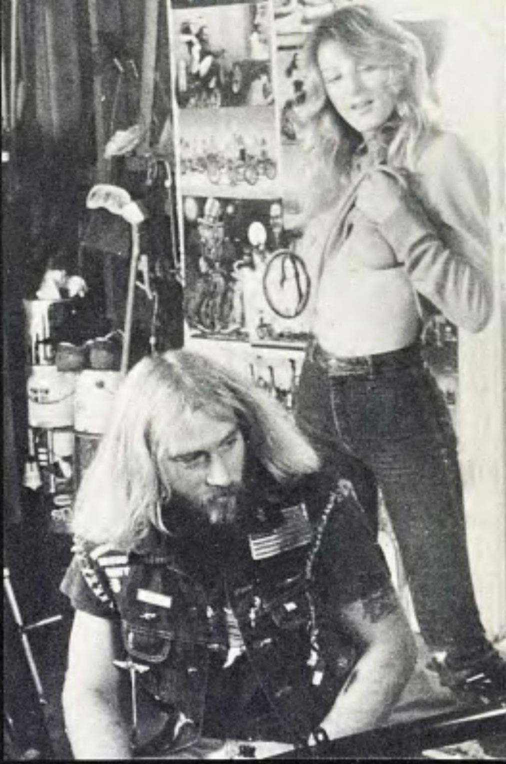
—*Ocotillo Welles, Sr.*

TRISHA

Eyestrain in the garage

Damn, if some situations ain't the most frustratin' to endure! For instance, some of the bros were hangin' out in Toby's garage recently when he announced and introduced his new house mouse—Trisha.

We're all true blue, right? Right! So when



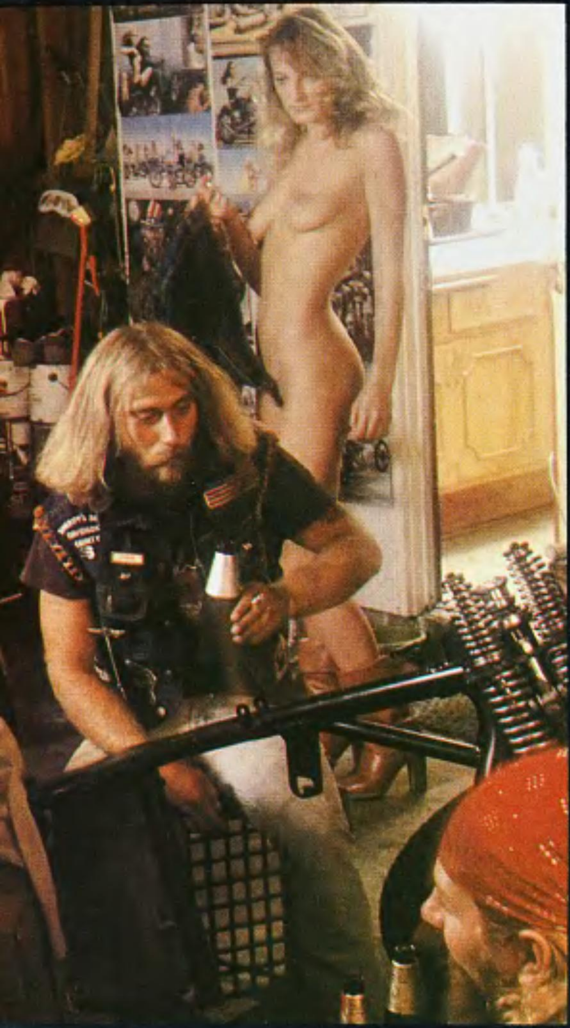
we met her, everyone was cool and casual, although she wasn't exactly the type you could easily keep yer eyes offa. After the intro, she went back inside and we were relieved of the strain of tryin' to keep our dartin' pupils off her and on the subject—bikes. But she kept wanderin' back into the garage.

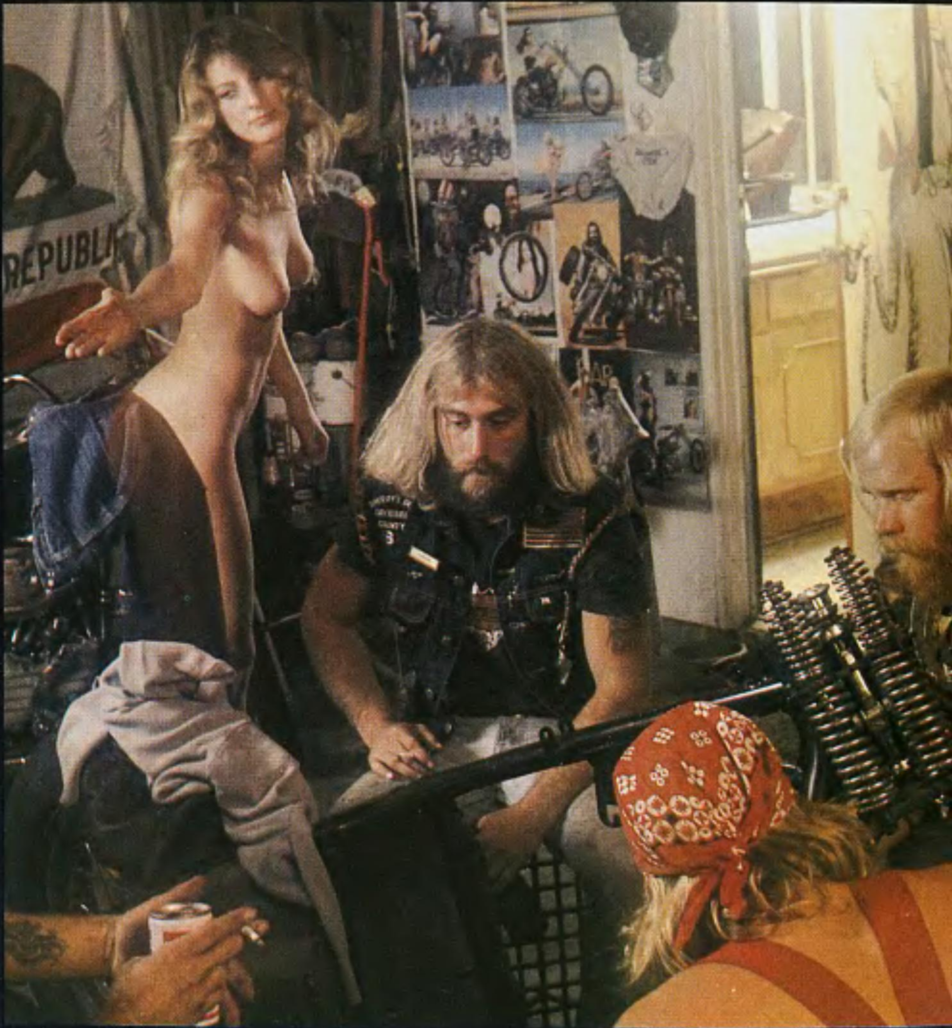
We were smokin' dope, guzzlin' suds, and rappin' about Toby's latest two-wheeled creation. The garage was gettin' smoky and

Photos by Grant Edwards

the bros were gettin' loose. And Trisha kept stickin' her pretty nose into the conversation. We were doin' our damnedest to hold our mud, but Trisha's bod was tuggin' desperately at our attention. Before long, a comment crept from a pair of beer-soaked lips: "Sure'd like a look at them boobs."

Most of us didn't hear it—'cept Trisha. And Trisha thought the only cool thing to do was to flash just one shapely tit at the bro. Well,



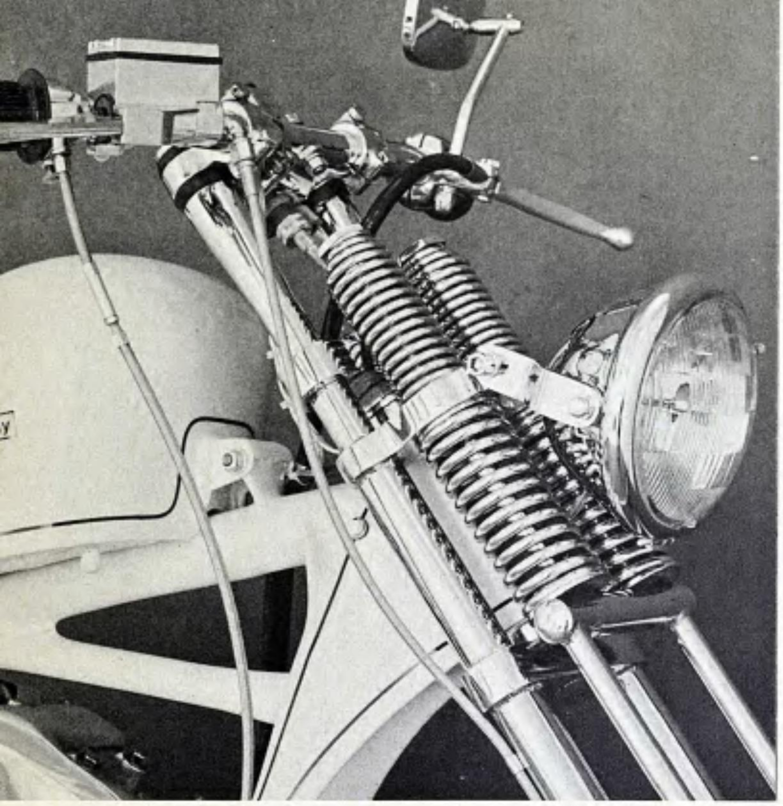


someone else thought the comment had worked mighty well and croaked in a low voice, "Bet ya got the sweetest ass around." She let 'im get a chance to see. Some of us were still a taste uneasy, but Toby was enjoyin' what his property was doin' to his people—drivin' 'em nuts. He just coasted and tripped on the strain his brothers were goin' through. Before long, Trisha was in the buff doin' her thing to every brother who even breathed hard.

We were just about to draw straws for the T-O when Toby sternly ordered her ass back into the house. "Yer interruptin' serious motorcycle plannin'."

"Ya fuckin' teaser," we roared as she obediently darted for the door. We didn't know whether to attack Toby or Trisha. She escaped, but Toby never could get our misled minds back to his bike. People were too busy makin' trips into the house.

—Snake

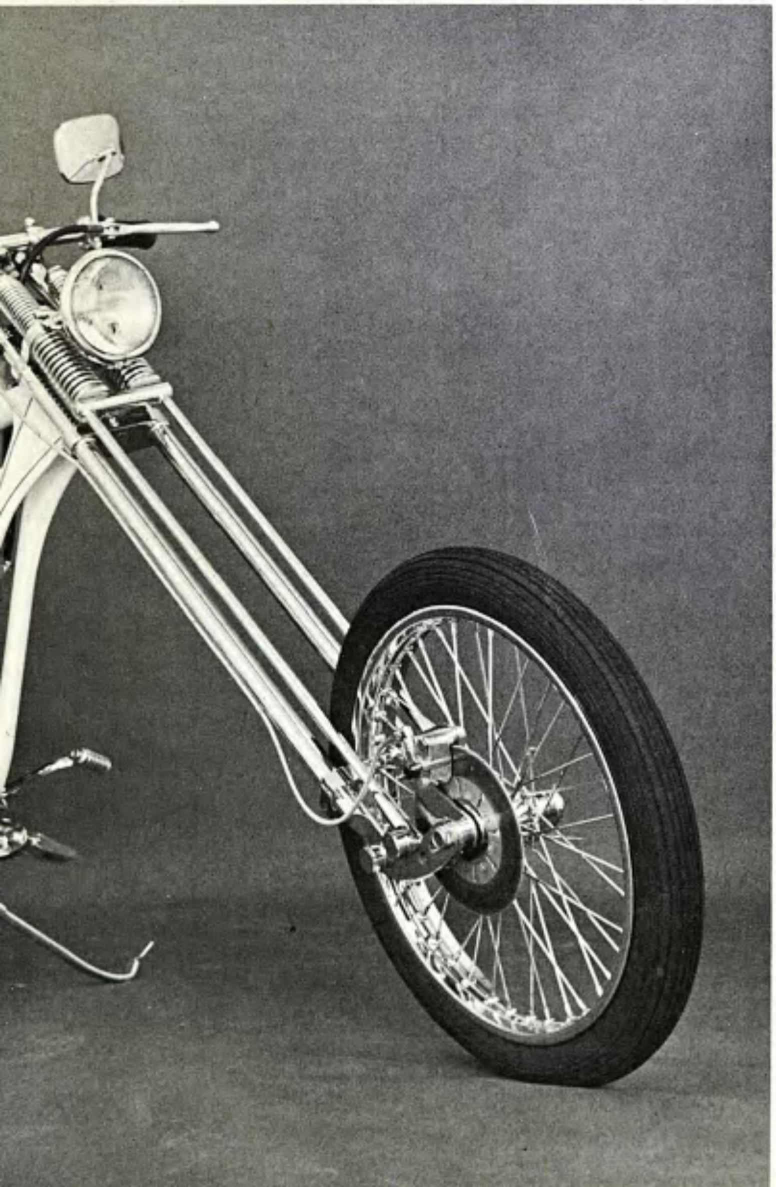


YELLER

And motorcycle fever, clear skies or cloudy

What we're interested in here are motorcycles, riding, and the heart displayed in those regards. That's our life and it's what we look for in every facet of the magazine. Consequently, while rappin' with feature bike owners, we key to things the owner may say, things he has done or actions that demonstrate how the man feels about our lifestyle. It's not so much how a man dresses, how much or how often he rides, how many bikes he's built; but what's in his heart. We're not all hardcores or bike builders since momma pulled the bottle and replaced it with a spoke nipple; but it's good to know, one way or the other, how a man feels about what he's into.

Photos by Pete Chiodo



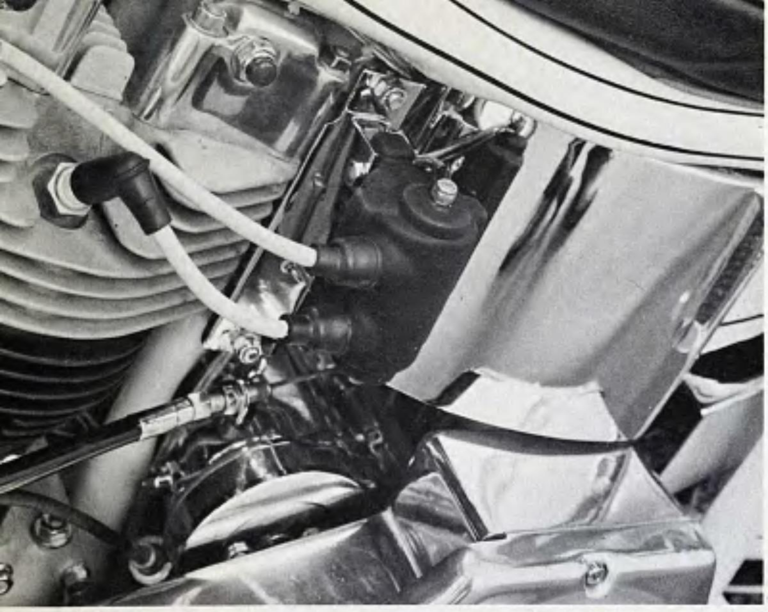
I'm not sayin' the owner here is the most together biker to have a thing for yellow paint jobs. But there are certain indications that the man has serious feelings in that department.

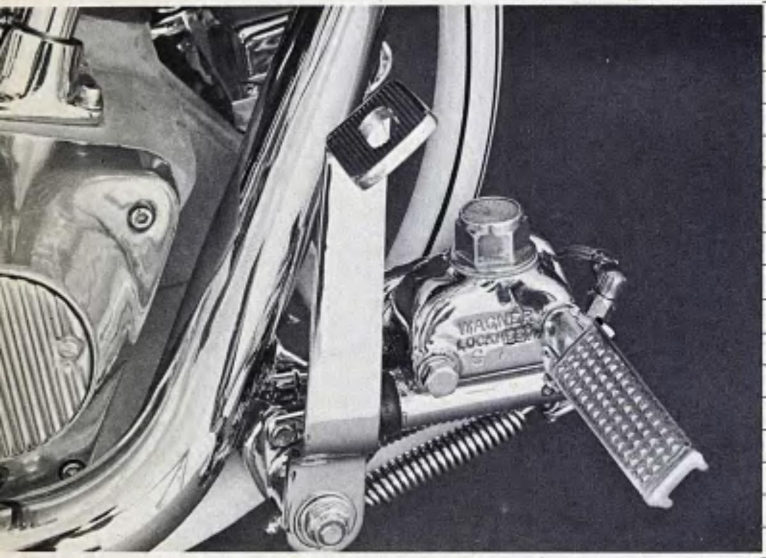
Okay, so he's been riding eighteen years. But the first serious clue to his involvement came the day I rode into the Terminal Island prison yard and was introduced to the inmate who fought for and coordinated the first bike show in that federal pen. He also struggled to establish the Terminal Island Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Club for the bikers inside. So he hadn't had enough of bikes when he left the streets—he brought them into the joint.

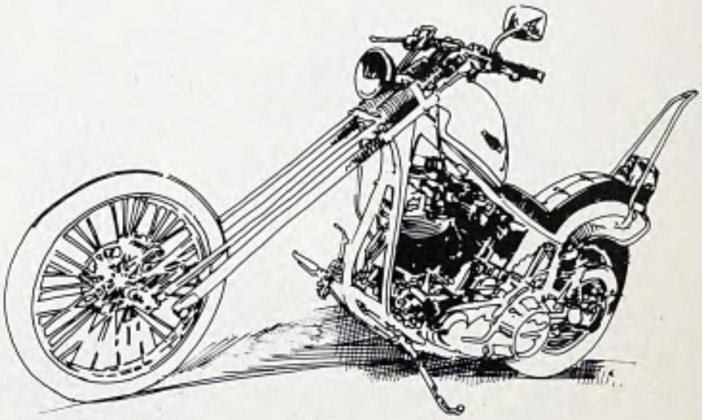
And when he finished his stretch behind bars, did he seek a Ford, a straight job, and mom's cookin'? No, he jumped right back where he belonged—on his yellow shovel. He started his own scooter parts business and is doin' for the bros on the streets as he did for his people in the joint.

This is not a reference for Scott; but indications are that he has something in his chest for motorcycles. And maybe we'd all like to think that the bro at our side, in a long pack of bikes, has really got some heart for what he's doing.

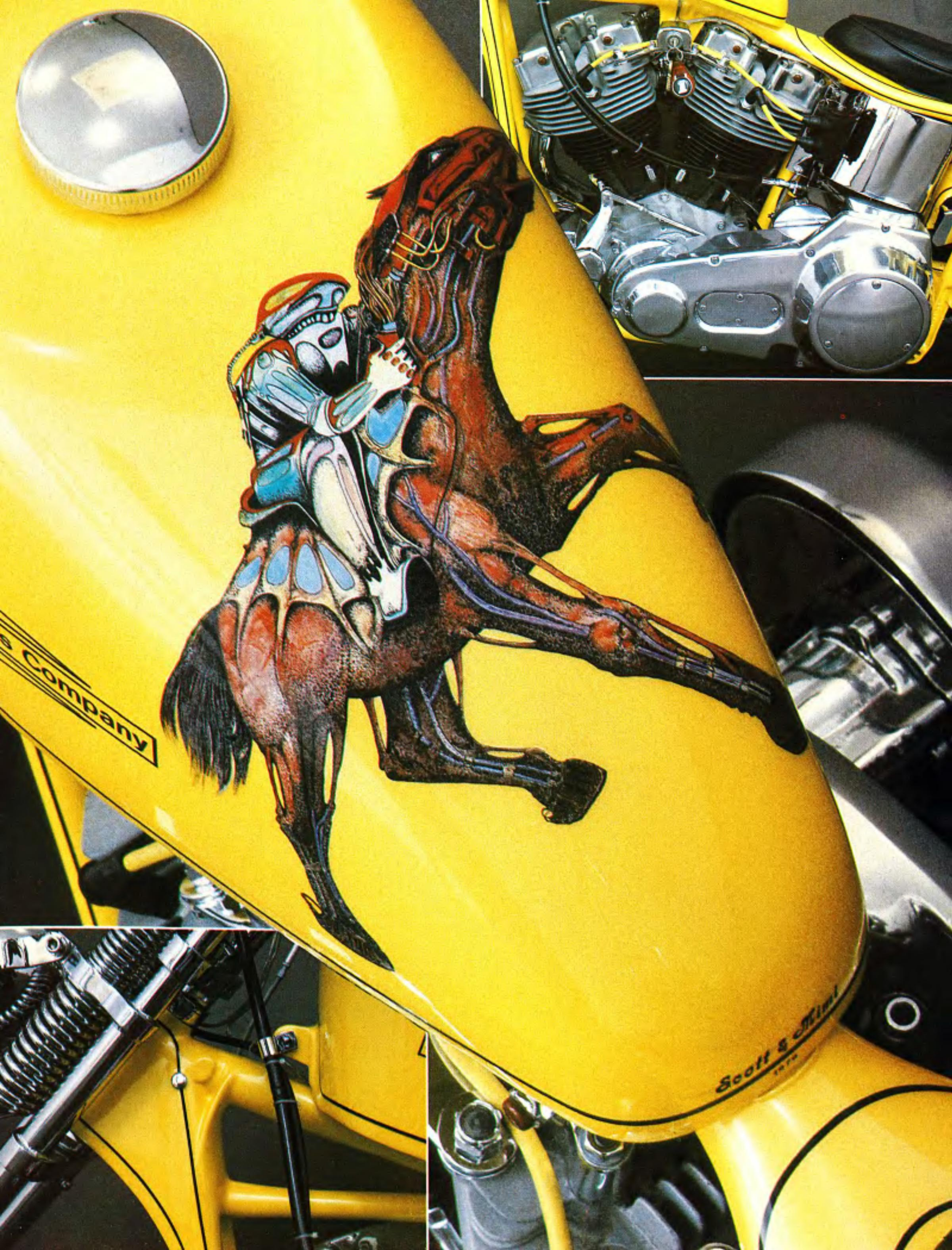
—Bandit





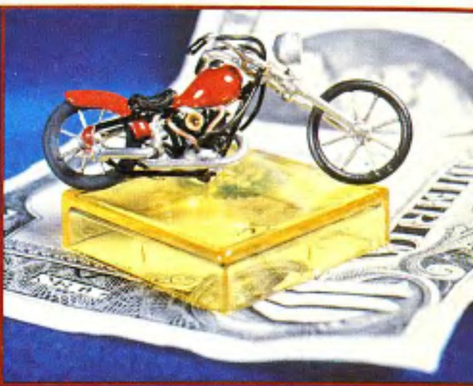


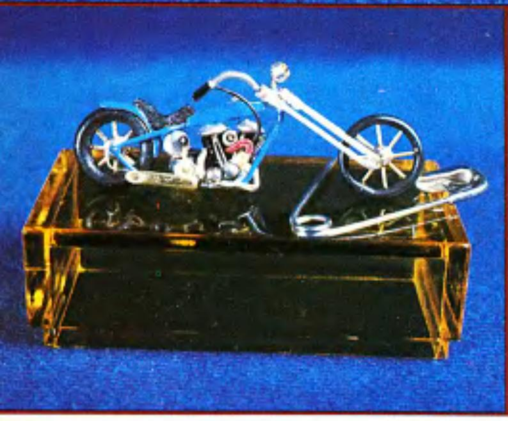
Owners: Scott Smith	**City:** Anaheim, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Scott Products Co.	Year: 1968	
Year and make: 1970 H-D	Builder: S.P.C.	
Model: FLH	Type: swingarm	
Value: "my life"	Rake: 1 in.	
Assembly: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 9 months	Other alterations: shocks dropped forward	
Chroming by: S.P.C.	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: out of the junk	
Year: 1970	Risers: S.P.C.	
Model: FLH	Fender(s): S.P.C.	
Rebuilder: Williams Motors	Headlight: Flanders	
Ignition: points & condenser	Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 98 cu.in.	Speedo: VDO	
Lower end: S&S 4¾	Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: Williams Motors	Rear pegs: Anderson	
Pistons: S&S 3⅝	Electrics: owner	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: Sportster, bottom dropped	
Heads: H-D	Oil tank: S.P.C.	
Cam: S&S	Oil system: inside tank	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): S&S Super	Seat: S.P.C.	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissy bar: S.P.C.	
Pipes: S.P.C.	Height: 24 in.	
Muffler(s): none	Material: 9/16 in. cold rolled	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: none	Type: Dick Allen springer	
Year: 1970	Extension: 15 in.	
Shifting: like a Harley	Builder: Dick Allen	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: solid, machined right	
Trans sprocket: 26	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front:**	**Rear:**
Painting	Size: 19	Size: 16
Molding: S.P.C.	Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: Harley
Painter: owner/Mimi Smith	Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM4
Color: yeller	Tire: Avon	Tire: Pirelli
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: disc	Brake: drum
Special paint: madman on mechanical horse		
Other special modifications: Pearlescent for depth in paint; oil, brake, and throttle lines custom-braided steel by S.P.C.		

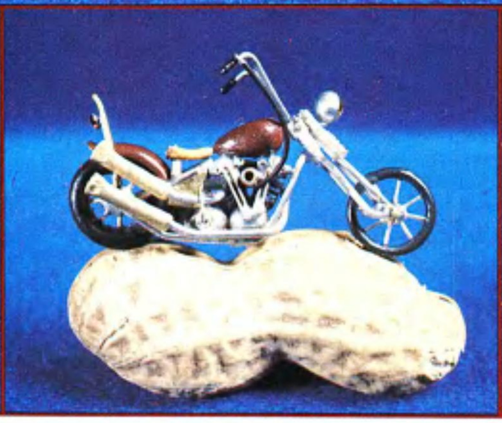


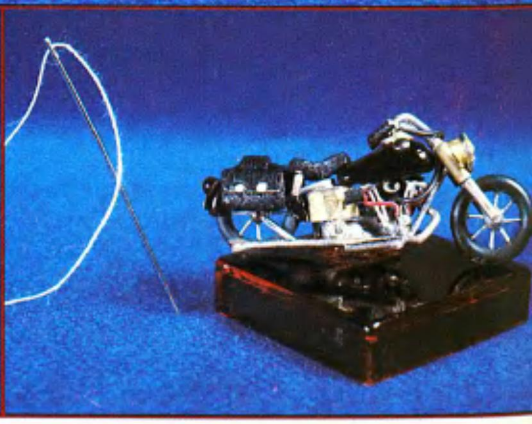
Company
Scott & Mimi

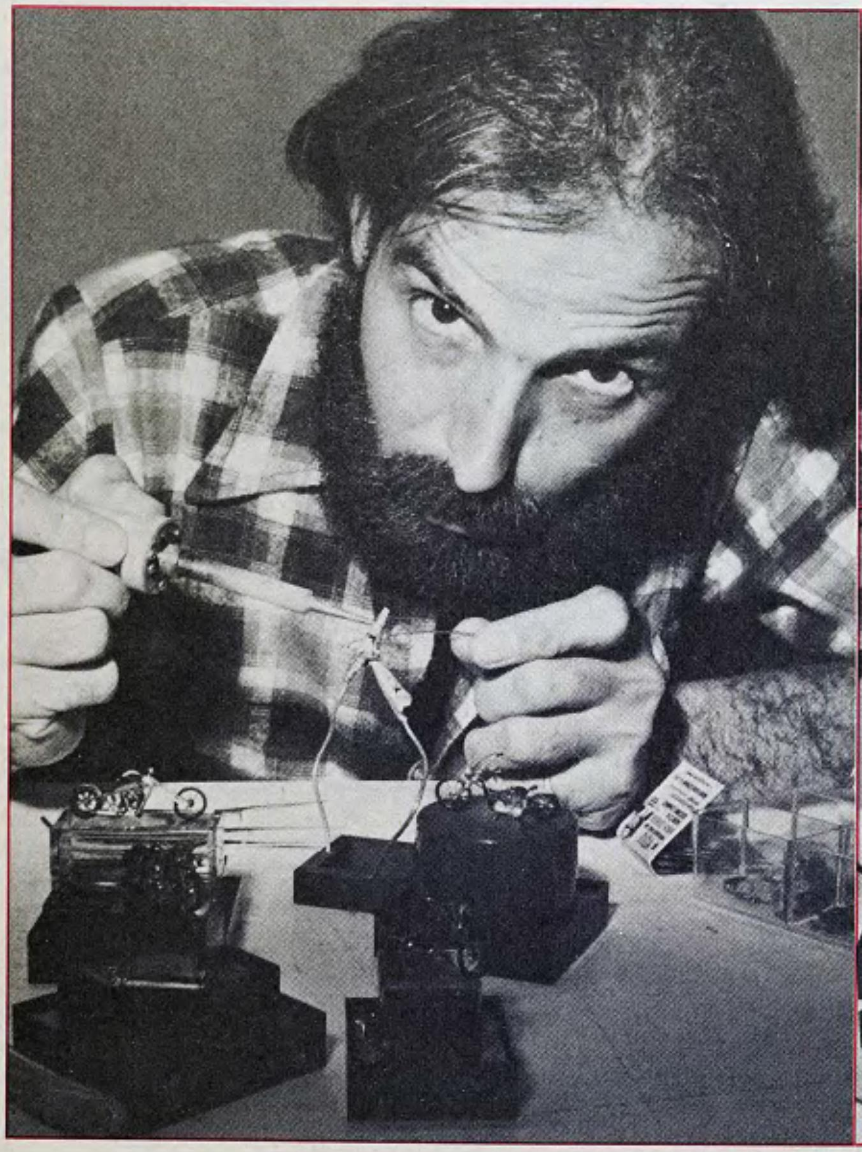
Miniature Bikes

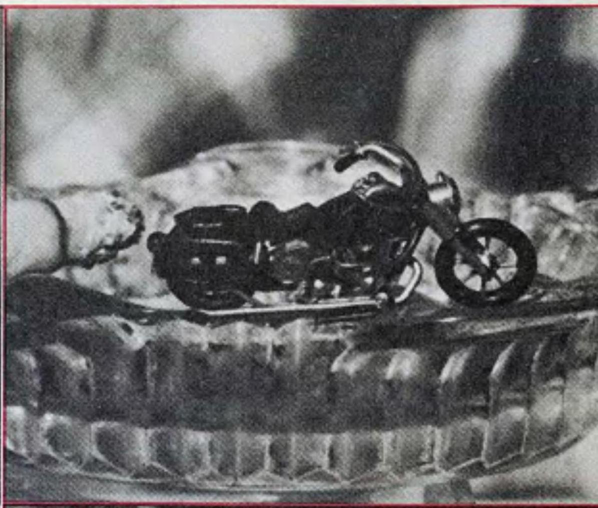












Photos by Pete and the Cub

Ever get really deep into studyin' somethin'? It happened to me recently—on a run. There I was, shitfaced again. This time, sprawled out across a rock in the middle of a stream. It was clear, bone-chillin' water sweepin' by in a rush. All sorts of little creatures were makin' tracks by me on their way to some jamboree, I supposed. I watched each bug with increasin' interest, until my concentration absorbed each one's colorin', number of legs, size, abilities, style, and characteristics. I'd follow every little critter from the moment he came into view until he found food and returned home, or found and built another shelter. It was fascinatin'. Everything was magnified, and I was takin' in more detail about these critters than I had ever done on anything before—bizarre. But I was trippin' and I was abruptly interrupted when a bro poured a cold beer down my back.

This same experience musta occurred to Ruben Miras, the creator of these insane miniature Hogs. Each bike is less than an inch and a half long. Ya get into somethin' enough an' it's amazin' in how much detail it can be reproduced. He uses pinheads for gas caps.

With the assistance of his sweetie-pie backup, Liz, he gets out the soldering iron, an' gets down to the business of producin' minuscule motorcycles. Tiny black diodes, gold and silver wire .020" thick (I mean thin), teeny-weeny circuit cylinders, very small O-rings for wheels, walnut wood for tanks, an' many globs of solder later, ya got yerself a miniature Harley.

Ya can bet nothin's stock on these gems. But the whole idea is realism and detail. "I want 'em to look like ya could just hop on 'em and ride away," Ruben announced when asked about his thumbnail-sized putts. His love for motorcycles has driven him the 15 to 20 hours it takes to assemble each one. Usually reproducing the bike a friend has, he builds "for people who can relate to it." After gazin' at those critters, I know how closely Ruben peers at Harleys and then at his replicas.

—Scar

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Pisces

Pisces is one of the most creative of the zodiac signs. Pisceans are, however, often slow starters in life because other people's problems bog them down. In fact, they are often disillusioned by the very people they trust most.

They usually avoid arguments, unless deeply offended or insulted —then they verbally put an opponent in his place. Afterwards, the Piscean will go out of his way to avoid that person. A few famous Pisceans are George Harrison, Peter Fonda, Johnny Cash, Albert Einstein, John Steinbeck, Jean Harlow, Elizabeth Taylor, and Dinah Shore.

Sometimes Piscean practicality borders on peculiarity, such as using a hubcap for a bedpan, or joining a nudist colony to save money on clothes. This is one reason a Pisces often feels like a round peg in a square hole. These people are abstract thinkers and non-conformists who refuse to have their privacy invaded.

Pisceans do best in occupations that either give them full rein or allow them to be their own bosses. Most of all, they must feel they are appreciated.

No matter how good a Piscean is at making money, he is seldom good at saving it. He'll either invest it in elaborate modifications to his scoot, or sink it into some way-out invention (like an automatic nose-blow that also wipes your ass).

Pisceans are the good Samaritans of the zodiac, always to be counted on to help a partner down on his luck. Female Pisces are sympathetic enough to give a courtesy fuck to Godzilla.

Pisceans are extremely susceptible to overindulgence in liquor or misuse of drugs. They are easily influenced by their friends and likely to side with the underdogs of the world. They should take care not to get involved in unpopular causes, such as social change or racial problems, because they tend unconsciously to absorb the ideas and mental outlook of those who surround them.

Pisces rules the feet, and Pisceans are susceptible to accidents involving their feet. Some of the world's most famous dancers were born under the sign—'course there are also quite a few stumblebums who trip over their own bunions. Pisceans are also prone to liver problems and blood poisoning.

Although Pisceans may not always be very realistic, they are by far the most idealistic sign—and without them, the world would be much colder, more insensitive, and more materialistic.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

What starts out to be a real nut-twister can finish up a real eyeball-opener. Although you'll probably be tempted to indulge in one big bender (go ahead) before concentrating on some mind-boggling problems, the rest of the month should be constructively active. This is prime time to rebuild any past fuckups. Influential persons are more likely to yield to your silver tongue. In fact, you can almost put your money where your mouth is.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

This month really has you in the spotlight—you can't even fart without getting applause. You're feeling too cocky now an' could easily be taken advantage of through your need for flattery. It's time to cut your ego a little slack and listen to the advice of tight partners or experts. Otherwise, a desire for a little extra asskissing can turn off the very people you're trying to impress. Add some humble pie to your menu.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

This can be a mind-boggling month, with things falling into place again in the last ten days. Before then, don't rely on promises made to you—or by you. Otherwise, you'll start a bonfire to your balls that no amount of foot-stomping will put out. Keep on your toes now, and don't even cross the street without the aid of a boy scout or a seeing-eye dog. Sleep on important decisions, and even then think twice. This month will pass like a bad case of gas.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

You're a lot crazier than usual this month. Cutting loose can relieve the tension. This is a relief for those of you whose chick has been leaving snail tracks in the dust. Travel is on the agenda, along with some positive changes in finances. You should be able to cut loose from some past financial obligations that have had you by the balls. Avoid spending on major purchases until late next month—you'll get more for your money if you do.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

Legal settlements or joint finances, including money owed you, can be held up until after the 20th. After that, the signs are "go" for breaking out of ruts. You should be relieving yourself of a lot more than butt biscuits. Use your head for something besides a hatrack when it comes to any extra bucks. Except for repairs on your machine —stash your cash. It's not too early to start storing your nuts for the winter.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

First the good news—you're as healthy and horny as a two-peckered goat and really feeling your oats now. Now the bad news—there's a lot of confusion and anxiety centered around your financial standing and job. Could be you'll miss out on the promotion you've had your eye on. Before you jump bad in the wrong people's faces, best check out your motives. Maybe you've over-rated yourself this time. If the shoe fits, wear it.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

If you've been running your ass ragged, it'll catch up with you now. Slow down before you end up between the shits and the sheets. There's no need of working yourself into a case of jock itch over something that can't be avoided. This cycle favors the resolution of questions about your job. You may find out it's best to shitcan the whole idea. Later on, a ball-busting opportunity will turn out better. Try not to get bent out of shape.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

This month could end up a real pain in your drain. Some of you over-sexed Scorpios could face the results in the form of a drip in your drawers or an unwanted pregnancy. Unless you've got a glass ass, be a taste more discriminating. Also, don't commit yourself on any dotted line (except for tickets) until after the 20th, when your judgment will be more on target. You're more apt to hit a bullseye financially then, too.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

It's time to backtrack in matters concerning legal ties, such as contracts or old, forgotten citations. Better dig through your old grease rags, parts, and stash box for tickets. Otherwise, you may get pulled over an' it'll either be your cash or your ass—or both! Work done now may have to be redone or replaced. Slow down and you'll get it done right the first time, or at least the second or third, depending on the grade of grass, of course.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

You're still having an overflow of company at the homestead. Best cut 'em shorter than a whore's bath (and please don't feed the monkeys), before it gets outta hand. If you're planning to boogie out of town, plans will probably either have to be altered or called off due to pressures around the pad. This could turn out to your benefit in the long run. Relax with a couple of doobies and a "Do not disturb" sign.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Time to collect on some of those old debts and favors your partners have conveniently had amnesia over. Paybacks aren't always a bitch. Partners are more apt to pitch in an' help set your scoot straight if you dangle some doobies an' brew in front of 'em. Combining work with play can bring good results. This should be a mellow month, one that makes up for some of those "shit hit the fan" ones that have plagued you in recent weeks.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

Happy Birthday! Either your pants are too tight, or this month's gonna be another pain in the poop-chute! Drown your troubles in an unusually long birthday bash. If you should come up with one of those death-defying hangovers, look up the menudo recipe in issue 42—it'll either cure ya or kill ya. Let a few of your party partners pick up the tab for a change. It won't make you a bad guy—just one who believes in taking turns. ■

National
OUR RIGHT TO DECIDE
DEDICATED TO FREEDOM OF THE ROAD
Abate
Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

Helmet Makers Take A Dive

California: As recently as 1974, some fifteen American sporting goods manufacturers were turning out football helmets. Today only seven are left. And because of several recent instances of multi-million-dollar settlements in injury cases, the helmet business appears to have a precarious future.

"A lot of guys used to play this game bareheaded," John S. Anderson, president of Hutch Sporting Goods Inc., said, "and maybe they will again."

Helmet sales are in the hundreds of thousands a year. And most of those who study the problem have said the modern football helmet is a safe piece of equipment.

This is, of course, disputed by the attorneys who represent litigants in suits against manufacturers of helmets.

One of the most successful of these, Carl Rendz, of the Miami law firm of Rendz and Haggard, won a multimillion-dollar settlement in a helmet case several years ago in Florida.

Said Rendz: "Some helmets are unsafe, in my opinion, and in the opinion of doctors and other experts who have researched the subject. There are two areas of possible trouble—a neck injury leading to permanent paralysis and, second, brain damage. I am talking about some manufacturers, not all. They have been warned many times that their helmets don't dissipate the impact —don't absorb the shock."

There has been a rise in neck injuries — along with a rise in the number of those blaming helmets for neck injuries and suing helmet companies. ■

Motorcycle Misery

South Carolina: Sometimes we have a day when just about everything goes wrong. The West Palm Beach Post-Times reports that this happened recently to a man in Belle Glade, Fla.—and it's absolutely true:

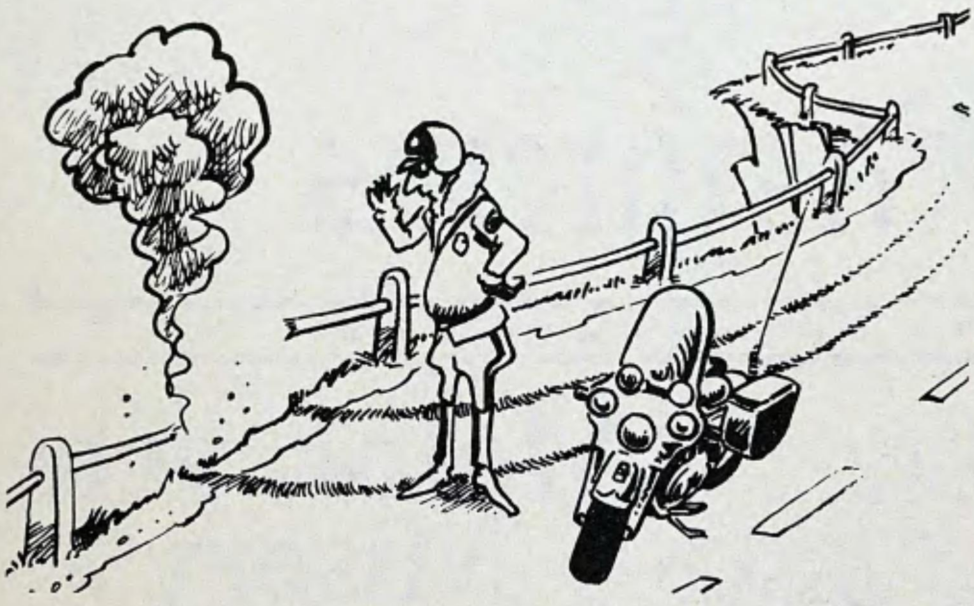
A young man was showing his new motorcycle to a neighbor. He pressed the electric starter to show him how quietly the engine ran. The cycle was in gear and plunged through a glass door into the man's living room, dragging him with it. He was taken to the hospital with cuts on his arms and face.

Meanwhile, his wife mopped up the overturned cycle's gasoline from the living room rug and flushed the gas-soaked paper towels down the commode.

Her husband then returned home from the hospital and, seeing his shattered patio door and his gas-soaked rug, he took shelter in the bathroom, sat down, lit a cigarette and dropped the match into the bowl. The paper towels had clogged the pipes and the match detonated the gasoline. The explosion propelled the man into the air, inflicting burns on his posterior.

There's more: His wife called for an ambulance and, because of his burns, the attendants carried him spread-eagled, face down on the stretcher. As he was being carried inside the hospital, the stretcher crashed to the ground, leaving the owner of the hot new cycle with a broken leg.

And you thought you had troubles today.—from Jim Barker, Gaffney, S.C.■



Troubled Police Chief

Vermont: Frederick M. "Jack" Paradee, who resigned as Milton police chief, pleaded innocent in Vermont District Court to four criminal counts dealing with his duties as village tax collector.

After his arraignment, Paradee and the town of Milton were served by sheriff's deputies with a civil lawsuit charging Paradee with "intentionally, maliciously, willfully and outrageously" driving a police cruiser into the path of a motorcycle on U.S. 7 June 19.

Paradee was released on personal recognizance for the four criminal counts. As he started down the steps of the court building, he was served by Deputy Sheriff Robert Peeters with the civil suit.

The three-count lawsuit says Paul Paulsen, the motorcyclist, was northbound on his motorcycle when Paradee, southbound, drove his police cruiser in "an unsafe and unreasonable manner" at Paulsen's vehicle.

The suit alleges that Paulsen was forced to the pavement and that the crash caused injury to his leg, damaged his property, prevented him from working and caused him pain and suffering.

The suit alleges the town was partially responsible because Paradee was acting in his official capacity as police chief.

The Free Press attempted to obtain a copy of the police report of the accident, but was told the department did not write a public report. Patrolman Barry Habecker, summoned by Paradee to the scene, said he filed a memorandum to Town Manager Gregory Collins about the incident.

Paulsen told the Free Press he thought Paradee pulled into his path to stop him because there had been a report of a bare-breasted woman riding with a man on a motorcycle.

A second lawsuit has been filed in Chittenden County Superior Court against the town of Milton and former Police Chief Frederick "Jack" Paradee on charges of assault and reckless driving with a cruiser.

Jane Racine, 21, of Milton said she was a passenger on the back of a motorcycle operated by Paul Paulsen on U.S. 7 June 19 when Paradee allegedly drove his cruiser at the cycle, causing them to crash into a ditch, according to the suit.

She is seeking $29,000 for punitive damages, personal injury, and emotional distress.

Paulsen filed a similar suit last month seeking $29,300. Paradee and the town have not answered that suit.

Miss Racine's suit alleges Paradee "intentionally, maliciously, willfully and outrageously assaulted" her while he was working in his official capacity.

Paradee's defense costs in the two lawsuits will be paid by the town as part of an agreement reached by selectmen in exchange for Paradee's resignation. The chief quit last month instead of fighting seven counts of negligence, dereliction of duty, and conduct unbecoming an officer. ■

Educate, Don't Legislate

North Dakota: Bikers in this state, aided by submission of a "model bill" and supportive mailings from the AMA, legislated a $5 surcharge on top of the state's $6 motorcycle license fee. North Dakota bikers will use their own money to pay for rider ed.

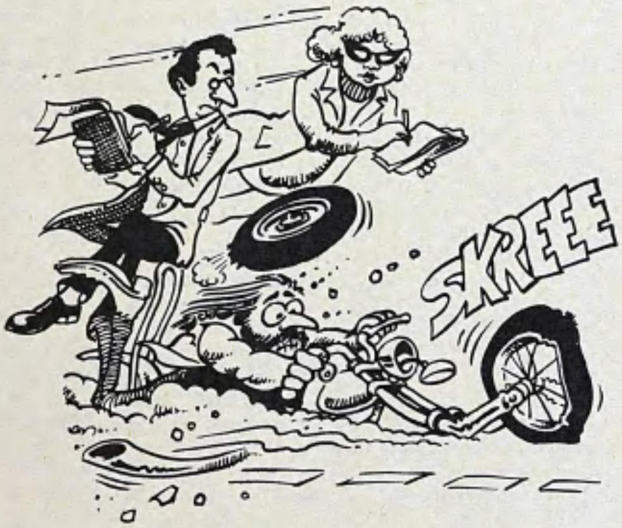
En route to completion of the bill, the North Dakota Motorcycle Dealers Association offered its help in supplying training bikes to meet the needs of any high schools that wish to offer the program. Thus, three major obstacles to rider education have been removed: The necessary legislation has been passed authorizing the school districts to offer the training; a system exists for motorcyclists to fund the program themselves, free of reliance on other taxpayers' money: and the motorcycle industry will provide the necessary motorcycles.

There is a fourth hurdle — possible reluctance on the part of school districts to offer the course — that must be cleared before rider education will blossom in the Bison State. The Parent Teacher Association (PTA) vehemently opposed the original bill, which would have *required* schools to offer rider education. That opposition forced a compromise that ultimately gives the schools the choice of either educating new riders or turning them loose in traffic with no training. (Even among North Dakota pragmatists, an influential element prefer to bury their heads in the sand, pretending that motorcycles do not exist or that they will soon go away, pretending that Junior will take no interest in bikes unless his teachers encourage him.)

So North Dakota motorcyclists still have their work cut out for them, convincing local school districts of the importance of educating youngsters,

many of whom will eventually ride motorcycles anyway. This remaining obstacle proves an important point about rider education: No simple, pat solutions will end the training shortage in a single stroke. Getting a state education program off the ground takes hard work, patience, self-reliance. Perhaps that's one reason why the most meaningful legislative steps toward that end have been taken on the windswept plains of North Dakota.—from ABATE of North Dakota. ■

Facts From Hurt Report



U.S.A.: The following are some chilling facts taken from a study of "Motorcycle Accident Cause Factors and Identification of Countermeasures," conducted by Hugh H. Hurt Jr. and a research team at the Traffic Safety Center of the University of Southern California for the U.S. Department of Transportation, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, National Center for Statistics and Analysis.

The report presents preliminary findings from the on-scene, in-depth investigation of 899 motorcycle accidents and the analysis of 3,622 motorcycle-involved traffic accident reports. These data identify motorcycle accident cause factors, relate the effectiveness of safety equipment, and identify countermeasures for accident and injury prevention. Here are some excerpts from that report.

1. 92% of riders were self-taught.

2. 50.8% of accidents resulted from violations of the motorcyclist right-of-way.

3. 70.1% happened in uncontrolled traffic conditions (i.e., no traffic lights, stop signs, etc.)

4. 29.9% controlled traffic had:
   a. 44.9% other vehicle at fault.
   b. 13.8% motorcyclist at fault.

5. 73.2% had no eye protection.

6. 54.5% had no valid motorcycle drivers license.
   a. 10.2% had no license of any kind.
   b. 1.7% had their operating licenses revoked.

7. 40.8% were single accidents with rider losing control (i.e. rider runs wide on curve due to excess speed.)

8. 18.5% use rear brake only.
   a. 17.1% use front and rear.
   b. 26.1% use front brake only.
   c. 32.0% did not brake at all.

9. 69.3% were street bikes.
   a. 12.4% were choppers or semi-chopped.
   b. 3.1% were cafe racers.

10. 19.4% of accidents happened within three minutes after initial departure.

11. 18.3% happened at night.

12. 9.4% were rural accidents.

13. 2.8% resulted because of vehicle failure, most frequent being tire puncture.

14. 2.0% were caused by roadway defects, sudden rise/drop in road surface. —from ABATE of Tennessee, 5512 Ringgold Rd., Chattanooga, Tennessee. ■

Helmet Judgment Reserved

Canada: Motorcycle helmet laws and other provincial laws aimed at "protecting an individual from himself" are discriminatory and unconstitutional, a Calgary lawyer argued in provincial court.

The helmet law "singles out a class of people (motorcyclists) and deals with them unfairly," according to John James, who represents two city men charged with riding motorcycles without protective helmets.

James urged Judge Gary Cioni to apply the anti-discrimination provisions of the Alberta Bill of Rights in invalidating the helmet law.

Cioni reserved judgment until Dec. 11, saying that in the meantime he wants to study the issues raised by James and to prepare detailed reasons for his decision.

James' clients, Kenneth Jones and John Shannon, were among a group of about 500 bikers who drove without helmets from Calgary to Ghost Lake, 65 kilometres west of the city, in June, 1978. Jones and Shannon were later charged under the Highway Traffic Act.

Jones, president of the United Motorcyclists of Alberta, said the trip was organized to protest mandatory helmet laws as an infringement on civil rights and as a possible safety hazard because the headgear impairs a rider's vision and hearing and is uncomfortable to wear.

The helmet law, James argued, is "oppressive to one particular class of persons.

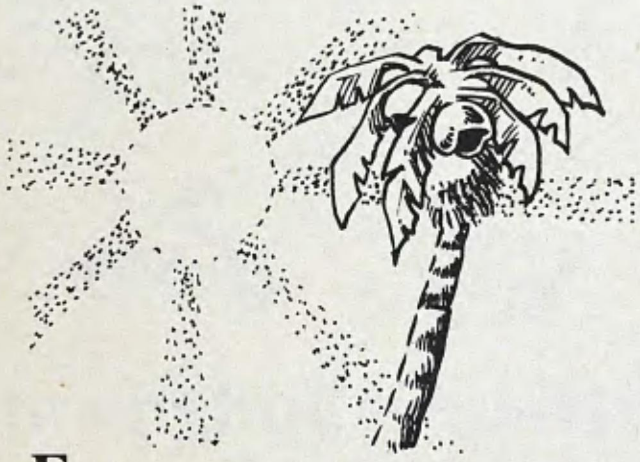
"I submit it is an unwarranted singling out of a group of people for special attention," he said.

James suggested it is an "anomaly" of the law that someone riding on the seat behind the driver is required to wear a helmet, yet a person who rides in a motorcycle side car is not compelled to wear one.

He also thought it unfair that bicyclists, who "use the same roadways and are subject to the same dangers" as motorcyclists, are not required to wear helmets.

The defense lawyer pointed out that a recent judgment of the New Brunswick provincial court declared that province's helmet law invalid because it violates the Canadian Bill of Rights.—from Stan Zahorouski, Calgary, Alberta. ■

Do Helmets Protect Or Hinder?



Florida helmet law, Statute 316.287, Equipment for Motorcycle Riders, came into existence as a result of an amended section of the United States Code relating to highway safety programs, and has been frequently referred to as "another example of federal legislation encroachment upon the freedom of the American citizen and the reserved powers of the state."

Section 402 authorized the Secretary of Transportation to establish highway safety standards. The Secretary did this in 1967, requiring every state in the union to have a motorcycle safety program. In meeting the standards of the program, the states were required to enact a compulsory helmet law, which would require operators and passengers to wear approved helmets.

In 1968, Florida complied and passed the law, which at present is under consideration to be repealed. From its inception the law has been repeatedly interpreted incorrectly by state, county, and municipal law enforcement officers who have, in recent months, issued an unusually high number of citations as motorcyclists have made an attempt to draw attention to the repeal of the law by not wearing helmets.

In essence the law states, "No person shall operate or ride upon a motorcycle unless he is properly wearing protective headgear, securely fastened upon his head, which complies with standards established by the department."

The law further states, "The department is authorized to approve or disapprove protective headgear and eye-protective devices required herein and to issue and enforce regulations establishing standards and specifications for the approval thereof. The department shall publish lists of all protective headgear and eye-protective devices by name and type which have been approved by it."

Note the word *helmet* is not in the law and lists of the approved headgear are not readily obtainable. However, a sample of county-wide law enforcement officers reveal that they believe the word *helmet* is in the law and they cite on tickets the law as 316.211, which is the outdated number.

A deputy of the Palm Beach County Sheriff's Department, when asked about the law, gave the outdated number and insisted that the law stated *helmet*. When asked to explain which helmets were approved, the deputy failed to produce a list or mentally recall the type of protective headgear required.

As recently as May, the ABATE organization of Palm Beach County applied to the city of Riviera Beach, asking for a permit to have a Support of House Bill 491 Parade. Their request was denied based on the law they are protesting, and the city, like many other cities, stated there was fear that it would be held liable if something were to happen to one of the helmetless motorcyclists.

The question of liability brings about a greater question of liability. Since paragraph four of Florida Statute 316.287 fails to state the word *helmet*, "can the state be held liable for a helmet if its in an attempt to set them free from liability cases.

As to the list, riders are rarely stopped to have their helmets inspected for manufacturer or date of purchase and it is understandable since most law enforcement officers do not have a list and are not wearing approved headgear. Their ears are exposed and some helmets are ten years old.

Bell acknowledges it is not responsible for its helmet after four years of exposure to the sun, due to the possibility of plastic breakdown.

Besides motorcyclists, others have questioned the need for a helmet. The Motorcycling Doctors Association states: "There is evidence that wearing a helmet contributes to the occurrence of accidents and thereby tends to negate any protective effect of a helmet. There is also evidence suggesting that helmets increase the incidence of neck injuries and may aggravate certain head injuries."

In general the helmet law is an act that deprives the public of the right to make its own decision. It is an example of a poorly written law.

If laws such as this continue to be forced on the American public, in general, our freedoms are being lost and we are providing the first steps toward laws that could in the end lead to such mandatory acts as safety chest guards for water skiers, knee guards for roller-skaters, body padding for skate-boarders, and even a helmet law for lawn mower owners, who last year reported 50,000 injuries that required hospital emergency room services.—from ABATE of North Dakota, 1444 Richmond Drive, Bismarck, North Dakota 58501. ■

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Lupe Skywalker

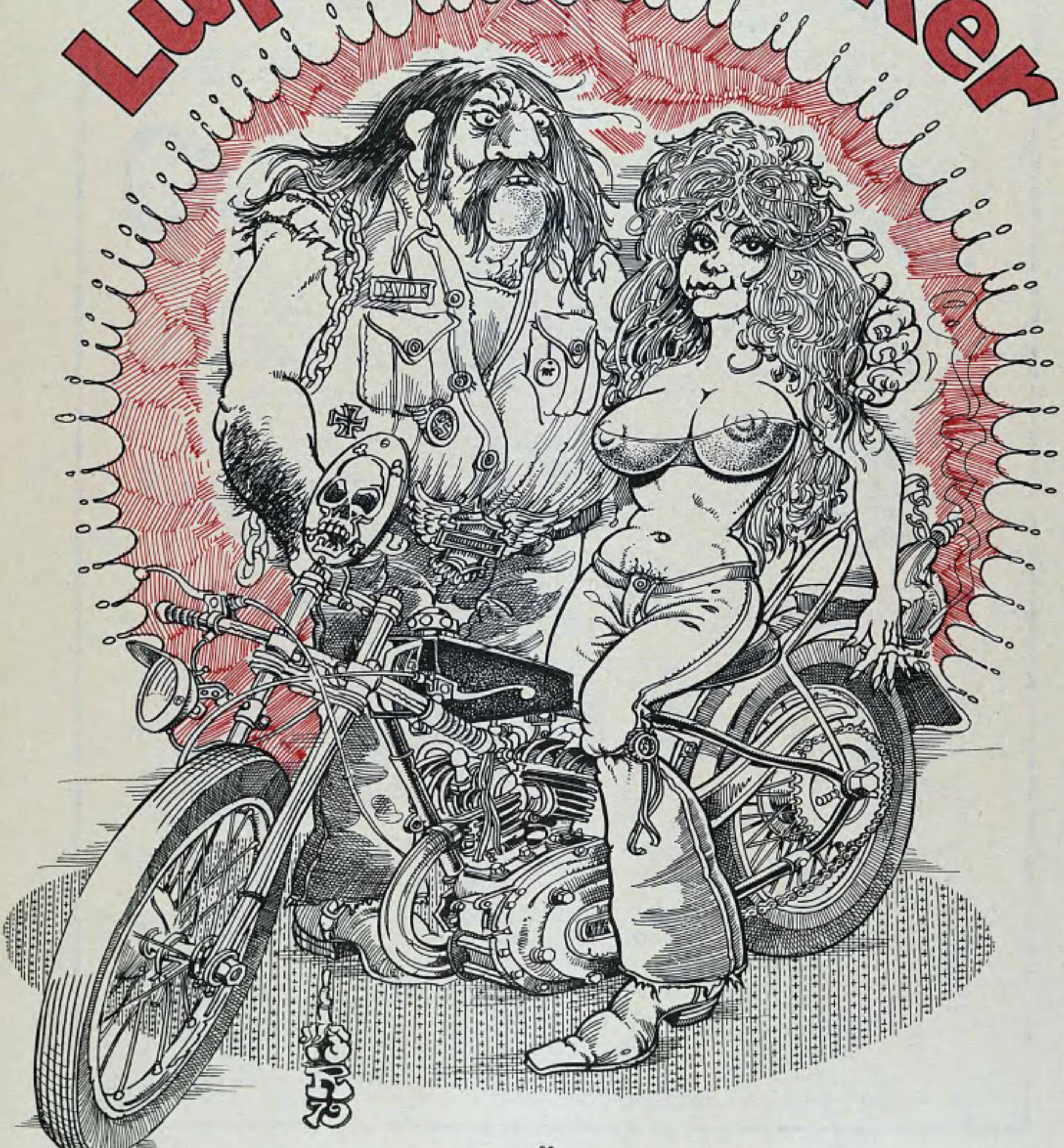


Illustration by Hal Robinson

by Gregory Harris

Buggie's eyes nearly popped out of his head when she rode up on her chopper. Her long, flowing black hair whooshed straight back in the wind. A thin, almost transparent T-shirt clung so that her heavy, round breasts strained against the material. Below a bare midriff, a tight pair of jeans led to weathered black riding boots. Her bike hummed as she approached. To Buggie she looked like the queen of the road. Behind her rode a skinny, mustached man with a tool kit of some sort strapped to the back of his bike.

"Hey, sweet one," Buggie called out. He walked toward her, taking a long look at her voluptuous body. "That's a nice machine," he said. By the time he got a few feet away, he couldn't take his eyes off her. "Where did you come from, baby?"

Her motor roared, and she smirked as she circled Buggie. "I'm looking for Lupe Skywalker," she said.

Buggie shot a glance at her friend, who had cooled his motor and was sitting a few yards away.

"What do you want to see Lupe about?" Buggie asked.

She revved her engine and continued to circle him. The chopper she rode was the biggest, meanest-looking hunk of metal Buggie had ever seen a female attached to. But her own body was even more firmly built. Buggie stared as her breasts bounced to the rhythm of the bike.

"If you know Lupe Skywalker, take me to him," she said. Buggie could tell she was dead serious.

"All right," he answered, "I'll ride ahead." About two hundred yards up a dirt road they turned through some brush and came to a house that sat on the edge of a lake. Back of the house, Lupe Skywalker and his club, the Huskies, were drinking beer and playing Charlie Daniels' music.

The boys glanced over when Buggie rode up. Whistles and hollers rang out when they saw what was behind him, and instantly every Huskie crowded in close to get a better look.

"Whew, Buggie, you're doin' some fine job as lookout," Buster Black yelled.

Then Lupe Skywalker pushed his way through the pack and came eye to eye with the lady biker. Lupe was a big-boned, dirty-blond, bearded man with intense blue eyes. For a moment they stared at each other.

"You and that bike are some pair," Lupe said finally. Her engine kept on running while Lupe and the Huskies waited for her to say something. She let them take a long look before she spoke.

"Lupe Skywalker—that you?" she asked.

"Yeah," said Lupe.

"The same Lupe Skywalker known all over the South as leader of the Huskies?"

"You're talking to his face, honey."

"I've got a proposition for you." She paused, the group fell silent, and Lupe waited. "I'm Tammy Jarret," she said.

Lupe looked her up and down and then whistled. He turned to the rest of the group with a gleam in his eye and spoke in a clear, loud voice. "Boys, you know who this is? This is the damn Tattoo Lady we've been hearing about."

"You're kidding," Buggie blurted out. "I thought that was just a story somebody made up." The rest of the Huskies began murmuring excitedly among themselves. Tammy Jarret revved her motor and efficiently put an end to the small talk.

"I say my bike can beat yours, and I think you know what the terms are." She was talking directly to Lupe. "If I win, my man here"—she pointed to the skinny man on the bike behind her—"tattoos a picture of me on your arm. If I lose, you get me for a night—all night. Clear?"

The whole group of Huskies broke out in a holler. Lupe leaned back and looked thoughtful.

"Honey, I wouldn't mind having you on my arm—'cept I know how bad you want it. You're building a reputation, like a gunfighter. But you don't kill, you label. I hear you've left a trail of tattoos back through Alabama."

"You hear right."

"You're getting pretty well known down south."

"If not for one thing, then for another."

The Huskies whooped at that.

"C'mon, Lupe," they yelled. "Take her on!"

"Boy, what I wouldn't give for a night with that," said Buster Black. "If you don't want her, Lupe, let me have her."

"Hell, I wouldn't even mind the tattoo," murmured Buggie, looking over her curvy body.

"What kind of run are you talking about?" Lupe asked.

"Straightaway, half mile," she answered.

Lupe searched the sky, ran his eyes down the length of her bike, and then hit upon the question that was hanging in the air.

"Where have you left your picture so far, honey?" The Huskies jumped and shouted, and Tammy fixed her gaze on the skinny man with the toolbox. The Huskies quieted down and their eyes shifted to the other biker.

"Tell 'em, Louis," she said.

"Louis," smirked Buster, and laughed.

The skinny man spit, then spoke.

"I put Tammy's body on other people. That's my art. Her art is her body—and riding a cycle."

"So whose arms have you put it on?" asked Lupe.

"I don't always put it on arms. Sometimes legs, backs, chests, whatever Tammy wants," the skinny man countered.

"And with me it's arms," said Lupe.

"Yup," said the skinny man, spitting again.

"So, who else?"

"Handlebar John from Oregon," said the skinny man.

"Never heard of him."

"Has a club outside Atlanta. Little squirt with a big 'stache."

"Who else?"

"Gripp."

"You got Gripp?" Lupe saw Tammy's chest swell with pride.

"Got him in Macon, Georgia," she said.

"Go on," said Lupe.

"Rod Rod Rawlings," said the skinny man.

"Oh yeah, real hot dog," said Lupe. "I been in the company of that good ol' boy more than a few times. He was probably drunk when you met up with him."

"Yeah, but sober afterwards."

"Name another."

The skinny man spit again. Then, before he spoke, Tammy broke in.

"Some fat boy they called Boots up west of Jacksonville."

Lupe shook his head. "Don't know him. 'Course, you could come up with a hundred I don't know. Tell me some I do know. Tell me who beat ya."

The Huskies broke out in a round of cheers and applause. Tammy jumped off her cycle and strutted back and forth. "Nobody has ever beat me, and no man has claimed me for a night."

—Continued on page 78

A Tribute to Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory: Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **Big Bob Rhodes,** a good biker, a great person. May he be free-wheeling in heaven forever. Michael Gregor.

In memory of **Charlie Parsons,** a bro who only had a month and a half of freedom before he took his final ride to Harley Heaven. From his bros in K.S.I.R., Hutchinson, Kan.

For **Stranger,** who said: "Death is the ultimate climax." I love you, my friend. It hurts. Dawn Gray Cloud. N.Y.

In memory of **Larry Lynch,** one helluva man. We miss you, bro, and think of you often. Your lady and friends.

In memory of **Harter Maley,** from all your bros and sisters in Fast Company MC, Canton, Ohio. We will always remember you.

In memory of **Taco Joe,** my ol' man. Ride free like the hawk. Your brothers will be riding with you, and I'll love you until Feb. 30th. Trisha.

In memory of **Twister,** who took his own life. You are righteously remembered and loved. Jimmy, Stack, and Toni.

To **Beast** and **Bear,** who loved a hard life, riding, and partying. We love you both. Ride forever. Freedom Riders MC, and Sunshine.

In memory of **Jack Elliot.** You rode and lived. Ride High. "Crazy Jon."

In memory of **John D. McAllister,** who died on Friday 13th. We hope you're riding high in the sky with Mother at last. Your sons, J.D. and Bucky, Vikings MC.

In memory of **Andre Rafford,** a true brother and friend. We'll never forget you. Ride on forever. Your friends in Honeoye, N.Y.

In memory of **Wild Bill Williams.** May you ride forever. Freebird. Your brother Mike and wife Pat. Fresno, Calif.

For **Steve Mays,** a biker in spirit if not in life, who passed away on a hot July night. Frodo.

In memory of **Farmer,** a brother forever. Ride on in Reaper Heaven. Little John and bros. Grim Reapers MC.

In memory of **James Kennedy,** a great jammer and bro. See you again, some day. From Doug and the rest of Brain Damage.

In memory of two linear dudes, **Casey "Two-Toes"** and **Mike Coleman.** Party hard and die. Schizo Jake and Windy Poodles, P.G. Co., Maryland.

In loving memory of my daddy, **Danny F. Lane.** He rode proud and died proud. I know you're being take care of, Daddy. I love you with all my heart. Your li'l boy, Brandon Lane.

To **Jack Rabbit** and **Sharon.** Keep riding that Harley in Heaven. Love, the family, Garden Grove, Calif.

In memory of "**Brush,**" an incredible man, brother, artist, father, and lover, and President of the Rogues. Oklahoma City.

In memory of **Hick,** one of the craziest brothers, but that's why we love you so much. Jo and Roddy.

In memory of **Patches, Styve, Rat, Gator, Larry** and **Thistle.** Loved and never forgotten. Wild Ones MC. Hamilton. Canada.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send $10.50 for twelve issues. ($10.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders** Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in **Male Call.** Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

Spending my time in segregation and need some letters to make time pass. William Barr, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Blond, blue-eyed 22-year-old needs someone to write to, but no headaches. David Woolum #B-83382, Cell 102, CTP/Central, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Stuck in redneck land and in need of mail from good chicks. Robert McLeod #052053, Box 229, Lawtey, Fla. 32058.

Would like to hear from women of all ages. I'm 20 yrs. old. Gerald Williams, Box B-35588, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Down in So. Cal. and need a lady to see me through. David Karcher #B-94406, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Mature, good-looking male needs letters from ladies. Michael Ruiz #C-03933-6508, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Fucked up easy and went down hard. Need letters from freaky ladies. Ron King #B-026330, C-31-B, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Down and out with no one to write to, and I need some cheer. Don L. Morris #90562, K-202, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Lonely bro in need of correspondence with girls in K.C. area. Dale A. Robertson, K.S.P., B-239, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Would like letters and visits from ladies with heart. Frank Caldwell #B-97819, Box A, Cell 4211, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

42-yr.-old inmate looking for new friends and a wife. Will openly discuss any subject. Cloyd I. McReynolds #94409, Staunton Corr. Ctr., Box 3500, Staunton, Va. 24401.

Male humanoid in search of womanoid. Share with equal, beautiful Leo woman. Like music and lovable people. Michael Morgan #147-338, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Young and doing hard time. Letters from ladies 16-60 will make it easier. Jim Russo, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

I'm in the joint and would like to hear from chicks only. Mark Bies #74375, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Lonely man wishes to correspond with lonely ladies. Will answer all letters. Russell Dafford #B-98737, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Lonely bro looking for love. Remember, baby, beauty is only skin deep. Mike Stedman. #113156, Unit 30, Box 487, Fairfax, Va. 22030.

Lonely, divorced and horny, and need mail from foxy ladies. Duane Caldwell #31865, Box 2, A-206, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Chicks, please write. Will answer all. Jerry Case #86788, R.C.F., 7177 Cockrill Bend Industrial Rd., Nashville, Tenn. 37219.

I'm 19 yrs. old and can't wait to hear from foxy chicks. David Head #116230, Box 868, Halifax, Va. 24558.

I would like to meet a girl who likes to get high and have a good time. Henry Ramirez #15529, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Would like to get letters and pictures from ladies. Am ten years into a life sentence. Larry Fornash #130-900, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Bro down and stinkin'. Need letters from some hot stuff. Dennis Ferrell #132896, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Short 28-yr.-old, down, broke, and lonely, needs letters from chicks. No games. Lasting relationship. Send photo. James L. Stoecker #035336, Box 158, G-453, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Blue-eyed devil wants devilishly fine ladies to write. J. C. Chamberlain #C-02792, Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Outlaw looking for a lady to write to. Darryl King #96436-1, Rt. 1, Box 548, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

I'm 29 yrs. old and would like letters from some sweet and nasty girls. Michael F. Mann #263909, Ramsey 2, Rt. 2, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Correspondence wanted with a chick between 21 and 27 with extreme qualities and nice handwriting. Dublin B. Pearson #82839, O.S.P., Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

If you're looking for fun, I'm the one. Drop me a line. W. L. Sims #87972, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

29-yr.-old bro wants sweet talk and fantasy from central or northern Calif. lady 25-35. Sean Nailen, Box B-98281, CTF/N, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Desperate for mail from anyone. Please write. James G. Mills #77-C-440, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Doing 110 yrs. of hard time without any mail. Send letters and photos, please. Rick Pergeson, Box 37, Holman Station, Ala. 36503.

Need to write to a lady so I can parole out of state. Pete LiVine #37756, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Blond Little John needs a mama. Rugrat okay. Michael A. Horn #234350-A, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

St. Louis biker needs letters and photos from ladies 18-30. Bob Childers #36450, 1-A-21, Box 7, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Need letters and photos from ladies to take away this loneliness. Chet Fulton #P-3416, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

Two years to go and I need letters and photos from ladies. James Hoffman #90814, Rt. 1, Box 548, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

I need a woman 20-50, someone I can depend on. Stanley F. Locus, Box B-75260, 1644, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Downed bro looking for a lady to write and send flick with first letter. Frank J. Cochran, Box B-89676, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

San Gabriel Valley tramp down with no mail coming in. Send a letter and photo. Steve Radey #068024, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Lonely brother wishes to correspond with lonely ladies. James D. Phillips #051896, Box 221, 73-103, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Need some nice chick to write and send photo. Will send photo of myself. Bob L. Jones #292513, Box 16, F-3-3, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Downed bro needs some lovin' scribes from chicks 8-80. Don Barnes, Box 580, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

22-yr.-old down and needing chicks. Tired of polar bears. Ron Brown, Box 580, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

It's lonely and dark, so make the sun shine for me with some letters and photos. Buzz Palmer #31408, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Drop a line to a lonely bro who needs letters from loving ladies. Marty Galo #A-88330, Box 1000, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

Down and blue till '82; need some ladies to pull me through. Nicholas Flick, EF-119651, Dorm A, GT and DC, 2989 W. Rock Quarry Rd., Buford, Ga. 30518.

Crazy biker needs crazy mama and letters. Ray Wood #068622, Baker Corr. Inst., Box 500, Olustee, Fla. 32072.

I'll settle down for good times if I can meet a sweet lady, so write and send photos. Thomas Updike, T.D.C. #286513, Darrington Unit, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Would like to hear from you all. Johnny McMullan, Box 268, Wagnam, N.C. 28396.

In prison. Lost family and friends. Need correspondentce. Steve Corona, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Lonely inmate needs letters from ladies. Will answer all. Donald T. McLaughlin #272518, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515.

32-yr.-old con wants to correspond with females. Will answer all. Looks no stopper. Denny Nobles #B-53221, 5214, Box AE, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I receive no mail and would like to hear from anyone. Allen McKie #97447, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Rocky is my name and riding is my game, so write this lonely stud. Rocky DuVall #3839, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Lonely prisoner wishes to correspond with all kinds of interesting people. Fred Marsden #066412, SCI, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Young Canadian downed in the South needs letters to help the time go by. Robert Baker, Box 1269, Key West, Fla. 32040.

Downed bro from Van Nuys, Calif., in need of letters from home and elsewhere. Karl Webber, Box 3000-R, Ft. Grant, Ariz. 85643.

Rev. Filthy Phil is down again, this time in Oregon. Please write. Philip J. C. Ethridge #41657, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

25-yr.-old inmate looking for mail-order brides. Don L. Wood #B-56479, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Divorced 24-yr.-old bro in need of love and visits. John Gilbert #105484, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Would like to hear from foxy ladies who love to party and raise hell. Sam L. Kelley, Box B-94050, CTF/C, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

22-yr.-old bro with broken heart of gold needs loving letters from sincere ladies. Mark Sauet #102967, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

I would like to receive mail from any women. John Kleber #30472, Box 1568, KSIR, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Downed bro needs mail from anyone. Wild Rider #C-06389, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Lonely 22-yr.-old would like to hear from girls. R. Bradshaw #A-90010, Box 1000, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

Monoa, Cowboy: Butcher from Missouri here. I'm down for six and would like to hear from you. Glen Trask #36476, Box 7, 2D-604, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

I'm a downed brother's attorney, so how about some mail. Wm. R. Omasta #015276, C-41, Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Would appreciate any mail from ladies. Glen Roundtree #051244, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Northwesterner doing time in the South and needs mail from ladies. Donald Cope #060319, Box 99, B-13-B, Clermont, Fla. 31711.

So. Cal. bro needs an ol' lady to hook up with. C. Rapciewicz #B-39171, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

23-yr.-old inmate needs letters from older, mature women. M.D. Bonnell, Box 788, 102-619, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

I would like to hear from anybody. I'll answer all letters. Russell Rogers #78-A-1531, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

25-yr.-old inmate seeks good-looking chicks to correspond with. Rick K. Hall #291099, One Circle Dr., Sugarland, Tex. 77478.

Would like to hear from mamas who will send photos and letters. George R. Browning, B-1, 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

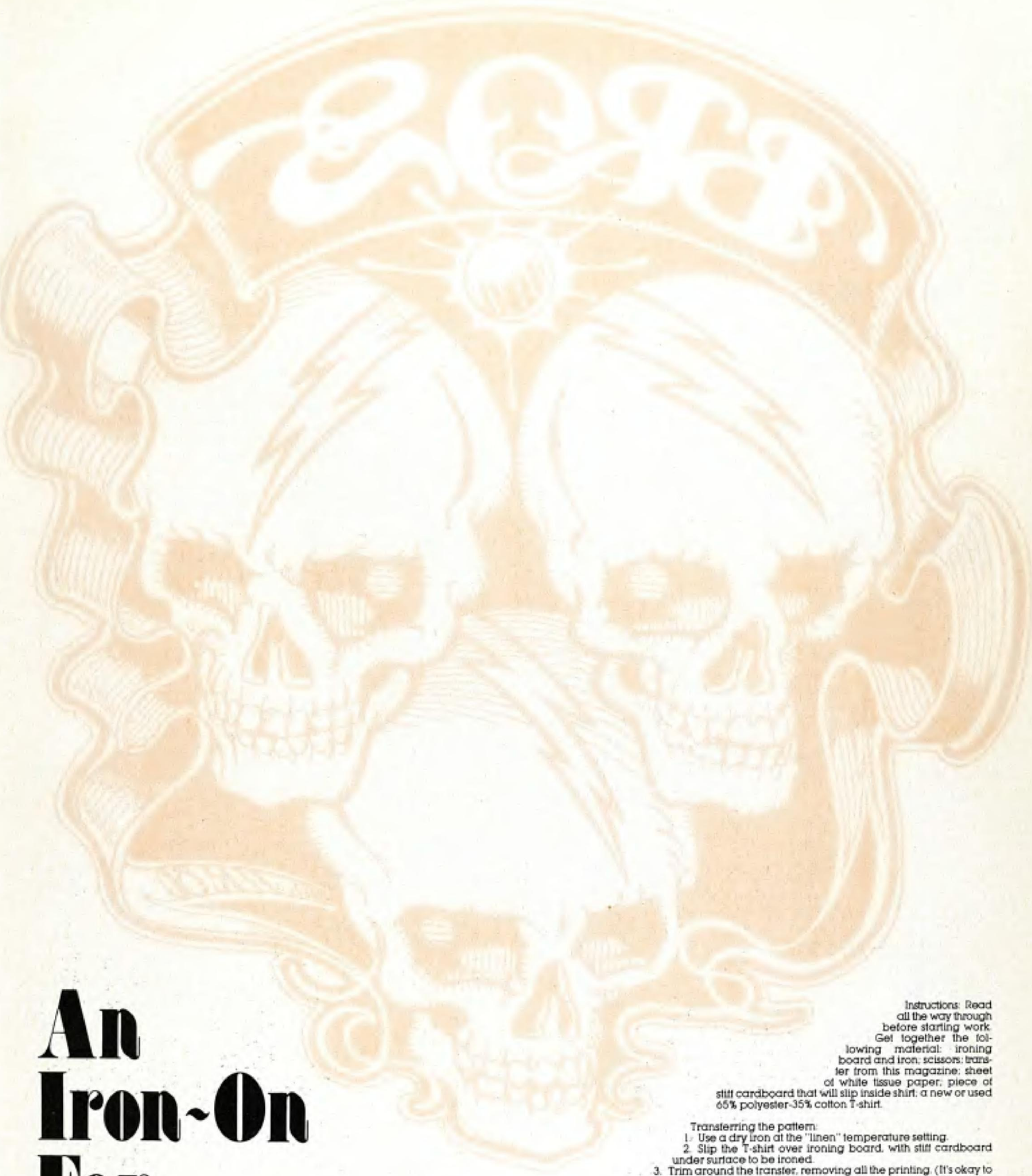
35-yr.-old inmate, down for over seventeen years, has one to go and needs letters and photos from ladies 28-35. Stanley W. Newman Jr. #D-002116-12-1212, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Lonely bro will relocate for right lady after release. Curtis Stubblefield #31818, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

29-yr.-old, hot, sexy and horny, would like to write to ladies 19-32. Earl Douglas #23561, K.S.P., Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

I need letters and flicks from ladies. Gregg Russell #13270, I.S.P., Box 41, C-N-50, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Doing time and need some young lady to help me along. Terry Waldridge, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.



An Iron-On For Brotherhood

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 65% polyester-35% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer ink side down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of stiff cardboard for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up, and you've got it. **Easyriders** does it again.

When a SPACE FILLER Calls!

One girl said to the other, "California men are terrific. They walk up to you and put it in."

The other girl replied, "Texans are better. They put it in and then walk up to you."

—Don Lindal
Winnipeg, Canada

A bro walked into a bar, scoped out a fine momma, walked up to her and leered, "I'd sure like to get down your pants."

"I don't know why," she replied, "I already got one asshole down there."

—Mean Greene
Tracy, Calif.

A married couple checked into a motel and asked for the best accommodations. The clerk recommended the bridal suite. The man asked, "Why the bridal suite? My wife and I have been married for six years."

"Look," said the clerk, "if I let you have the main ballroom, that doesn't mean you have to dance, does it?"

—Darryl Singer
Charleston, Wis.

If your dick's as big as a log, don't shit here. The crabs have chainsaws.

—Nathanial Smith
Yardley, Calif.

"This had better be good—I walked a mile for it."

The shrewish wife phoned her husband at the club poker room, pointed out how late it was, and ordered him to come right home.

"But, Mildred," pleaded the man, "I can't quit now. Why, I've got a stack of quarters here as long as my dong!"

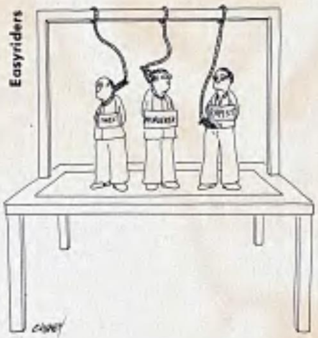
"Henry," shot back Mildred, "you mean all you've got left is a lousy two bucks?"

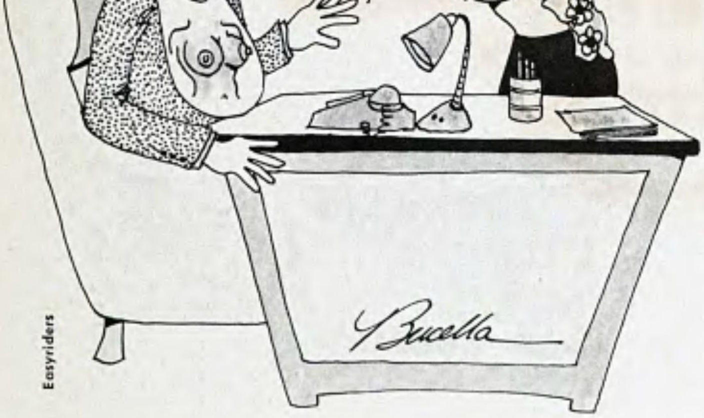
—Jackie Loomis
Avalon, Mich.

A bro and his wife took a room in a motel, and as she undressed for bed, her wooden leg fell apart. Frantically, the bro rushed out of the room, and dashing down the corridor, he ran up to a man and shouted, "Help me! I left my wife with her leg apart."

"Sorry, pal," said the other guy, "I'm in a worse mess. I left my wife with her two legs apart, and now I can't remember the room."

—J. R. Beacon
Tyler, Tex.





The biker had been opening beer bottles with his teeth at the run on Sunday. Monday found him at the dentist's and in no mood for a hard time.

After poking around for a while, the dentist told the bro a couple of teeth would have to come out.

"To hell with that," said the biker, "I'd rather get fucked in the ass!"

"Well, make up your mind," said the dentist. "I have to adjust the chair."

—Cally
Blue Mt., Calif.

"I can't understand it, doctor," the girl complained. "Everytime I see a handsome guy on a bike, I get this funny feeling between my toes."

"That's strange," the medical man ruminated. "Which toes?"

"The big ones," she sighed.

—Robin Whitmore
Columbus, Ohio

The biker's blind date proved to be well-built, pretty, intelligent, and personable, and they hit it off well together. Later that evening, he announced, "Linda, dear, I've fallen for you so hard that I want to give you an old-fashioned first-date kiss!"

"At a time like this," muttered Linda, "you're asking me to change positions?"

—Joe White
Harris, Fla.

There was this near-sighted gynecologist who could hardly see the trouble, let alone put his finger on it.

—Big Daddy John
Weiss Port, Pa.

What do being in the Mafia and eating pussy have in common? One slip of the tongue and you're in deep shit.

—Roxie
Sun Valley, Calif.

Did you hear about the biker chick who had two chances to get knocked up one night and blew both of them?

—James McNeel
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

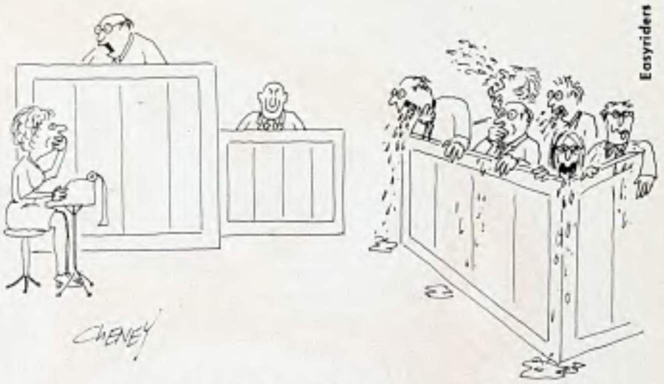
"When I said I wanted you to 'go down' on me, that's not what I meant!"

Two bros had recently got hitched and were sitting at the bar, discussing the results of their wives' rather poor attempts at cooking.

"Man," sniveled one, "here I wuz, on the shitter for the third time in four hours, tokin' a doobie, when I heard this voice comin' outta the pot up at me. I figgered, whatdafuck, I'm wasted anyway, so I went along wit' da joke. 'Whadda want?' I says, starin' down into the bowl. This turd floats up an' sez to me, 'If ya wanna dick a foot and a half long, a newly built knuckle, an' yer ol' lady's cookin' to be the best there is, don't flush me for six hours.' So I figgered, man, this is a good smoke, but I didn't flush the crapper. An' ya know, it worked! The next mornin' I went in to piss an' my joint damn near flopped inna water, my ol' lady had the finest cheese omelet I ever tasted onna table, and **you** seen da scoot. So how do ya figger that?"

"Wal," his bro drawled, "must be one a them superstitious things, man. After all, they say the turd time's a charm!"

—Jack Lance
Markus, Maine



"It is asked that the defendant's last remark be stricken from the record."

"I'm lost, Sarge. Trace this call and come get me."

A midget biker inherited several million dollars. He built a mansion and declared that any midgets down on their luck could stay there without charge. He built it down to midget scale and even went so far as to completely insure it against practically any hazard. Quite a few midgets took advantage and now they're all fully protected by the Stay-Free Mini-Pad.

—Joe McIntyre
San Bernardino, Calif.

On a shithouse wall: If your hose is old, and your stream is weak, stand up close, or you'll piss on yer feet.

—Hairy Gerry
Tucson, Ariz.

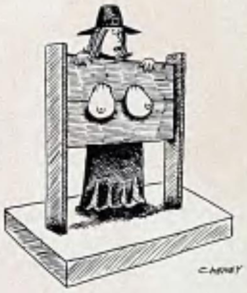
Do not throw toothpicks in the urinals here. Our crabs are smart, and have learned how to pole vault.

—Crazy Charley
Tucson, Ariz.

In preparation for his honeymoon, a biker was working on his scoot when a wrench slipped and caught him in the crank. The doctor could do nothing but put a splint on it, and when it came time to bed down, his new wife said, "This body has never been touched by human hands."

And her groom replied, "That's nothing! This crank isn't even out of the crate yet!"

—Cuz Mayle
Mansfield, Ohio



Frank had sat on his scoot for nearly an hour on the bridge, waiting for a traffic jam to clear up, when he saw a kid on a bicycle coming his way. "Hey, kid, what's the trouble up there?"

"Some crazy traffic cop has soaked himself with gasoline and is threatening to set himself on fire! I'm taking up a collection for him. Want to donate?"

"Sure. How much have you got so far?"

"Oh, sixteen books of matches and thirty-seven lighters."

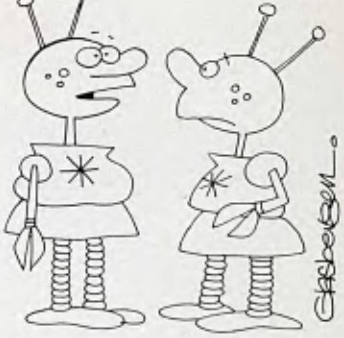
—Manny Williamson
Cottage Grove, Ore.

"We found this note in his pocket. It says, 'The little light really goes out when the door is shut.' "

"Oh, oh," said the young boy at the drive-in movie, "I think I heard something break!"

"It's nothing," said the girl, "just my promise to mother."

—Greg Perry
Riverside, N.J.



"I made it with an Earthling once. Very peculiar. She was already with me, yet she kept yelling, 'I'm coming!' "

After Shovelhead Gary was pulled over and arrested for drunk driving, the judge told him he was entitled to one phone call.

Shovelhead replied, "Great! Call room service and have them deliver a fifth to my room."

—T. Taylor
Garden Grove, Calif.

Show up in the streets with an Easyriders T-shirt

No shit, we've got t-shirts and tank tops to flash, dazzle, get ya picked up, put down, held up, ripped off or make ya look down right ritzy. And we've got patterns to show what ya ride, smoke, where yer from, yer birthday, the women ya like or the proud magazine ya read-*Easyriders.*

If yer interested, they're American made, the finest quality we could find and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.

Design

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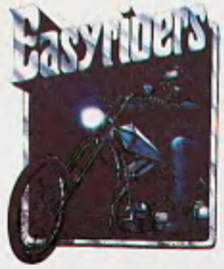

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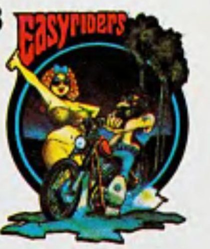

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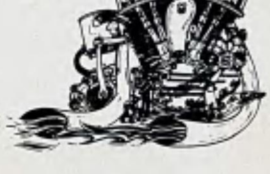

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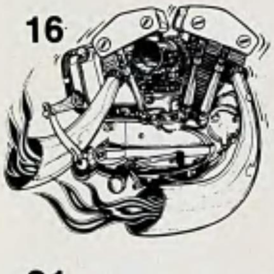

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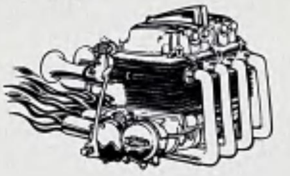

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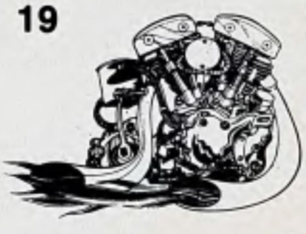

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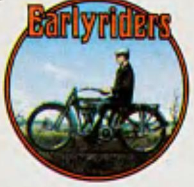

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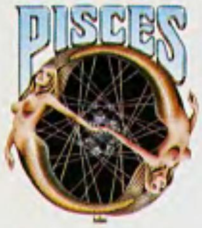

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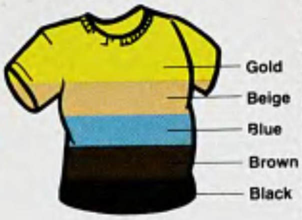
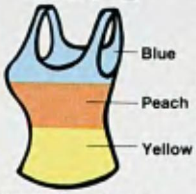
Shirt "A"



Sizes **S-M-L-XL**

Shirt "B"



Sizes **Petite — Average**

If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dip-shit—not black lettering on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for **$5.95**, postpaid in U.S. only. Mix colors and designs to suit yourself—any design on either shirt in any of the colors offered.

Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	$5.95 each
				Sub Total	
				Plus tax (California residents add 6%)	
				Total	

Send your order today to:

***T-SHIRTS*, BOX 711,**
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91503

Make all checks and money orders
out to Easyriders

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________________

STATE ______________ ZIP ________

We pay all postage and handling on all tops. (In U.S. only)

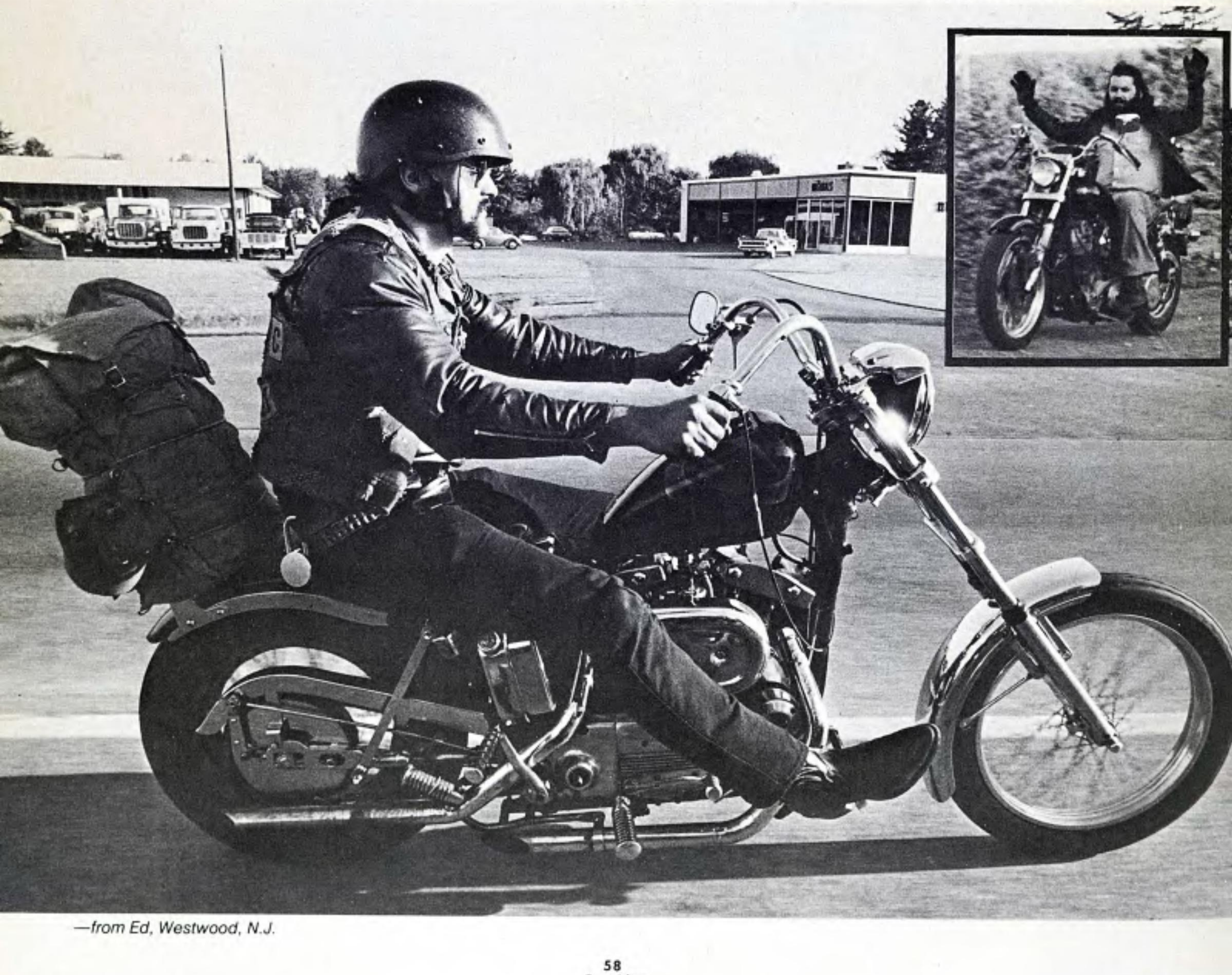
Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

IN THE WIND

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we now pay $20 for every black and white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.)*

—from Bob Saurdiff, FPO, San Francisco

—from Jim LeClair, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.



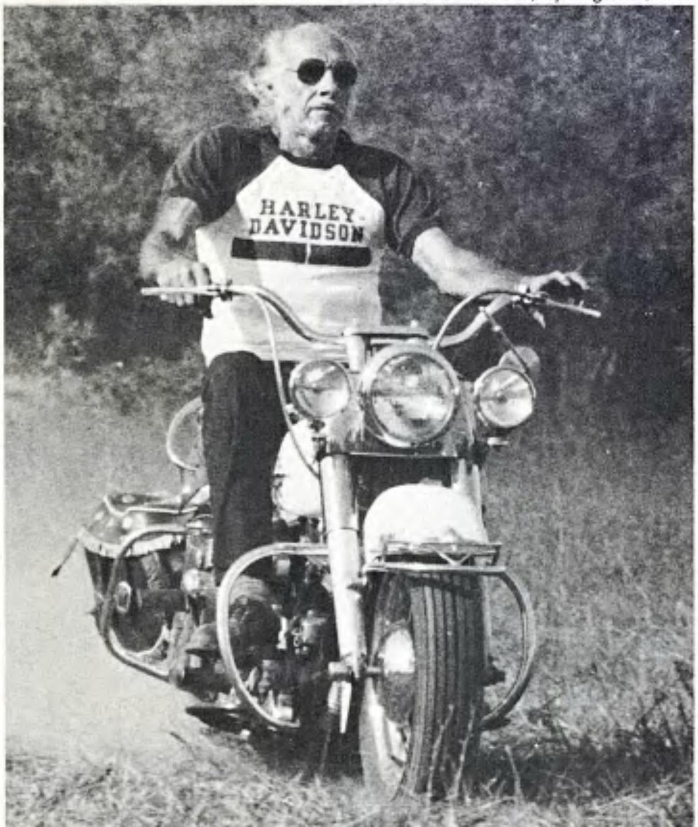
—from Ed, Westwood, N.J.

—from Teddy Bear, Jackson, Mich.

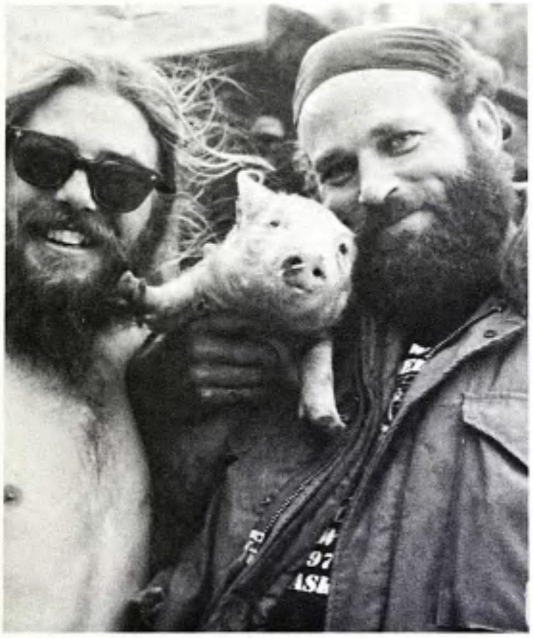
—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.

—from Bat Out of Hell MC, Oswego, Ill.

—from Glen Sweet, Springfield, Mo.



—from Richard, Louisville, Ky.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

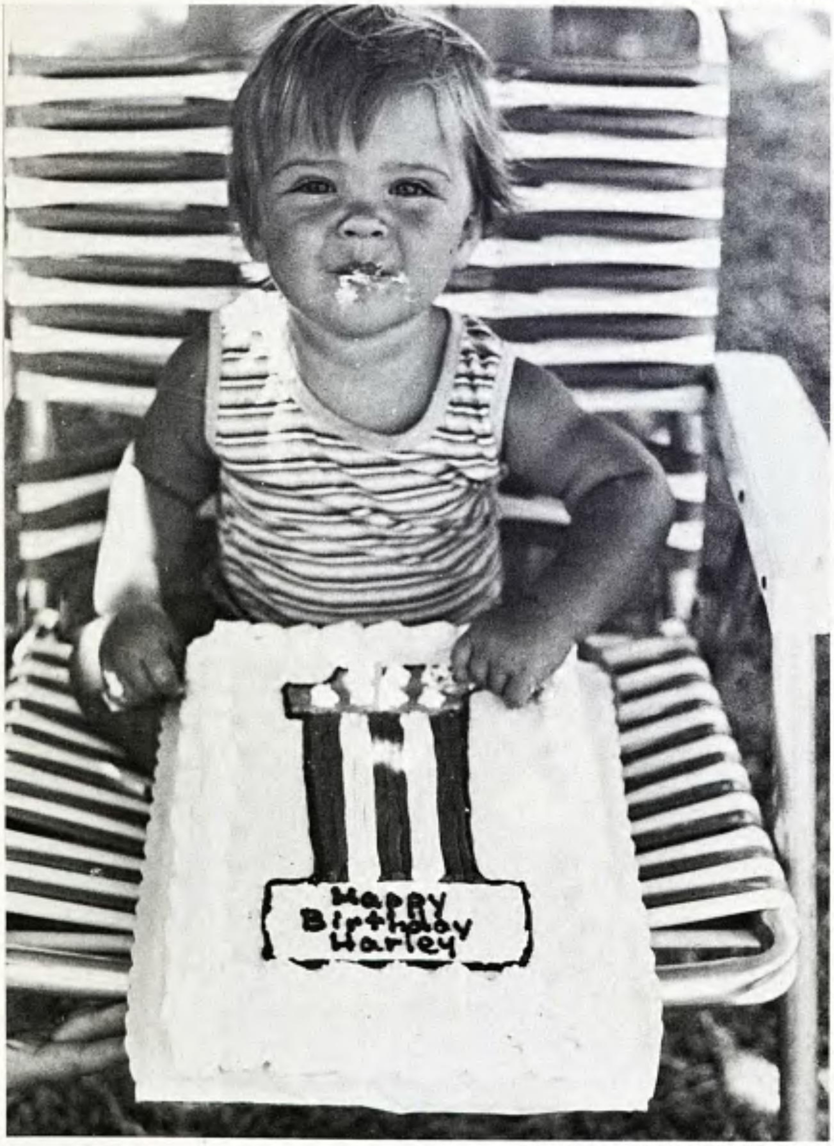
—from Lipps, Chicago, Ill.

—from A.L. Patton, Tucson, Ariz.

—from Rocky Miller, Sioux Falls, So. Dakota

—from J. Zwart, Zierikzee, Netherlands

—from Richard, Louisville, Ky.



—from Mark Crosby, Midland, Tex.

—from Cyclops, Holliston, Mass.

Ridin' Thoughts

Switches and wires,
Gears and chains,
Clutches and brakes—
Workin' on bikes for hours
So you'll soon be at the reins.

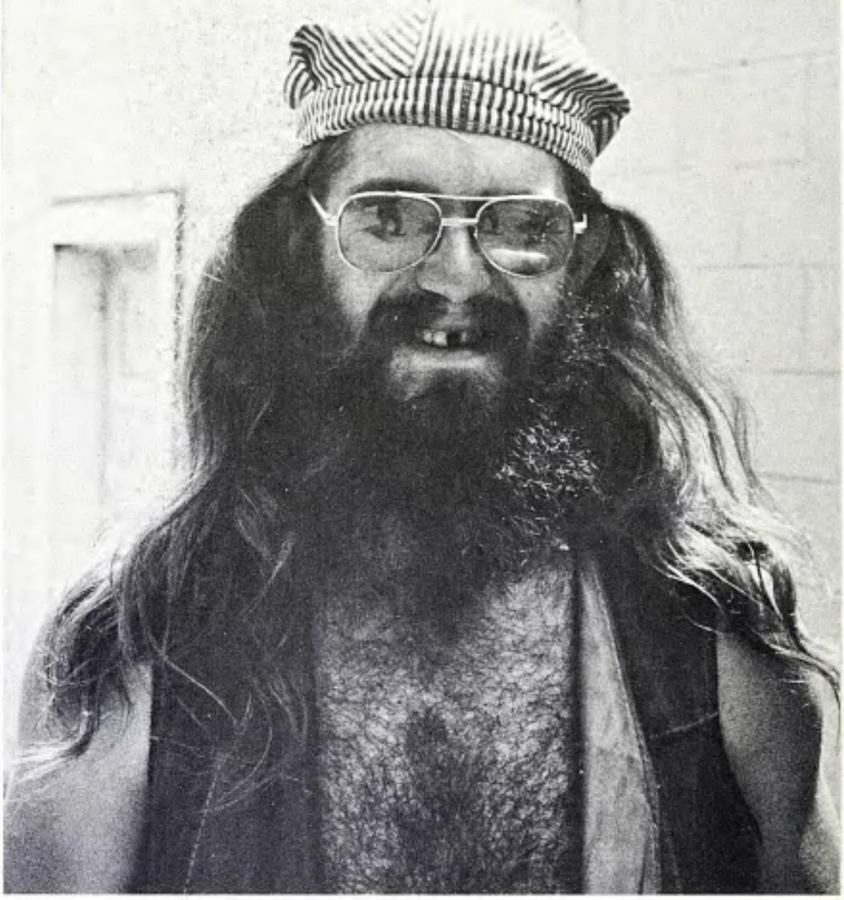
Cops and tickets,
Judges and fines,
Arrests and handcuffs—
All are elements of the road
To be left behind.

Jobs and taxes,
Wife and kids,
Relatives and responsibilities—
Takin' care of family business
So the road holds no obstacles.

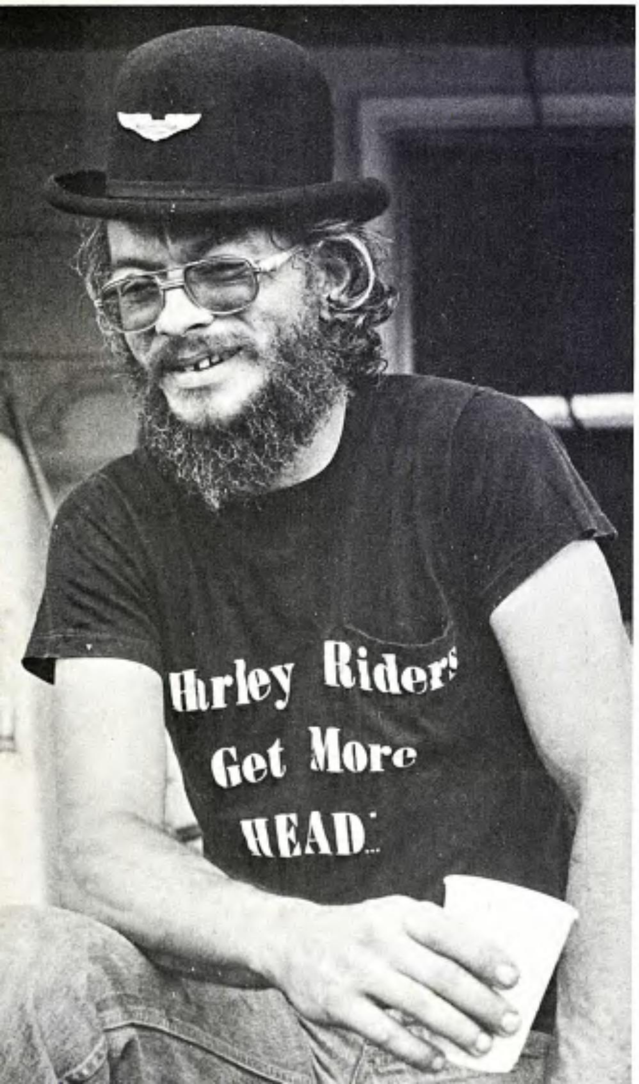
Shiftin' and acceleration,
Lotsa gas and oil,
Smooth roads and no traffic—
The weather's right for a ride
Into the wind.

—Renegade

—from Rocky Miller, Sioux Falls, So. Dakota

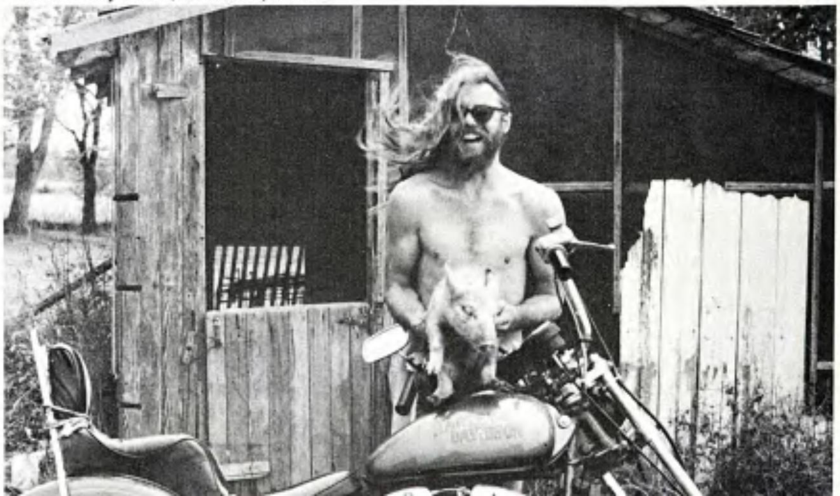


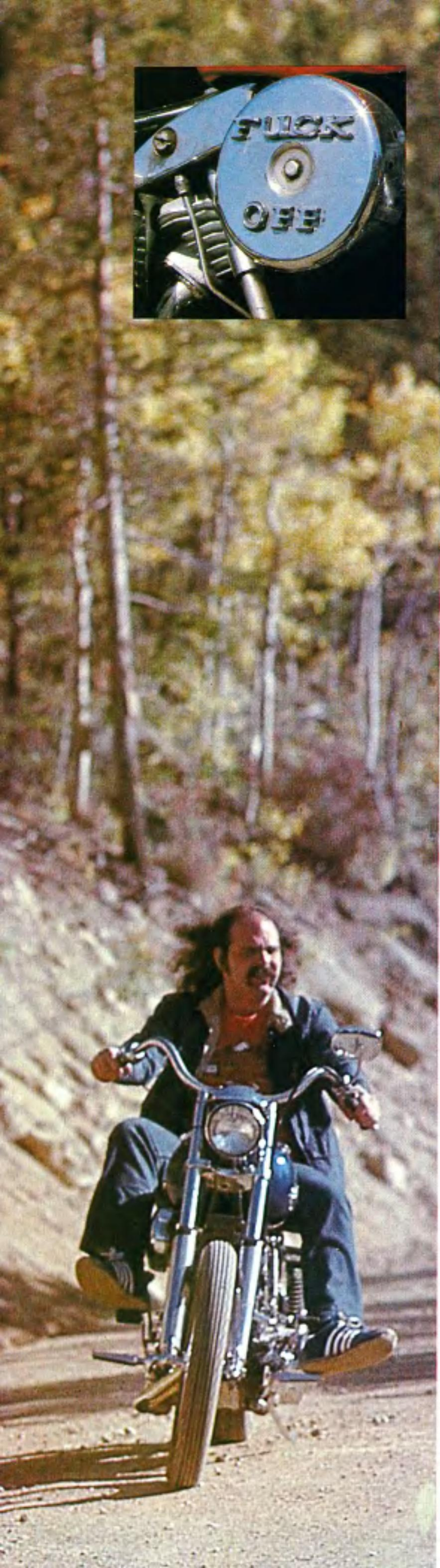
—from David, Calabasas, Ca.



—from Ron Stone, Robinson, Ill.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



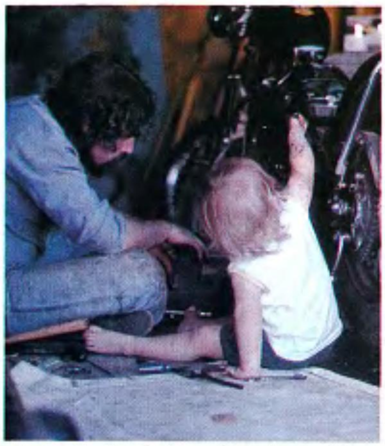


—from Cripple Mike, Long Beach, Calif.

—from Woody, Littleton, Colo.

—from Sylvia Gilotti, N. Adams, Mass.

—from Robert Voigt, Houston, Tex.



—from Becky Gellner, Long Lake, Minn.

—from Jessie Lewis, Newcastle, Calif.

—from M.C. Blair, Burbank Calif.

—from Gary Cook, Union City, N.J.

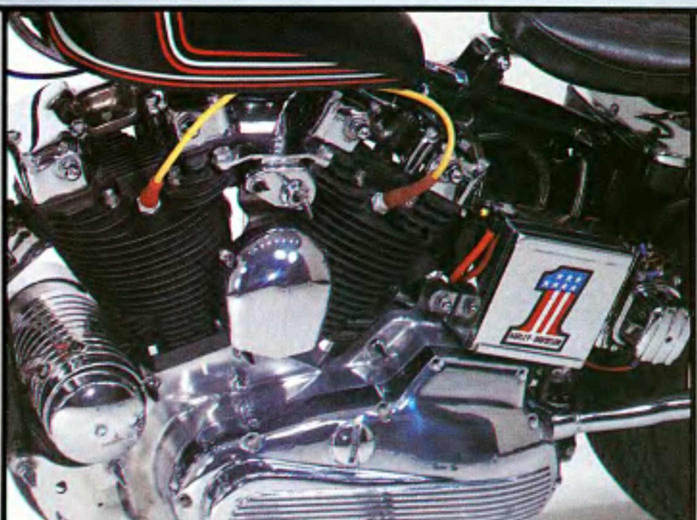
DAVID MANN
Easyriders

RACE FEVER

Aches and strains of speed equipment

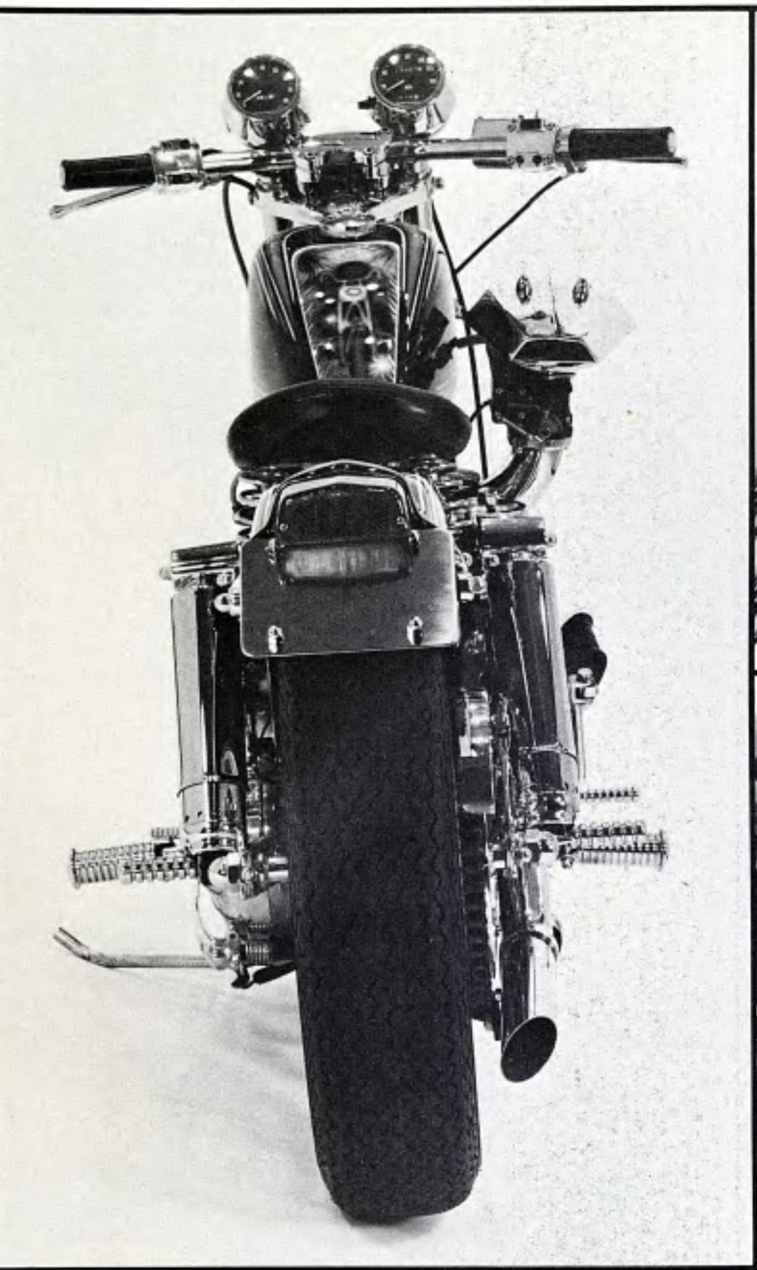
Imagine buildin' a pretty Sportster, strokin' it to make it quick, layin' out all the bucks, and polishin' the fucker to the max. Now ya wanna ride it—right?

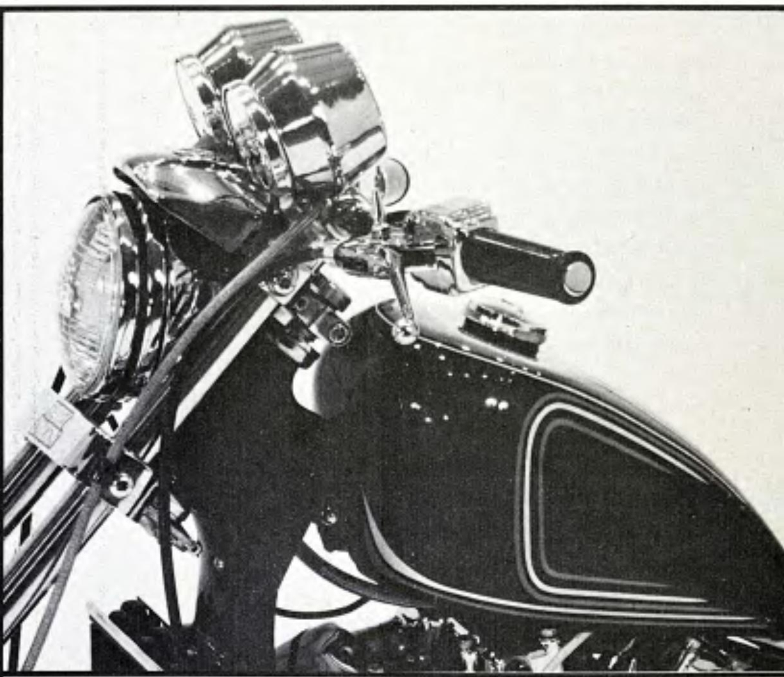
On a sunny Saturday, ya dash out early in the morning, wipe the cold dew off the new paint, prime the carb—but since you've installed a magneto for hotter spark, startin' might be an uneasy story. It is. Whew—is it ever! But once it rumbles to life, the

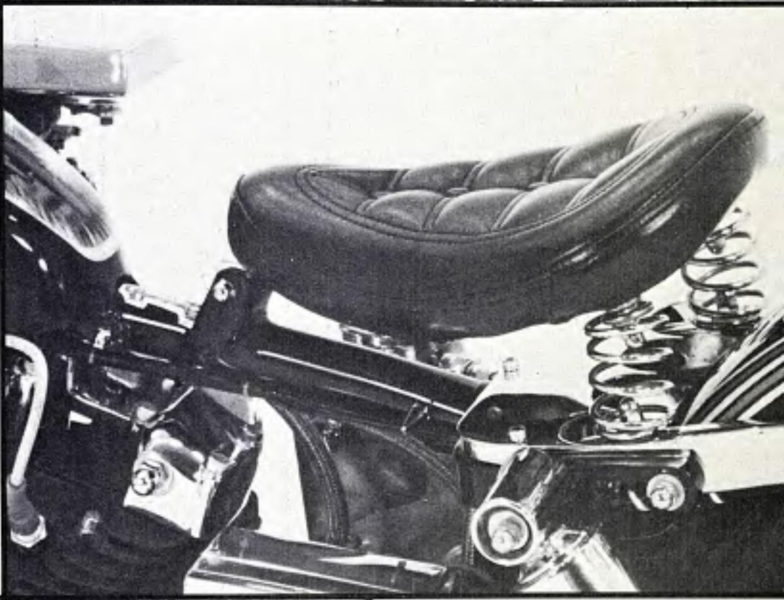


engine sounds packed with more snortin' power than ever before, although, it also runs rougher than before. Out of the garage and into the street, where the clutch feels the first heavy strain of the new mill—it slips under the increased horses, and the carb seems to gasp for more fuel.

So it's back to the garage for a more capable carb, heavier clutch springs, and Barnett plates. It takes a while and a lotta green to

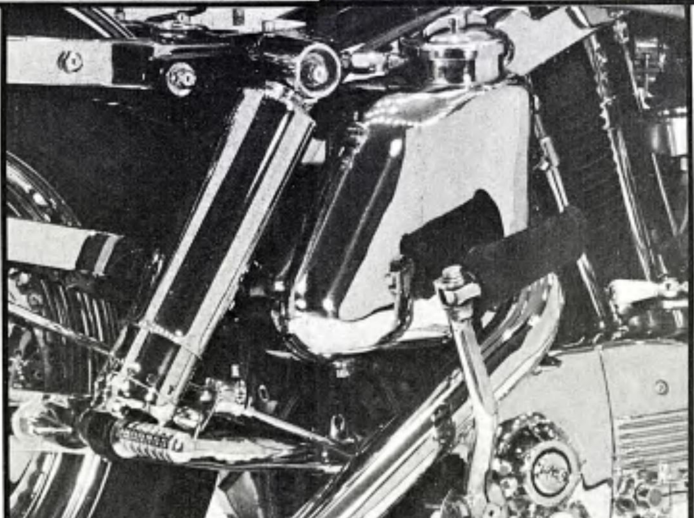






get the parts, but soon it's up again and you're bustin' your knee again to get it started.

The clutch still slips—even readjusted, it slips or grabs at lights. But the putt runs smoother this time. The new, big-bore carb has the mornin' fog whistlin' into it so fast it seems a dangerous prospect to get very close to the sparkling velocity stack. High lift cams have the V-twin lunging at its mounts as if it



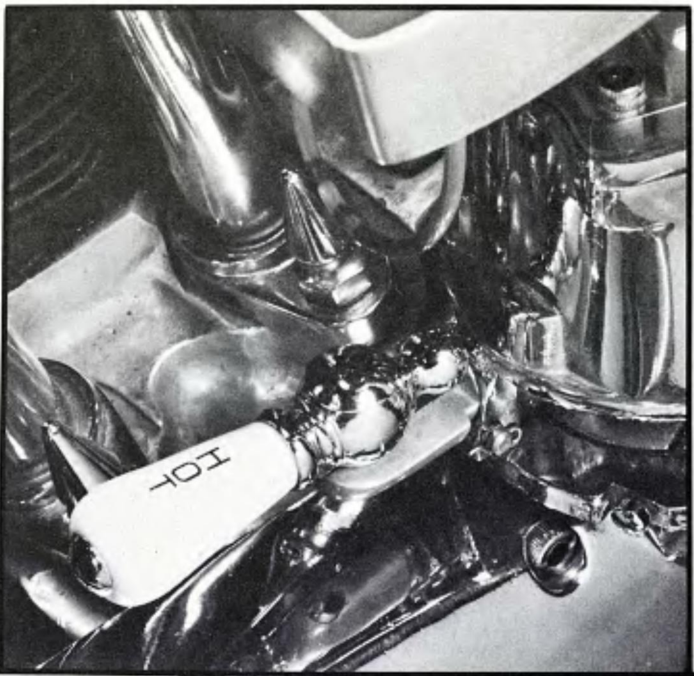
might get up and lope its way right out of the tremblin' frame. Now, although you're still fightin' the creakin' clutch, if the bike is rollin' slowly when ya snap the wick, the clutch will hold—but everything else breaks loose.

The gears smack, chains crack like whips, every roller feels its tolerances like teeth chattering, spokes flex, and the tire strains as if on the losing end of a tug-o-war—then the tire

loses to the rigid pavement. And the rubber encounters the abrasive friction created in the abrupt movement—grey-blue smoke fills the intersection.

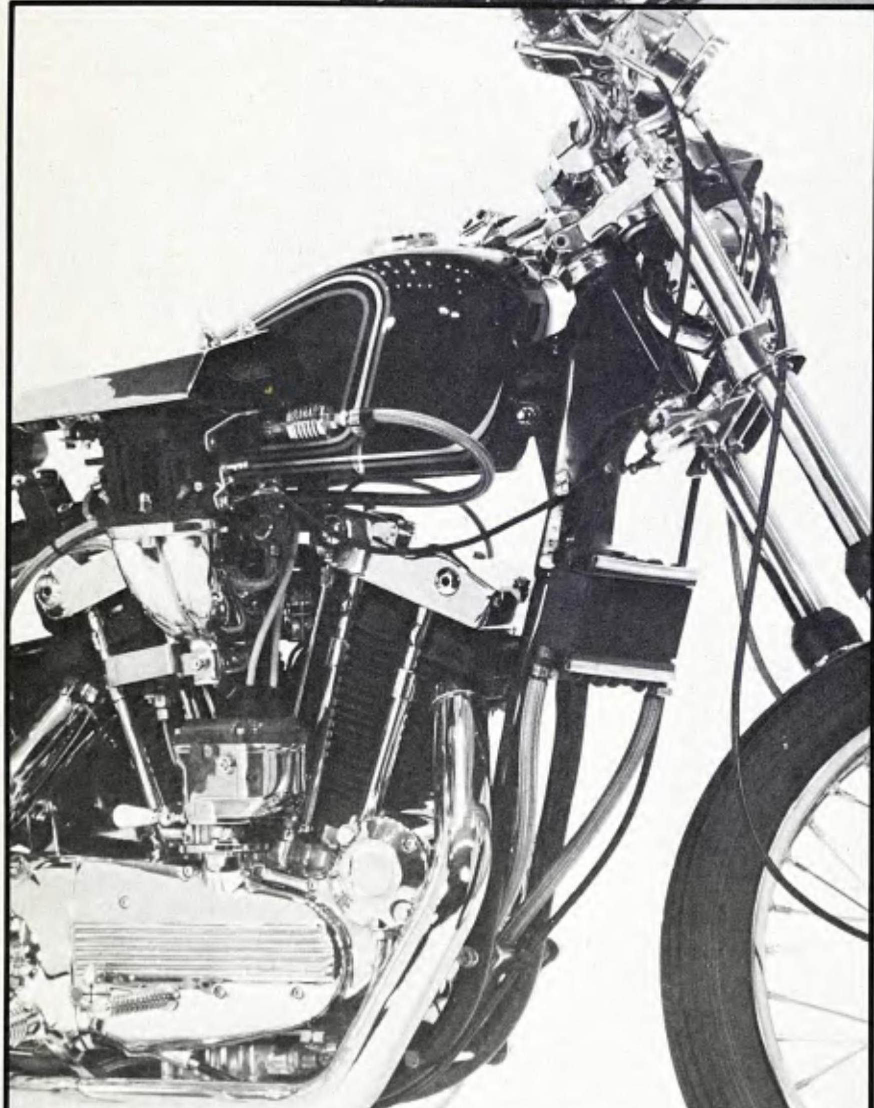
But there's a vibration—something you hadn't encountered before. And bros have been tellin' ya about weaknesses in Sportster cases. Ya take yer shiny new sporty Sportster to an expert. He says, "Replace the cases." He also tells ya an earlier clutch setup will work. Sonuvabitch—the bike's gotta be torn apart again.

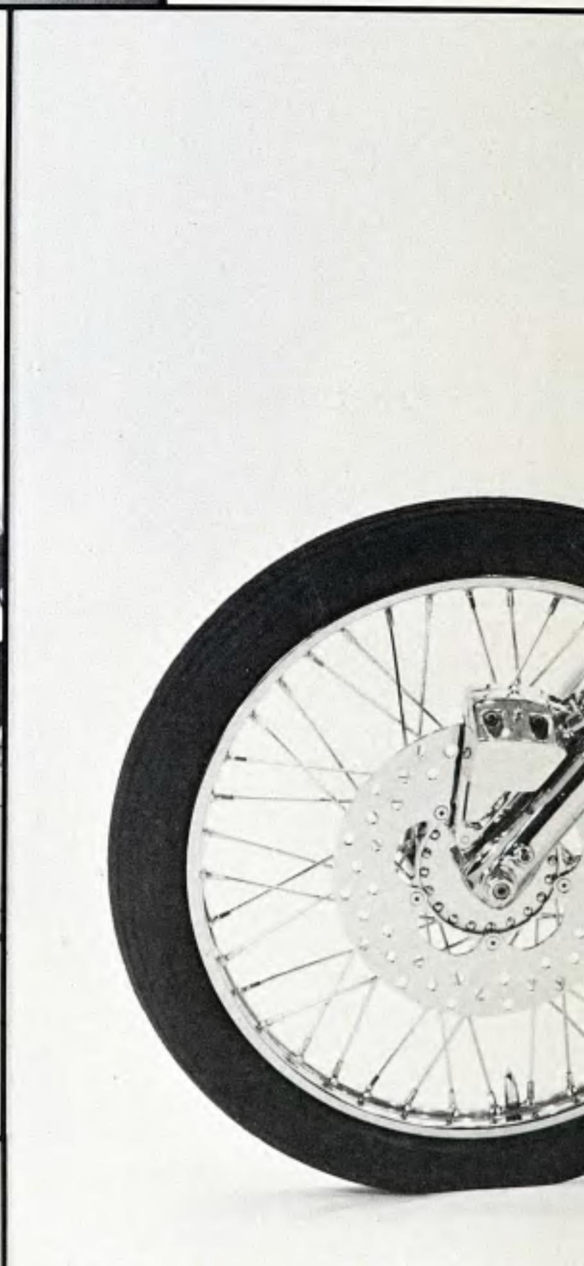
Once again, it's downtime. If ya got the hard-to-

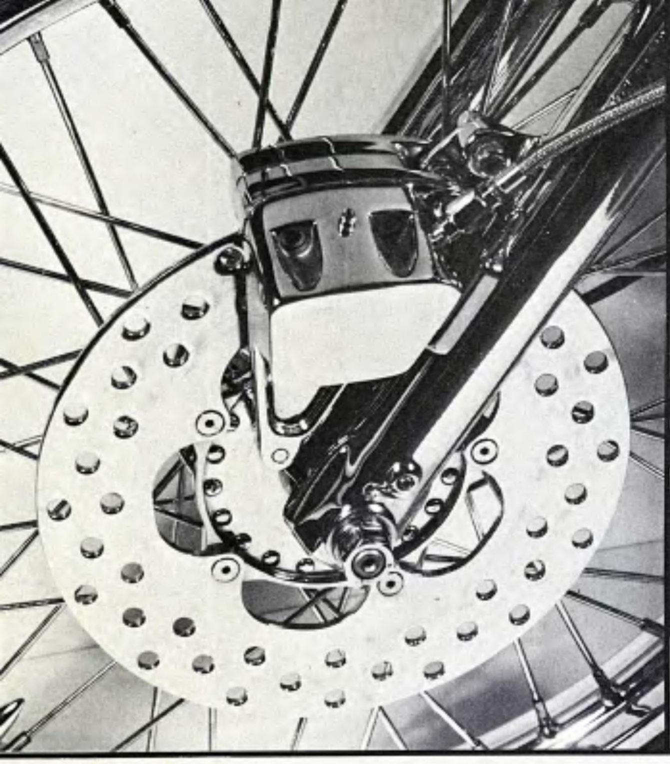


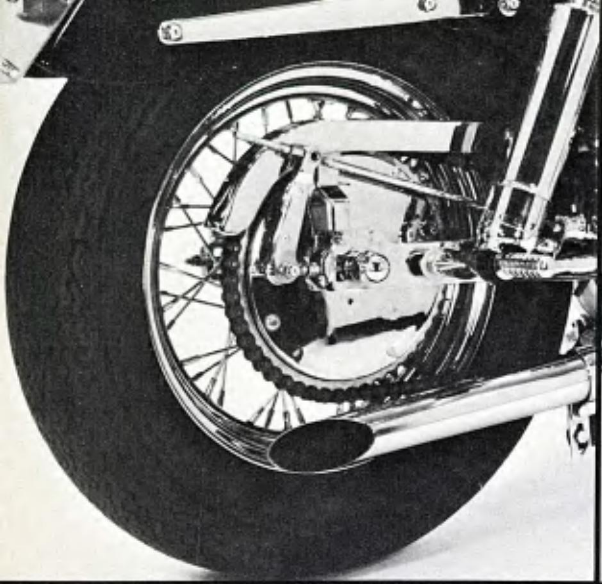
find jingle after all the labor and parts expenses, ya might invest in a couple of smooth, flowin' albums to ease the itch in yer right wrist, or a healthy lid to blur the crisp vision in your imagination of the speedometer with a pegged needle.

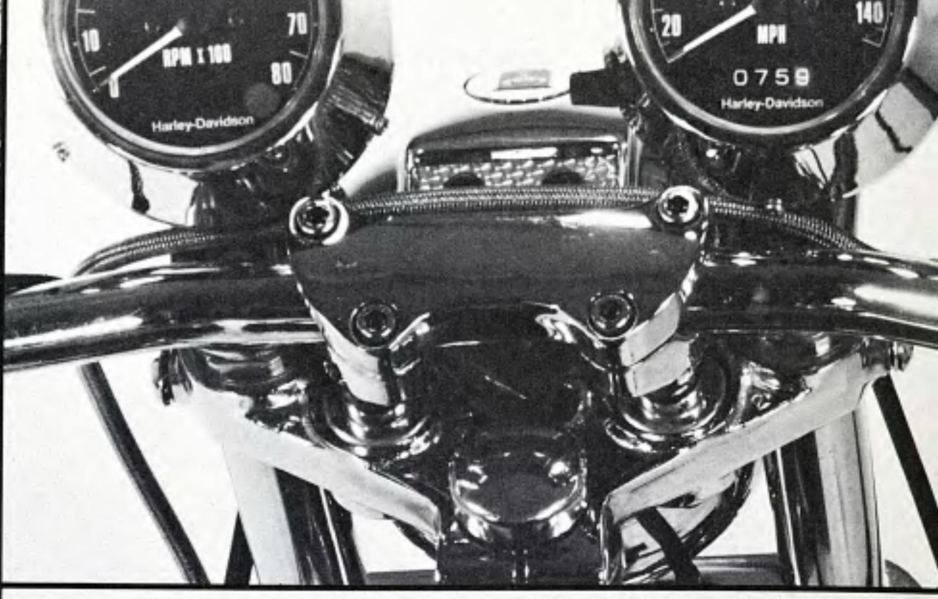
But before long, the answers and solutions begin to find themselves being securely bolted into place. It's time once again to take those thundering inches to the street. Tuned properly, the almost overlapping valves make the heavy inches easier to kick, and the bike starts by a predictable routine. Balancing has

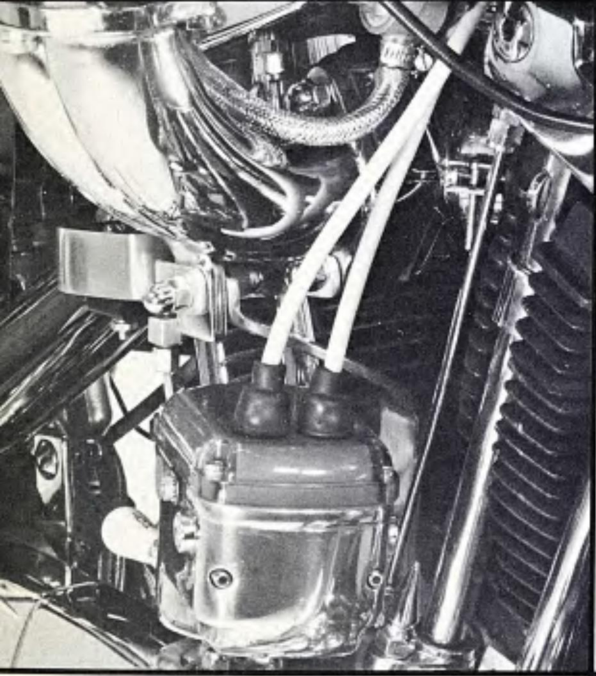










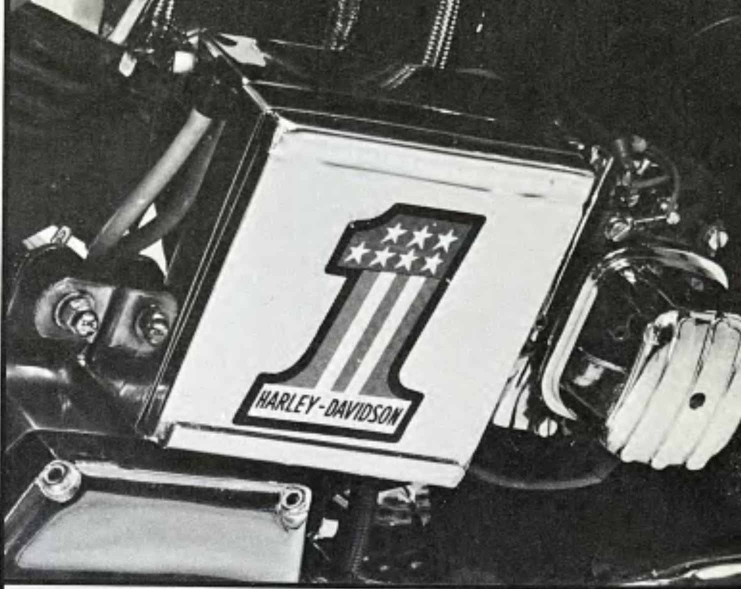


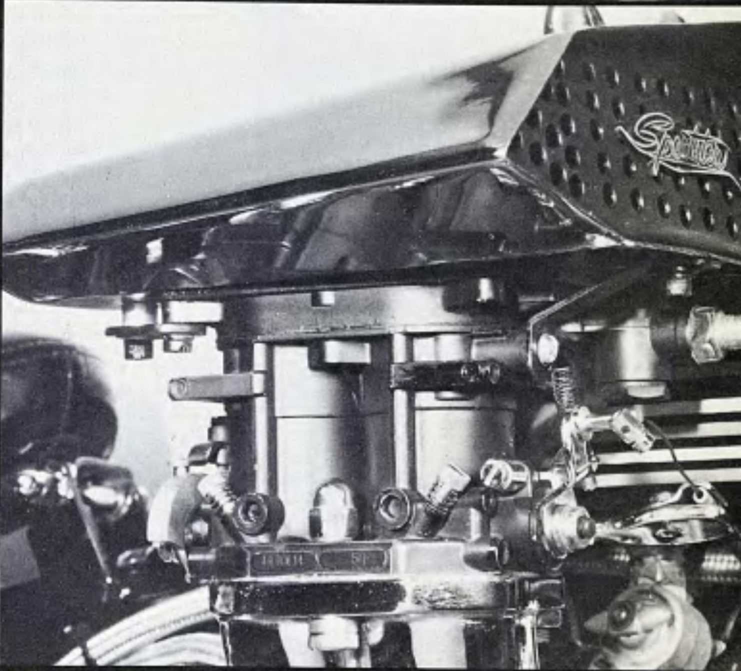
cured the vibration. Careful adjustment creates an even draw and response at the throttle—fast. The scooter becomes a tight, together, fast machine. Somehow, the way it lights up anywhere ya want it to makes it all worthwhile.

The owner of this Sporty went through that type of situation. After the bro beefed everything from the springs in the front end to the rear chain and tire, the scoot held up to the rush of extra power. Hope he remembered it's still not broken in yet!

—Speed

Owners: Dave Imbody	**City:** Marion, Ohio	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1974	
Year and Make: 1974 Sportster	Builder: H-D	
Model: XLCH	Type: swingarm	
Value: $5,000	Rake: stock	
Assembly: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 5 yrs.	Other alterations: molded	
Chroming by: Adkin Warner Co.	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: drag	
Year: 1974	Risers: none	
Model: XLCH	Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Henry Hardin/Jim's Cycle	Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 77 cu.in.	Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S 4⅝ stroke	Front pegs: Drag Spec.	
Balancing: S&S	Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: 12v	
Cases: polished	Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: XLR valves	Oil tank: XLH	
Cam: Andrews R-5	Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: H-D 1970 finned	
Carb(s): Weber downdraft	Seat: Drag Spec.	
Air cleaner: H-D air scoop	Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: Santee 2 in. drag	Height:	
Muffler(s): exhaust valves	Material:	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: dry clutch	Type: telescopic	
Year: 1970	Extension: none	
Shifting: right side foot	Builder: Tokyo	
Engine sprocket: stock	Special features: shaved lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front:**	**Rear:**
Painting	Size: 21	Size: 15
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: 2¼ in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black	Tire: Avon	Tire: radial
Type: lacquer	Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D
Special paint: owner		
Other special modifications: Electraglide shocks, electric fuel pump, oil pressure gauge, drilled disc, 15 in. radial tire.		





Photos by John Rall

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Emblems cost **$2.00 each**
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Runnin' Weekend

—*Continued from page 12*

of tools rolled up in it, and stowed them in the back of the VW. He unzipped the sleeping bag to convert it into a thick blanket. As he handed the bag to her, he asked, "When did you run out of oil?"

"I'm not sure," she answered as she quickly accepted the bag and covered up until only her face peeked out. "It just started smoking and kicking—then it quit. I'm sure glad you came along."

"No problem," Pete said, thinking about what to do next. "Either we both go after oil, or you can wait here while I get it. The car's aired out enough so that you can sit in it."

She brightened somewhat. "I'll stay with the car—that is, if you don't mind."

"I'll be back as quick as I can," Pete replied as he turned back toward the bike. "Just one thing," he called over his shoulder. "Turn off the flashers before your battery goes dead." He had fired the bike and turned on his lights, ready to pull back onto the freeway, when he heard a little voice behind him.

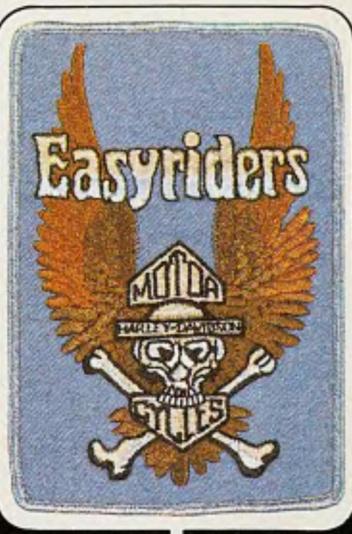
"Hey, I changed my mind. I think I'll go along," she said, kicking one leg over the seat. "By the way, my name's Janet."

"I'm Pete," he said, pushing the rear pegs into position for a passenger. "Ready?"

"Yes," the little-girl voice replied as she settled herself against the sissy bar.

Pete popped the bike into gear and swung out onto the freeway, heading toward the crest of the mountain, where he knew there was an all-night gas station and general store. The black night engulfed them and the fierce wind seemed to carry them over those few miles in no time at all. Soon they were gliding down the off-ramp and pulling into a neat-as-a-pin, plastic-looking station. Even the landscaping seemed plastic against the rugged mountain backdrop, and Pete was instantly reminded of those miniature towns that go with model train sets. He stared into the dark at the mountains, then back to the shiny station, muttering "Astro-turf, goddam Astro-turf."

—*Continued on page 98*



Easyriders Patch

Here it is. Like everything else, it took seven years to get it together. But this patch is definitely worth it. It's 6 inches by 4 inches and we broke some skulls to get the colors just right.

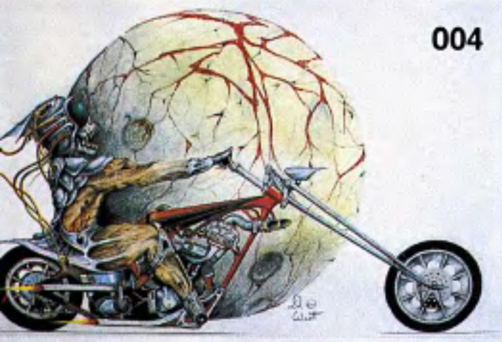
At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

Get one now, they're slippin' away quick: *Easyriders Patch, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.*

Large Enough To Make Into A Pants Pocket!

California residents add 6% sales tax.

003



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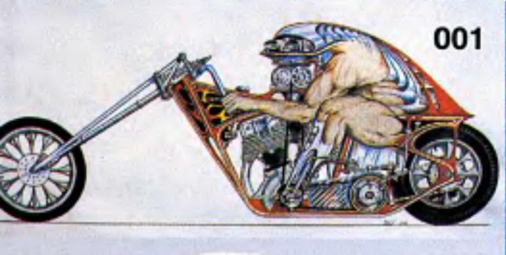

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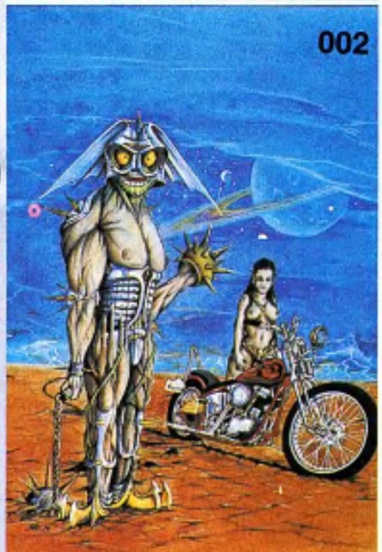

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007

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fantasy

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QTY.							
SIZE							
COLOR							
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Sharing Suzie

by John Ingham

Dear Fat Bob,

Please pardon my ass off (which is more than the governor has seen fit to do) for not getting to you all this time, but when you've been doing time like I've been doing time, there's not all that much else to do. Also, most anything I might want to write about would get censored straight off the line, so what's the use? I mean, who wants to get some scribes that some goon has been playing paper dolls with?

Anyway, the reason I'm writing you now is because I'm getting out, as you know if you've been bothering to keep count on your fat, greasy fingers, in three months, and I got a pressing matter to discuss with you, favorite bro. A matter that even these scabby-assed screws—excuse me, these kindly, uniformed gentlemen—won't find any reason to censor.

I gotta get in touch with my ol' lady, Suzie. You remember Suzie; you always liked her as much as I did. Well, I haven't heard from her the whole time I been in the cage, but that's the way she and I decided it before I went in. It's just so much down time for both of us, know what I mean? But now I'm getting out, and don't know how to get in touch with her. That's where you come in, ol' buddy, if you will. I know you like her as much as I do, so maybe I'm putting myself in a bad position, but I can't think of anyone else I would trust to take my message. I'm hoping you'll remember our friendship and do right by me.

Now, Suzie has gone into hiding, or so we agreed, and it's hard to say just where; but I'm a hundred percent confident she's out there waiting for me. What I want you to do is go find her and have her ready and waiting when I hit the street again.

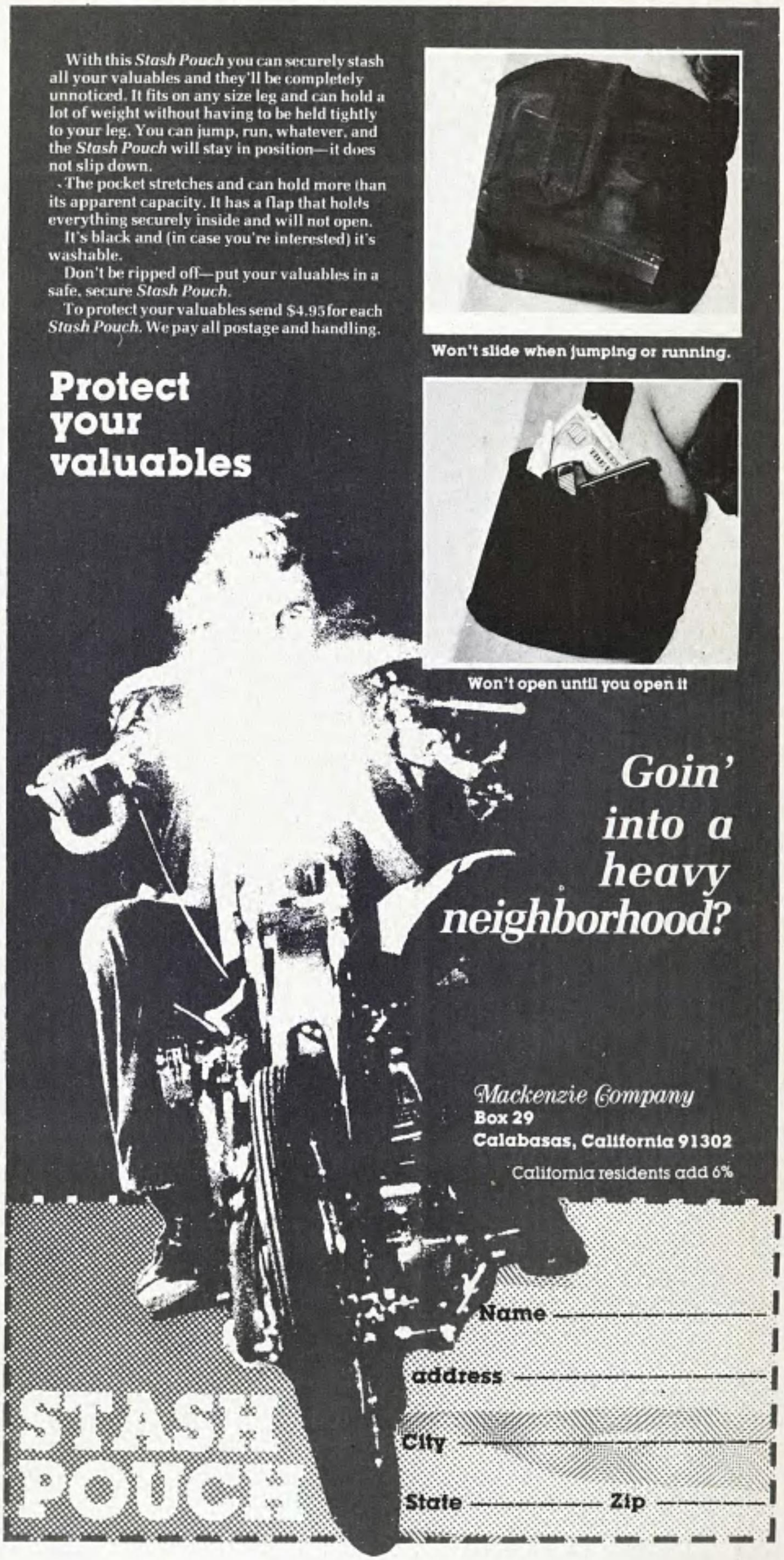
I can't really tell you how to find her, but I suggest you go visit her mama, who lives about twenty miles up the coast from your place. Go visit her and see what you can find out. Before you do that, though, I got one more pressing request. Namely, check the timing on my scoot. (I trust you've been keeping the pigeon shit off her in your garage.) Check the timing, go visit mama (her last name's Pier), and then write me before you do anything else. Got it?

Now, don't fade on me, F.B., because all I'm riding on now is your help; although in three months, if all goes well, I'll be riding old Ethyl, with Suzie behind me and my face to the wind. But only if you check the timing. The timing's got to be right, see?

If you run into any problems, come see me here at the resort. I got three

—Continued on page 85

Illustration by Duffy Duggan



DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

In case you're wondering why these three particular albums were selected for reviewing together—forget it. These three releases have almost nothing in common beyond the fact that all of them are twelve inches in diameter and will set you back between five and six bucks each if you want to give any of 'em a spin on your own turntable. Otherwise, it's about as contrasting a selection as you'll ever see grouped together—a new offering by the kings of crude and rude blues, ZZ Top, an album of quiet country tunes by Don Williams, and a typically impossible-to-classify collection by America's premier musical satirist, Randy Newman.

Portrait/Don Williams: Don Williams was named Male Vocalist of the Year in 1978 by the Country Music Association, yet his name is among the least familiar of C-W superstars. Part of the reason for this is the nature of his material (primarily soft and quiet tunes of love and pain) and his "image" (an unassuming, private homebody). But he makes excellent records, and this one is no exception.

Portrait contains a nice balance of tunes about love and hope ("We've Never Tried It With Each Other," "We're All The Way," "You Get To Me," "Steal My Heart Away"), and tunes of loss and sorrow ("It Only Rains On Me," "Circle Driveway," "Woman You Should Be In Movies"). These tunes are delivered in Williams's typical understated manner, and their effect is subtle but consistent.

Interestingly, one cut stands out as unlike all the rest. "Good Old Boys Like Me" is an autobiographical account of the singer's youth, and a surprisingly hard-edged account of the pains of growing up. *When I was in school I ran with a kid down the street/And I watched him burn himself up on bourbon and speed/ But I was smarter than most and I could choose/Learned to talk like the man on the six o'clock news/ When I was 18, Lord, I hit the road,/But it really doesn't matter how far I go.* It's not material that will make the charts, but it's a fine and unusual conclusion to another batch of Williams's easygoing country melodies.

Born Again/Randy Newman: On the cover of his latest release, Randy Newman sits behind a huge desk, dressed like an executive, but sporting green hair and KISS-inspired makeup. Newman's targets this time are greed, straight people, and jerks of all classes. Like such previous releases as **Good Old Boys** and **Little Criminals**, this is a funny, satiric album. But it's laced with traces of bitterness and scorn that seem uncharacteristic of Newman's work, and your laughter is somewhat nervous, as if a friend were suddenly showing you a side of himself you didn't know existed.

"It's Money That I Love" is a good example of this acid-tongued Newman at work: *They say that money/Can't buy love in this world/But it'll get you a half-pound of cocaine/And a sixteen-year-old girl/And a great big long limousine/On a hot September night./ Now that may not be love/But it is all right.* The old wit is there and the lyrics tell it like it is, but Newman seems to have given up hope for everybody. Or listen to a verse from "Pretty Boy": *Have we got a tough guy here?/Have we got a tough guy from the street?/ And he looks just like that dancing wop/In those movies that we've seen/With his cute little chickenshit boots on/And his cute little chickenshit hat/And his cute little chickenshit girlfriends/Ridin' along in back.* The music is grim and foreboding—appropriate to the stinging lyrics. "Mr. Sheep" and "They Just Got Married" document the misery of the middle class and the traps of routine jobs, kids, and screwing around on the ol' lady. "Spies" seems to be a testament to an all-pervasive paranoia, while "The Story of a Rock and Roll Band" is an amusing jab at the Electric Light Orchestra, though why this particular band was singled out for Newman's wit is a bit of mystery.

A casual bitterness characterizes most of the cuts on this album, but it's still grade-A Newman and worth checking out. Even when Randy's spitting venom, he hits home solidly, and you can't help laughing.

Deguello/ZZ Top: ZZ Top's previous album, **Tejas,** was released way back in 1976, and, inexplicably, they seemed to vanish after their very successful tour that same year. Their disappearance was certainly strange, at least from a commercial point of view, since their first two albums went gold and the subsequent three went platinum. Never a favorite with the critics, that "little ol' band from Texas" was nonetheless an absolute monster smash with the fans, selling 1.2 million tickets and grossing $11.5 million on the 1976 tour, at that time the largest concert tour in the history of American rock and roll. One of the Texas trio's albums, **Fandango,** remained on the *Billboard* charts for 83 weeks, setting a longevity record for an American band.

Warner Brothers, the outfit that now records ZZ Top and who purchased their five previous albums on the London label, is offering no explanation for the band's four-year absence. Indeed, the company is working up a lot of hokey hype about the unfathomable "mystery" of the band's disappearance. In any event, ZZ Top has returned, and long-time fans will doubtless be grateful for that, despite the uneven quality of their new release.

Degüello translates as "No Quarter," and refers to the drum and bugle signal played by Santa Anna's troops when they stormed the Alamo. This release comes in a more elaborate package than any previous ZZ Top album—a glossy outer jacket and two slickly striking inner sleeves. Slick packaging, however, can't altogether disguise the fact that **Degüello** lacks the brutal, raucous punch of earlier ZZ Top albums. The first cut, for example, is the old hit written by Isacc Hayes, "I Thank You." This is a textbook case of poor choice of material, made worse by the uninspired rendition afforded the song. This tune is one of two on the album not written by the group itself. The other is the old Elmore James favorite "Dust My Broom"—a perfect vehicle for the raw vocalizing of Billy Gibbons and Dusty Hill, and the ham-fisted drumming of Frank Beard. Gibbons's guitar work pales in comparison with the original James recording, but the raw energy the band brings to the tune helps compensate for the difference.

The best cuts on the album are straightforward, no-frills blues, and several contain choice lyrics. Take, for example, "Hi Fi Mama": *I want you hi-fi mama, won't you let me play you tonight?/I want you hi fi mama, won't you let me play you tonight?/I'll put the needle in your groove, baby, while you douse the light.* This is old-style ZZ Top—shouted blues and don't spare the amps. Other good cuts include "She Loves My Automobile," "A Fool For Your Stockings," and "Cheap Sunglasses." But get ready for clinkers like "Manic Mechanic" and "Ester Be The One"—each sports tricked-up production and blither lyrics.

We can all get behind the return of ZZ Top to the recording scene, but it looks like they put on a few pounds and got a mite lazy during their absence. When they work off the flab and get mean and nasty again, watch out, 'cause that "little ol' band from Texas" can crank out music that blisters the paint right off the walls. ■

Illustrations by Gene Persampieri

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; $1.20 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly-written copy. No charge for zip codes. *Easyriders* box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.
Send to *Easyriders*, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Semichrome Polishing Paste—Terrific on any metal: super on chrome. Even works great on glass, plexiglass, and plastic. Will remove blue from exhaust pipes, will remove rust, and will not leave scratch marks. As advertised in Popular Mechanics and Car Craft, this amazing paste is yours for only $2 for a 50-gram tube. Also available in 250- and 1,000-gram cans upon request, but try the small tube first—a very little goes a long, long way. Write Et Cetera by Ladybug, P.O. Box 717, Tijeras, N.M. 87059. New Mexico residents add 4% sales tax. If you send a check, allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. (85)

Custom T-shirts for organizations, businesses, clubs, runs, etc. Complete custom art and transfer service. For prices send s.a.s.e. to Coco, Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (89)

Harley Riders: Large inventory stock & custom parts, complete repair service, used parts & motorcycles. Custom Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 47, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (314) 336-4900. (84)

Abar: Save your Harley 74, 80, or Sportster motor from iron-rich oil by installing an Abar magnet in your oil plug. Send $10 money order to D.M.N., 6216 St. Claude Ave., New Orleans, La. 70117. (81)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs! Everything needed to start you in business. Send $1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (81)

Hard-to-get chemicals. For quotes write or call BT Chemicals, P.O. Box 31506, Aurora, Colo. 80041. (303) 758-1367. (81)

Abby & Sugarshorts: Contact Don (303) 351-7800 or (303) 352-9971 and leave message. (81)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (81)

Dirty Dave: Happy birthday (3/23/80) to the handsome Irish scooter tramp who knows how to make his lady happy. Love, Weege. (81)

Lonely guy wishes to hear from women and mature girls, 18 to 30, cripple, blind, or crazy. Jim Masino, Rib-39514, P.O. Box 11401, Yardville, N.J. 08620. (81)

Straight razors, $8 each. Trader Joe, Box 809, Dillon, S.C. 29536. (82)

Disc brake rotors drilled, 2-3 or 2-2 pattern $30 each; custom patterns $5 extra. Disc brake bleeder screws replaced or rebuilt $30 each. Panhead exhaust flanges rebuilt $40 each. Send freight paid with remittance. Return freight is included in the purchase price. Mechanical Services Co., 820 S. Buckeye St., Dept. E, Kokomo, Ind. 46901 (82)

Tank art, do-it-yourself professional job. Low cost; save hundreds. Step-by-step instructions. Send $5 cash to Rose, 2410 W. Paradise, Phoenix, Ariz. 85021. (81)

T.R.: Thanks for believing in me. You're special. Your mama, Cats.

Bay area biker getting it together for new Harley. Want fox who digs travel and the good life. Prove yourself now, putt later. Photo and phone to Dennis, c/o 25200 Carlos Bee 555, Hayward, Calif. 94542.

Reverend Ike: Happy birthday! Still wanna drown in it. Love and other indoor sports. L. Lee. (81)

Reward: For H-D Sportster motor No. 3A12831H5. (512) 392-7407.

Animal: How are your crazy laugh, the beer bottles, and little Gypsy doing? Linda. (81)

Cocco$, the foxiest man who ever pumped my gas! I'll love you forever, baby. K. T. Kraze. (81)

Need Easyriders issues #3 October 1971, #5 February 1972, #15, 16, 17 for August, October and December 1973. Pay premium price. Need handlebars and instruments for 1937 Indian Scout; handlebars, fenders, tanks for 1946 Indian Chief; cat's eye dash, front fender, and engine for 1946 Harley "61" or "74"; piston and rod for Simplex single; speedometer for 1957 "74". George Weir, Box 92, Route 7, Columbus, Miss. 39701. (601) 328-9167. (81)

For sale: 1932 Harley VL. Call (414) 233-5484 or write for info to 527-A West 14th Ave., Oshkosh, Wis. 54901. (81)

Get well, Randy Carr, downed by a bimbo in a cage. From your many friends in San Antonio. (81)

Wanted: Easyriders April 1972, August 1972, and June 1973 issues. Will pay $10 for each magazine. Clint, 6354 Terrell, Groves, Tex. 77619. (81)

1974 Harley-Davidson 83-cu.-in. show bike, one of a kind; 350 lights, rhinestones, jewels, and 24k gold plating. $18,000 invested. Send $2 for color photos. Asking $9,000. Rick's Harley-Davidson Sales, 3570 MacArthur Rd., Whitehall, Pa. 18052. (215) 439-0861. (82)

Cuz: Love ya. Rosie. (81)

Daytona Swapmeet: Plan now for one of the largest motorcycle swapmeets during Speed Week in Daytona, March 6-9. Indoor/outdoor at Volusia County Fairgrounds on Rt. 4 & Rt. 44. For info call (301) 894-8953 or write Jam-On Productions, 4120 40th St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (81)

Mr. Whitewalls: Love is the foundation of us staying together. I love you, Sugar! (81)

Cody: #78 didn't do no justice. Drop me a line, 2358 So. Neal, Rapid City, S. Dakota 57701—Got an offer for you $$$. Cookie (81)

Subscribe to Tattoo News. Great photos and articles. Four issues $10. Box 780, Midtown Sta., New York, N.Y. 10018. (82)

Tall, handsome, easygoing biker, skydiver, pilot, all-round nice guy, 34, good job, nice home in the country, needs honest, good-lookin' ol' lady without children who's ready to settle down. Write Joe, Rt. 2, Box 55, Milan, Ohio 44846. (81)

Baron— still taking it day by day. We may not be together, but you're always in my dreams. Keep smilin' for me (you too, Cisco). Love you always, Patty. (81)

198 cycle mags. All Easyriders, 58 Custom Choppers 1971-75, 42 Street Choppers 1971-74, plus many more—$450. AMB, 2964 Wilbanks Dr., Norton, Ohio 44203. (81)

Custom H-D frame work—Sportsters, 74s ('48 & newer). Smith Bros & Fetrow Inc., 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis, Minn. (612) 824-0532. (81)

Happy birthday, Cooper, to the best husband and father ever, from the two people who love you most —Debi and Eli. (81)

'55 KHK flathead, limited-edition chromed model, stock, excellent. Ron, 535½ Chestnut Ave., DuBois, Pa. 15801. (814) 371-9301. (81)

Guaranteed state photo ID card. Full-color Polaroid process — the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush $7 each. Order with two paying friends and get your ID free. Bonus: 3 blank IDs free with each Polaroid ID. No-bull money-back guarantee. Jeno Chevron, Box 1033-EZ30, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (81)

Michael J. Hollis: I want you, I need you, and I love you. I just want you to know and to remember that. I'll wait as long as necessary to kneel by your side again. Love always, Veronica. (81)

Meet sexual friends nationwide. Call Tracy, (312) 262-9800. (81)

Easyriders, issues 1 through 50, all in great shape. Best offer over $150. (414) 645-2105 early evenings. (81)

Beautiful handmade designs, each one completely different, by artist in prison. Unique, original. $7.50 each. Money orders only. Chris Hinds #143537, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204. (81)

Tattooing outfits, supplies, instruction manuals. Artist, Box 242-EV, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (83)

Wolf, Satan's Avengers, Wilmington: Thanks for the gate-party. Rockingham thirty-hour. Chaigo and Rip, Ft. Bragg. (81)

Easyriders #1 to 12, 14, 15, 18 to 25, 27, 28, 30 to 57, 59 to 75 E C. Best offer. (918) 567-3138. (81)

Gayle: Miss you more every day. Don't know how I could have been dumb enough to let you go. We made it for a year and a half. We can make it forever. I'm alone and unhappy. If you are too—call collect. Call even if you're not, just to say "high." I'm in the book under my middle name. I'll always love you. Harley. (81)

Back issues; Have #17, 18, 19, 20, 33, 35 through 75. $2 each, plus postage. Write to Back Issues, P.O. Box 1211, Yucca Valley, Calif. 92284. (81)

Daddy: I can relate to what you're frightened of, but you can't throw the real thing away. K. (81)

Horsemen MC bros: Damn, I miss you guys. Shouldn't have moved away, but those fools who gave me credit cards were getting too close. Florida weather is great! The rest sux! I'll be back, that's a promise. I love you all. "Reaper." P.S. Wonder if Easyriders will put this ad on my Visa card. (81)

Rich: I love you. If you ever need me, I'll come running. Kelly. (81)

Rich (Spooky), call me! (304) 273-3770. Susan (Red). (81)

Short biker wants ol' lady. W/m, 26, 5'5", 130, good job, seeks a chick who likes smoking, snorting, sex, and riding. (213) 780-6686. Frank. (81)

Tombstone table plaque. Solid wood. $4.95. Holt Newsome, Box 1165, Lexington, N.C. 27292. (81)

Mike: Hope things are going well for you. Everything is going well here. I'm on my own, really feeling good, except for one thing: missing you more every day. You hold my heart in your hands. I love you, babe. Please let me hear from you soon. I'm in the book. Love you much, Kathie. (81)

Hillbilly, Mouse, and Candy: Got busted, doin' time. Write. Got to explain some things. Glen Kendall #84297 R1-A, P.O. Box 11401, Yardville, N.J. 08620. (81)

Looking for sincere ol' lady, 20-30 yrs, 100-130 lbs., with class. Send photo to Goose, Box 650, East Stroudsburg, Pa. 18301. (81)

Sandy: Happy birthday, you lucky kid (lucky because you're my sister). Happy 20th. Love, Bren. (81)

Well, Biglow, another year bites the dust. Happy 24th, Champ. Kim. (81)

B.J.: Just heard. A lot good, a lot bad come both our ways. Whadda fuck up, right? Pregnant. Daddy took the high road hard; it's all I've left that's truly good. Goodbye. Your ex. (81)

33-year-old biker just out of prison needs foxy ol' lady. Owns own business, but just getting it together. Send photo and letter to Bob, Box 1483, Springfield, Ill. 62705. (81)

George, Lisa Hasapis: Five months to parole board. Write (Tattoo Bill) Chojnowski, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (81)

Two downed bikers, year to go, would like to hear from sweet, foxy ladies. Also, want Satanist to write. Butch Howard and Jim Blandhies, Rd. 1, Box 500, Smyrna, Del. 19977. (81)

Wizard: Urgent! Call Sue, (714) 758-8619. Erin in bad shape. (81)

—Continued on page 126

Watch Out!

She's Comin' Your Way!

Nine years of her column in one fat book! A mess of Robinson cartoons!

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A COMPLETE, QUALITY REPLACEMENT SHUT-OFF ROD ASSEMBLY TO FIT ALL 61" AND 74" H.D. 3.5 GALLON GAS TANKS WITH LEFT TANK RESERVE. MANUFACTURED TO ORIGINAL H.D. SPECIFICATIONS, INCLUDES ALL WASHERS AND FITTINGS.

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Please enclose $7.50 for each shirt ordered. Be sure to state size. Send to:

COCO

P.O. Box 451
Calabasas, Calif. 91302

Lupe Skywalker

—Continued from page 51

"Baloney," shouted Buster, and his brothers chimed in.

"You got to perform to beat me," she continued tauntingly. Lupe watched her dancing and strutting. His eyes watched her full breasts, then roamed down to her trim thighs.

"You're on," he said to her.

With that, the Huskies roared and Tammy Jarret hopped back on her machine and gunned the engine.

"We'll be here at five," she shouted. "Have the course ready." Then she and her companion sped off down the dirt road and out of sight.

"Boy, what a break, Lupe," Buster Black said, slapping Lupe on the back. "That is some kind of woman."

"Yeah, that woman is making a name for herself. She wants my soul, that's what she wants. Somebody get me a beer."

It was about twelve o'clock, and Lupe had all afternoon to prepare for the showdown. He pulled his chopper around near the lake, and the Huskies went to work, tuning and polishing every part.

"You know, that Tattoo Lady has got nothing to lose," Lupe said while slugging his beer. "If she wins, she's got another sucker with her picture pasted on his arm. You heard how many of them there are around. She's beat enough saps to start her own club."

"You'll beat her, Lupe," said Buggie.

"I beat her and she gets me for a night, and that's just as good as winning—that's what bothers me. She comes out a winner either way. I'm risking our reputation here. We got something at stake, and it's a fixed game."

"Then we'd better un-fix it," said Benny.

"Maybe we should change the stakes," added Buster.

"That's worth a thought, Buster," said Lupe. Then he looked up at the sky and closed his eyes. "Yeah," he said, and snapped his fingers. "We'll maybe change the stakes. Benny, get me Tony Spaghetti from downtown on the phone."

At five o'clock the Huskies had a half-mile course marked off on a seldom used, paved back road. They lined their bikes up on the side of the road and popped open cans of beer while they waited for Tammy Jarret to show.

A car came down the road. Inside was Tony Spaghetti from downtown.

Buy The Very Best!

Photo shown is actual size

The expensive cost of the dies has amortized (paid off) and so now we can sell the best die-stamped buckles as cheap as the rip-off, rubbermold cheapos that you see sold and advertised elsewhere.

We have the nitty-gritty detail that any comparison will bring out—ask anyone who owns one of ours—there is a difference—the others are cheap-ass copies of our original. (Satisfaction guaranteed.)

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail.

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with 1¾"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send $14.45 plus $1,00 postage, along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

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RIGHTEOUS **Products**
Box 361
Seal Beach, California 90740

It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me ________ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash.** Enclosed you will find $5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

Name ______________ Age ______
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New! From Righteous Products

Here's a couple of new books ya just gotta have!

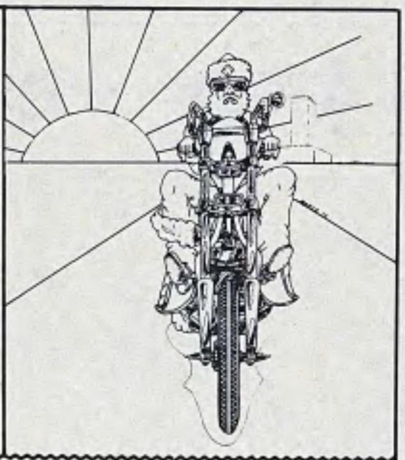
What Fits What is the complete book on Harley-Davidson parts interchangeability and covers all v-twin models between 1936 and 1976. There are sections on the Sportster, how to make your Harley go faster and last longer, and how to build stompin' engines of up to 101 cubic inches. It's the **only** book of its kind at any price — only $5.95 plus 75¢ postage.

The Ticket Book was written by a former police officer and details every legal avenue you have, and the arresting department's requirements in the aftermath of a traffic ticket. You'll find out you've paid tickets that ya could've beaten. Don't take it any longer — get mad as hell and send in $6.95 plus 75¢ postage.

RIGHTEOUS Products Box 361, Seal Beach, Cal. 90740

Scooter Trash the Outlaw Coloring Book

Scooter Trash is not an ordinary coloring book. Every selection of artwork in this book was drawn by a biker while was in prison. Even within the negative environment of prison life, he managed to complete the entire book. The drawings are printed on stock heavy enough to frame and each drawing depicts scooters, our lifestyle, and women. The book is $4.95, plus 50¢ postage and handling.



Meaningful T-shirt

Quality T-shirt with a message for the concerned biker. The shirt is black with white printing and is $7.50. This price includes postage and handling. Indicate size small, medium, large, or extra-large.
Send size and $7.50 to:

Scooter Trash
P.O. Box 1615
Fontana, California 92335

"Lupe sent for me," he said. "I got a couple things he wants me to take up to the house."

"You heading back to town after?" Buster asked.

"No, Lupe wants me to stick around."

At that moment, Tammy Jarret blew down the road on her chopper, half standing, with her ample breasts thrust forward. The Huskies greeted her with loud cheers.

"Ooo-wee!"

"Hot dog!"

"Big Mama!"

After spinning around and showing her stuff, Tammy settled her bike at the starting line. Then Lupe Skywalker rode over on his custom-designed, form-fitting chopper.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, Lupe!"

"Lupe, Lupe, Lupe, Lupe," the Huskies chanted.

"By the way, honey, what do you call that bike of yours?" Lupe asked her.

"Blowhard," she hissed. "What's yours?"

"Zeus," Lupe said.

Then Benny stepped in front of the two riders and announced, "Tammy Jarret, your man is at the finish line with our man, Buster Black."

The two cyclists revved their engines and awaited the start. The Huskies shouted encouragement to Lupe, hurled insults at Tammy. They were ready.

"Take your mark," said Benny. "Get set. . .Go!"

With a roar they were off, and it was clear that Tammy Jarret had gotten the jump at the start. Lupe's bike held close behind as they streaked up the road. Cheers from the Huskies followed them. Tammy poured it on. Lupe pulled out every stop. He was still behind. Fifty feet from the finish line, he pulled even with her, and as they crossed they looked each other in the eye—dead even.

"We'll have to run it again," said Buster when he caught up with the riders. By now all the Huskies had converged at the finish line.

"A dead heat," Buster said.

"I don't believe it," marveled Buggie.

"Back to the starting line, Skywalker," Tammy Jarret shouted as she roared

Easyriders

"On top of ol' Smokey. . ."

back down the road. Lupe gazed after her, then put his cycle in gear, and the rest of the Huskies followed him.

"This time there'll be no question about it, boys," Lupe said when the two riders were lined up again.

"Take your mark. . .Get set. . .Go!"

The two choppers peeled off the starting line and Lupe Skywalker soared out ahead, switched gears and increased his lead, pushed his bike to the limit, and left Tammy Jarret twenty yards behind as he crossed the finish line and won the bet.

When Lupe circled back with a wide grin on his face, the Huskies were all over him, yelling congratulations and slapping his back. Lupe spotted Tony Spaghetti, went over and whispered a few words to him, and Tony nodded his head. Tammy and her man sat seething at the side of the road.

"I'd like to get another shot at you, Skywalker," she said.

"You will, baby—tonight," Lupe countered. With that he marched over and lifted her off her bike, clasping his arms around her perfect body. Then he put her on the seat of his machine and took off down the road. Lupe could still hear the Huskies cheering when he turned into the road that led up to the house.

The next morning the Huskies were waiting when Lupe came out of the bedroom. He had a big smile on his face. The guys smiled back.

"She as good as she looks?" Buster wanted to know.

"Better," Lupe said. Then he walked outside and hopped on his bike. "By the way, boys, don't let that woman give you any trouble. I kind of changed the stakes a little last night, courtesy of Tony Spaghetti and a sleeping pill." The boys laughed, though they weren't quite sure what Lupe meant. Then there was a sudden commotion, and Lupe quickly revved his bike and took off.

"You no-good son of a stinking honkytonk!" Tammy Jarret came running outside, screaming and throwing a fit. There wasn't a stitch of clothing on her body. The Huskies couldn't believe it. There she was, leaping around with her breasts in wild motion and a mean look on her face.

"Where is he? Where is that sucker?"

The bros were too stunned to answer. They didn't know what was going on. But Tammy Jarret cleared that up right away. With a seductive swing, she stuck her rear end in their faces and pointed.

"See what he did while I was asleep? He had a tattoo put on my cheek!"

Sure enough, on the plump part of Tammy Jarret's sweet left cheek was a tattoo—of Lupe Skywalker's smiling face. ■

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE FINEST LEATHERS, LOOK IN

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You'll find it only at top cycle dealers.
If your dealer doesn't have it send us his name and address and we'll send him one.
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Show your "ol' man" and the world who you're with. Any name (up to (8) eight letters in a name) $7.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling. Any name over (8) eight letters, 50¢ a letter, plus $4.00 for the T-shirt and 50¢ postage and handling. Send size (S,M,L,XL) and color (Black, White, Green, Orange, Blue)

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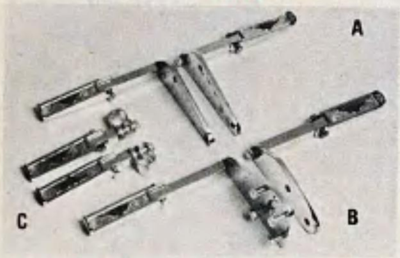

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Denver, CO 80211

All orders sent UPS/COD, Foreign/Overseas orders prepaid only. **No fuckin' checks.**
Phone orders 303-433-0564

WINTER RIDING TIPS

—*Continued from page 21*

throttle stop screw for somewhat faster than normal summer idling.
Clutch—Check for slippage and also for complete disengagement.
Chains—Adjust and report condition if bad.
Brakes—Adjust and report condition if bad.
General Lubrication—Thoroughly grease complete machine. Oil control cables and control joints with light oil.
Transmission Oil—Same as motor. When weather is cold enough so that shifting becomes difficult, even with "Medium Heavy" oil, after a motorcycle has stood for a time, add 1/3 to 1/2 pint of kerosene to thin oil. Late four-speed transmission and also three-speed and reverse transmissions of the constant mesh type may become very difficult to shift unless this attention is given. Difficult shifting due to stiff oil also means hard cranking when starting.
Motor Oil—When temperature is below freezing, change to "Medium Heavy" oil. (61 OHV model uses "Medium Heavy" oil the year around.)

Special Information on Motor Lubrication Applying to Circulating Oil System

Read Carefully

In near-freezing or colder weather, all motors develop water (condensation) in combustion chambers. A portion of this water passes the pistons and rings and gets into the crankcase, gear case, and oil tank.

Motors in average service heat up the crankcase to the point where this water is evaporated and blown out through the outside breather. However, in slow-driven motors, used only on short runs, this water often freezes and blocks oil lines and oil passages, which is likely to cause serious damage to the motor. Also, water mixed with oil forms *sludge* in tank and timing gear case, which gums up the tappets, valves, gears, bearings and other working parts, and prevents good, clean oil from getting to these vital points. *Sludge* also contains acid which causes parts to wear and fatigue very rapidly.

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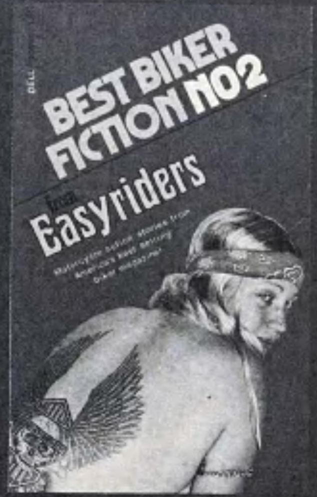

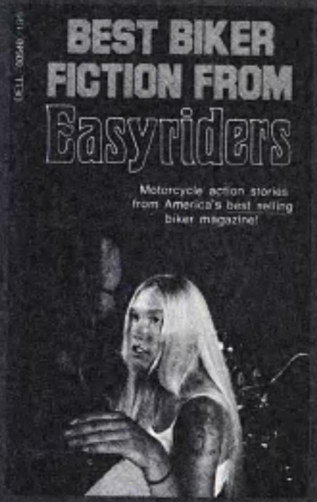

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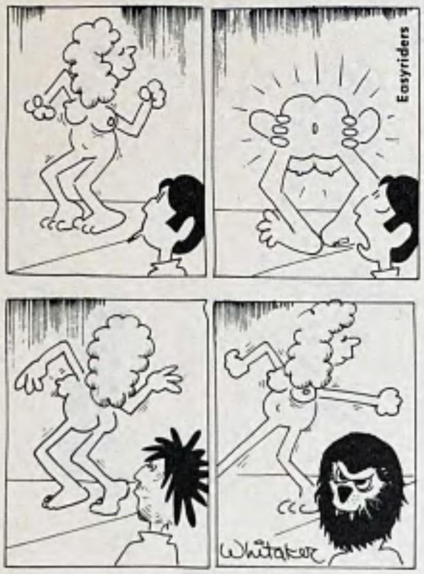
Therefore, all motorcycles that, in cold weather, are used for only short runs with long standing intervals between (motors not run far enough and hot enough to get up to normal operating temperature) must have the oil tank drained and flushed (with kerosene) frequently to remove water and sludge, and a new supply of fresh oil put in the tank. This applies particularly to Servi-Cars and commercial machines but also applies to all other motorcycles used in the manner described above. The farther below freezing the temperature drops, the shorter the draining intervals should be. (Note: Applying to 1936 and earlier machines, with old style oiling system, it is sufficient to drain crankcase at frequent intervals.)

In extreme cold weather if motorcycle is used daily even though total mileage run is possibly quite low, interval between drains should be approximately one week. As a matter of oil economy during the frequent drain period and also to circulate the complete oil supply at shorter intervals and warm it up quicker to the point of evaporating any water in the system, consideration can be given to filling the tank only about half full when fresh oil is added. This should be applied only to motorcycles where you are quite sure that the mileage between drains will be very low, or you can depend upon the operator or owner to watch closely to see that oil supply is not exhausted. You will have to be very cautious about doing this to avoid running into any claims, where a machine is run far enough to



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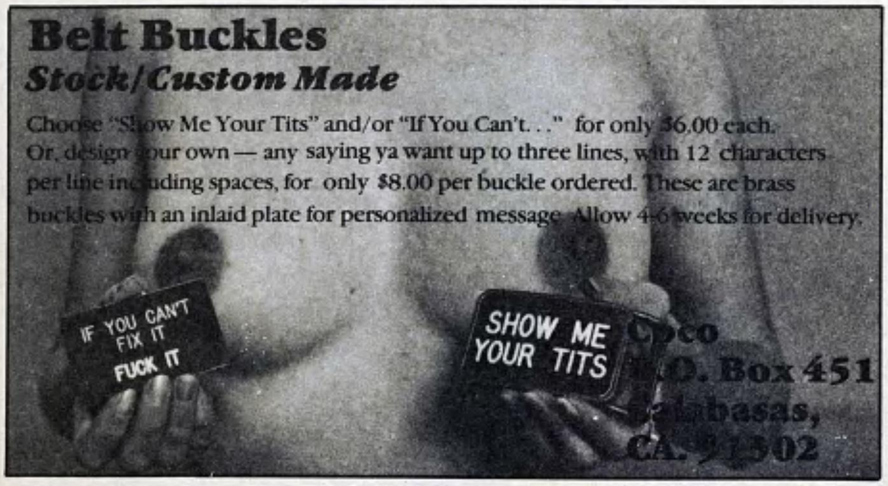

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exhaust the oil supply and damage the motor, with the owner or operator contending that he understood the oil tank was completely filled as in warm weather, and therefore he feels you are responsible. When only partial filling of oil tank may be practiced, it might be well to paste a warning sticker on the oil tank cap or on the tank near the filler opening.

When putting in fresh oil, in below freezing weather, add a little kerosene—just enough to keep oil liquid to the point where it flows freely and will begin to circulate immediately when motor is started.

New motors standing on the floor, that are only started now and then for demonstrations, may also be affected by condensation. Oiling system of such motors should also be drained and flushed occasionally to prevent rusting and acid effect on parts.

See to it that all these suggestions are followed out, particularly in connection with Servi-Cars. Doing so is protecting your customers from the trouble, expense and dissatisfaction that so often result from winter motor ailments.

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Easyriders

"Ahh, shit!"

Sharing Suzie

—Continued from page 75

visits built up, so they can't turn you away, no matter how ugly you are. Let me hear from you soon.

Yours for a bright tomorrow,
Silver Fox

Well, sheeit. Did you ever see such a goofy letter? I mean, my name's not Fat Bob, it's Jerome. Call me Fingers. I got big, fat fingers, and several interesting ways of using them. Fatbob is what the Fox rides, the scoot he calls Ethyl, a fine machine. It is, indeed, sitting in my garage, but is not covered with pigeon shit. It is carefully covered with a heavy tarp, which is covered with pigeon shit. So much for the facts.

What's strange (to start with) is this Suzie business. I never heard of no Suzie, and if this Suzie is Fox's ol' lady, that's a double kick in the ass, because I thought the two of us were as tight as any pair of aging loners can be. I don't know Suzie from clean underwear. Also, he acts like he ain't heard from nobody the whole time he's been in stir, almost nineteen months now, on a real mistake of a dope deal—and I been writing him every month, more or less, keeping his morale up, or some such.

And check the timing? Shit, before you get around to timing a bike that's been down that long, there's a hundred-dozen other little items to take care of first, and Fox knows it and he knows I know it. He knows I know he knows it. What a sonuvabitch.

Suddenly, I heard the call of the brew, and hoped its benevolent influence would help me finger this problem out.

Midnight found me groping around the garage, getting thoroughly banged and gouged by various protrusions and instruments of the devil until I found the light, which illuminated my own pristine XLCH parked next to Fox's tarped, beshat fatbob. Check de timing, I hummed to myself, check de fucking timing, in de grease I'm sliming, lordy be, I'm rhyming, while I check de fucking timing. The brew has done its work. I start to unscrew the timing cover and a screw drops to the dirt floor and I grab for the flashlight and find the screw and I unscrew the other screw and it drops and I grab for the flashlight and find that screw, and then I pry the cover off, and a piece falls out onto the floor—that ain't supposed to happen! I grab for the flashlight and search around the mud and

—Continued on page 89

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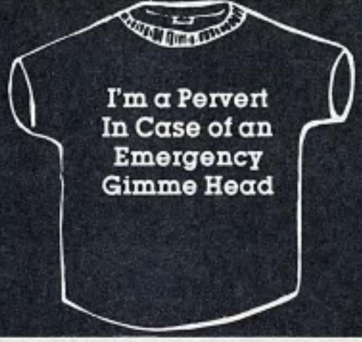

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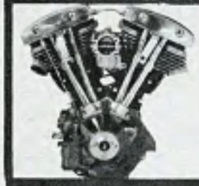

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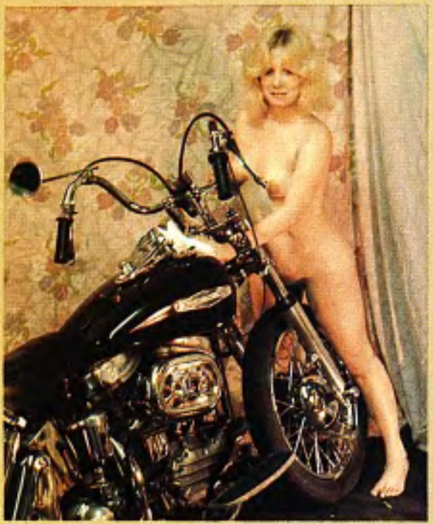
Ol'Lady Runoff-1979

Here they are, curve watchers—the 12 shapely, monthly winners of this year's **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. Check 'em close from toes to tits—this is the dozen dazzlin' donuts you voted on as the cream of the crop for each month during 1979. Whether you like 'em lean and mean, small and sweet, or buxom and boisterous, there's bound to be one here who will capture yer attention. So give that lovely some credit and vote for the one who strains yer eyes.

The time has come to vote in the 1979 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the fuckin' year. To the whistle-drawin' winner goes a meager $1,000 grand prize—because she dazzled enough pupils to draw the most votes. So vote for your favorite—remember, you snooze and your favorite may lose. Mail your vote to **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the Year, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265, and the fox of '79 will be announced in the May issue.

Vernetta Hooker —July

Maria Peregoy —December



Sarah Evans—August

Yavaun—March

Cindy Land—April

Linda Wiech—May

Connie Kaufman—June

Rebbecca Blaze Graham—October

Kathy Lieberman —September

Liberty—February

Bonnie Sawyer—November

Starr Nail —January

Sharing Suzie

—Continued from page 85

gravel and find what dropped out, and when I see what it is I suddenly need to lean back up against my own scoot and think a bit.

Dear Fox,

Good to finally hear from you. I checked your timing like you asked, and it's going to take some work. I mean, when I opened the cover, I actually had a piece fall out on the ground.

Got disgusted with it, so I went to see Mrs. Pier—a very uppity old bitch who smells like money, but ain't lettin' any of it go. She did help me out some as to the whereabouts of Suzie, but said I'd need some more information from you. Like the secret code numbers you decided on, or some kind of numbers, you know? May the Force be with you, short-timer. Get back to me right away.

Fat Bob

Dear Fat Bob,

Got your scribe. I got no code numbers. You'll have to finger it out yourself. Meet me last day of this month at Arnold's. Bring Suzie.

Silver Fox

Two weeks to the day later, I was sitting in Arnold's, anxious as hell and dumping down beers one after the other and staring at the clock. I had my bike and the Fox's scoot parked out front, both ready to romp. Suzie was right by my side, snuggled just as close as she could get. Finally the Silver Fox came through the door, grinning the grin I hadn't seen in over two years.

"Fat Bob, my man!"

"Anybody'd let you out, they gotta be crazier than you are," I said.

—Continued on page 94

"How about a little hair pie?"

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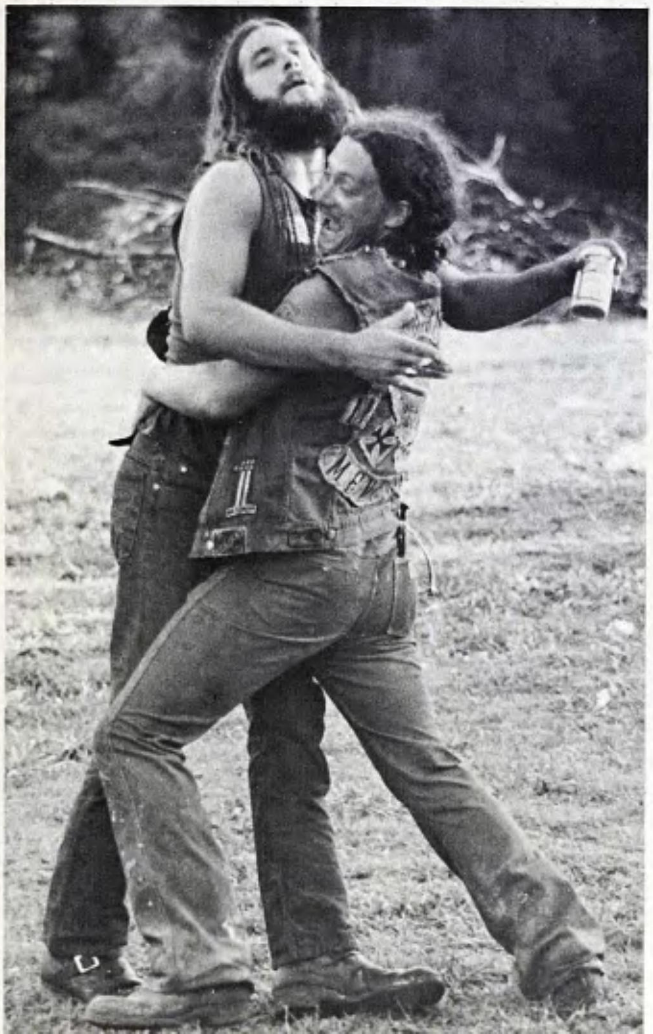
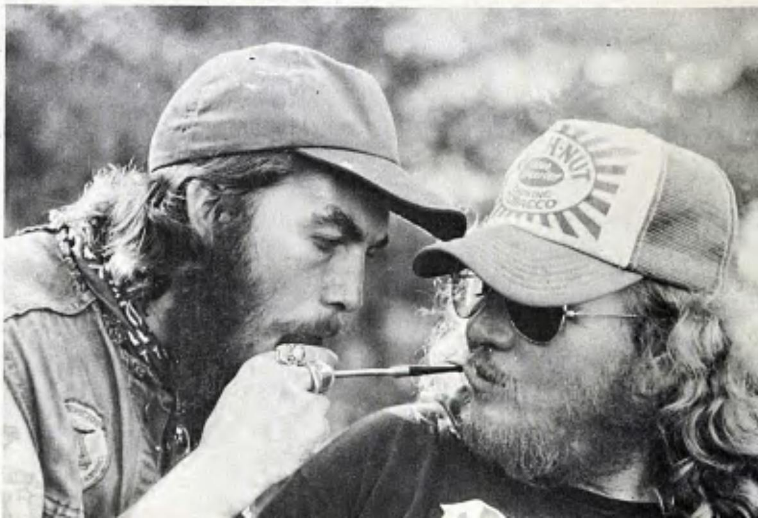
And Labor Day turns out, almost every year, to be the final weekend run before the cold weather arrives and tools are brought out—tools for teardowns. And rain comes to repair the places we go on runs to. So, on motorcycles in need of adjustment and repair, brothers head out, all across the country, to various run destinations for that last big summer weekend—Labor Day.

This is just one of those run sights—the Syndicate MC's 42-acre, wooded farm in Memphis. There were





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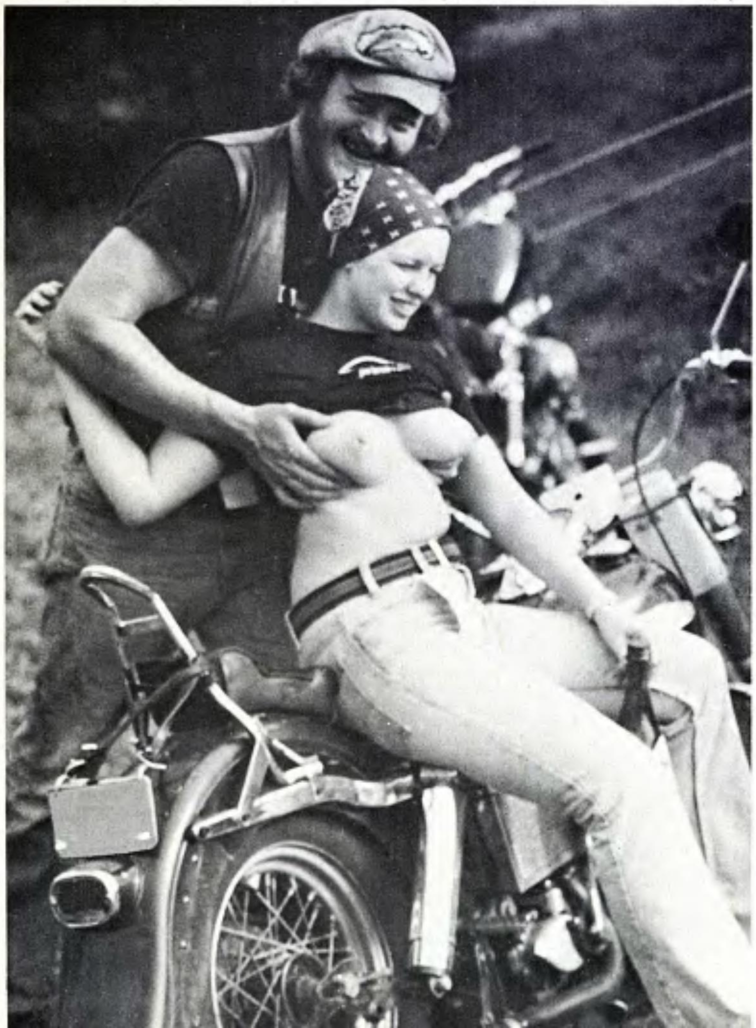

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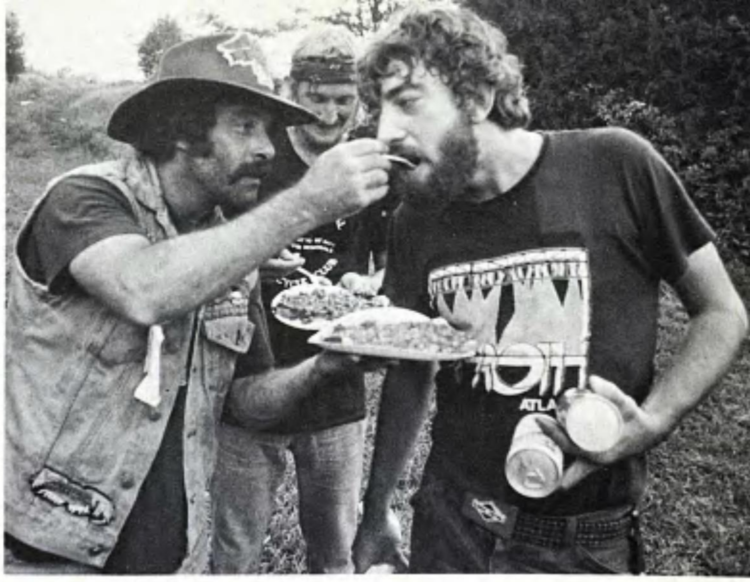
riders there from South Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The run wasn't without a Labor Day hitch, though. It rained and kept a couple of clubs from attending. The band had left their equipment in a truck the night before and the surprise sprinkle destroyed ten grand worth of music-makin' gear. And finally, a couple of bros tried a pig heist for grub and came unpleasantly close to havin' buckshot for breakfast—back to beans and dogs.

But cold beer, warm women, and brothers were everywhere. They went about that weekend partyin' till they couldn't stand up, strippin' and ridin' in the slippery grass. It was Labor Day—had to make the most of it before the rain started gettin' heavy and the bikes needed any more work.

—Runner



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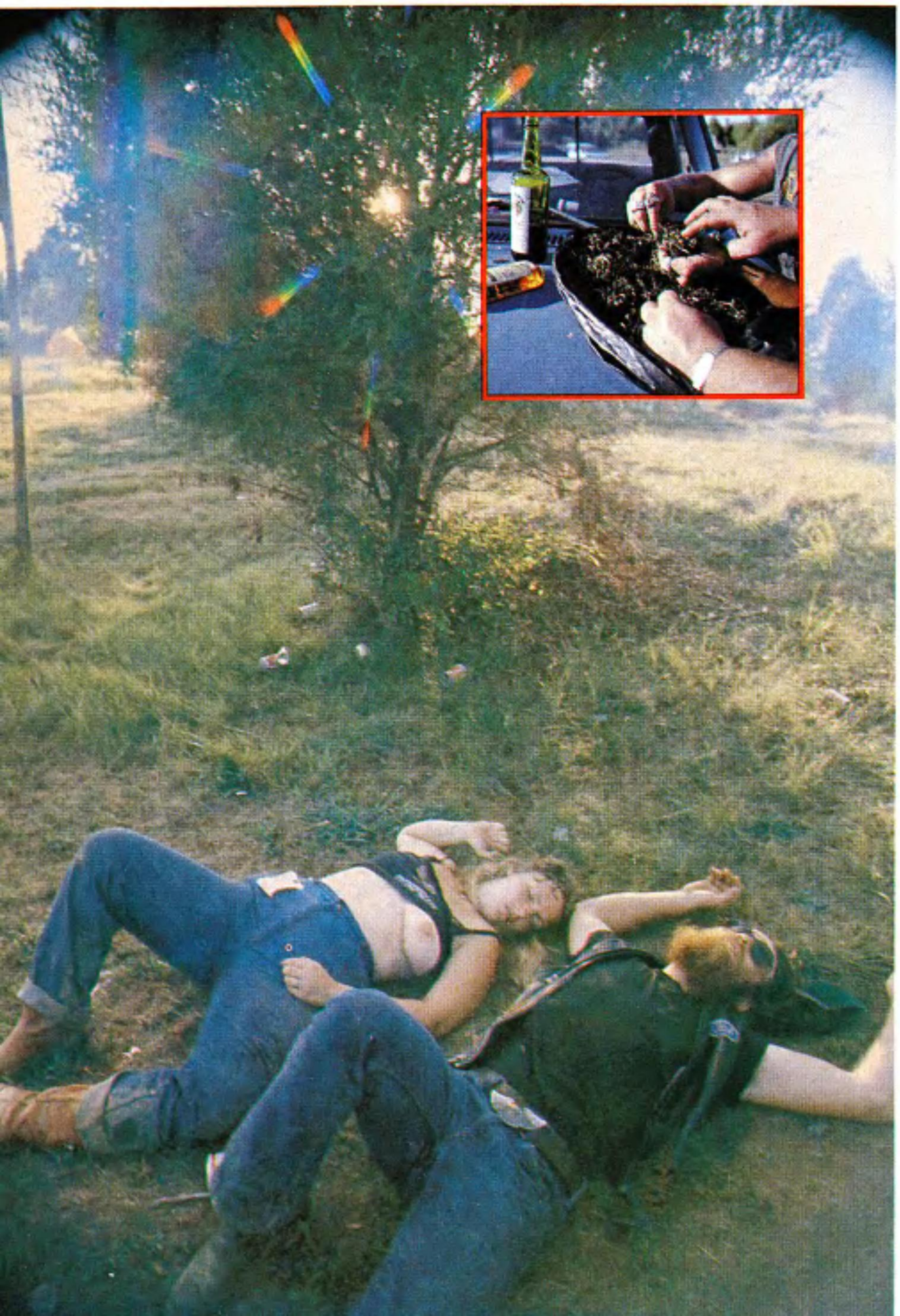

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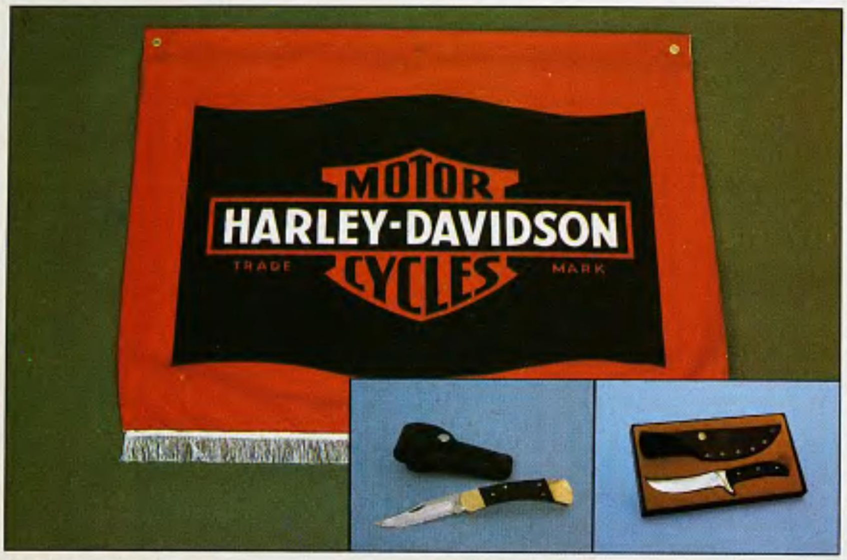

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Sharing Suzie

—Continued from page 89

"And is that dear, sweet Suzie I see there by your side?" She was so close to me that when he patted her I could feel it.

"Well," said Fox and looked around the near-empty bar. "Well, I think this calls for a drink, to celebrate our reunion. The three of us."

He signaled the bartender, who set a bottle and a glass in front of each of us. Fox grinned his big, famous, toothy grin as he loosened his belt and rolled up his sleeves. "I've been waiting for this drink for a long time. To Suzie!" We toasted and refilled our glasses.

Even though the booze was good, and it was damn fine having the Fox back in circulation again, I was feeling more than a little uneasy, sitting there with Suzie snuggled up so close against me. Like Fox said, I liked her as much as he did, but she belonged to him, not me, and I wasn't at all sure where I fit in. The situation didn't seem to be bothering Fox any, though.

"Ahhh, Fingers, ain't this a wonderful world?" He lifted his shot glass up to the light before emptying it down his throat. "Indeed, a beautiful tasty world. I been hanging around the wrong kind of bars the last two years. And I'll be the first to admit it—it was my own stupidity that put me in the slammer. Right, Fingers? I mean, anybody who would try to move that much dope, without any organization or protection behind him, deserves to put in a little time thinking about the error of his ways, wouldn't you say?"

"I wouldn't say so, Fox. I wouldn't say prison ever did one stitch of good for anybody, and I think—"

"You're dumber'n shit, Fingers." He gave me another wide grin. "Prison gives the detainee some time to cool down, to forget some things. It gives him the opportunity to sort through his priorities and get on the right track again. Like me, for instance. Now, don't I look like a guy who has been properly chastened and is all set to go out into the world and be happy and successful?" He poured us each another one.

"Say, Fingers, you have any problems with your errands? I mean getting hold of Suzie, and all?"

"Not too much," I told him. It was, as he had said, all in the timing. Once I'd opened that timing cover on old Ethyl and saw the key drop out, it wasn't too hard putting the rest together. Suzie's

mama, Mrs. Pier, turned out to be the Ocean Pier Bank, twenty miles north of my place, just like Fox had told me. The key fit nicely the lock on a safety deposit box registered in the name of Fat Bob. The map inside, if I do say so, wasn't drawn worth shit. It led me to a cold storage place on the south side of town that warehoused, among other things, several hundred outdated safes and vaults. Wall safes, fireproof record boxes, bank vaults of every shape and size. In the dark it took me four hours to find the one with the door painted, "Suzerain Security Co., Ltd."

That's when my fat, greasy fingers went to work. Fox had hid the stuff but didn't have the fingers to get it back.

So now, thanks to me, he was sitting pretty. Or rather, thanks to my fingers that had been educated long ago in the art of opening things that weren't meant to be opened. All I had gotten out of it was two weeks of paranoia and a couple of skinned knuckles tuning up Ethyl. With that, and the booze, I was feeling a bit down.

"Well, Fingers," Fox addressed me, still grinning broadly, "I think it's about time we repaired to some quiet place where we can share Suzie."

"Share?" I asked. "Suzie's yours."

"Didn't we agree you liked her as well as I did? And didn't you find her and bring her back to me?" Fox's grin had just reached his ears. "If the dear, sweet girl is still all there, there ought to be about eighty-five thousand bucks for each of us. That a big enough piece for you?"

My grin rapidly began to approach the size of Fox's, until we got outside and he started old Ethyl on the first kick. It's all in the timing, you know! He almost broke his face smiling as we roared out of the lot in search of a nice, quiet place where we could share Suzie. ■

"These old-time miners certainly had quaint names for their camps."

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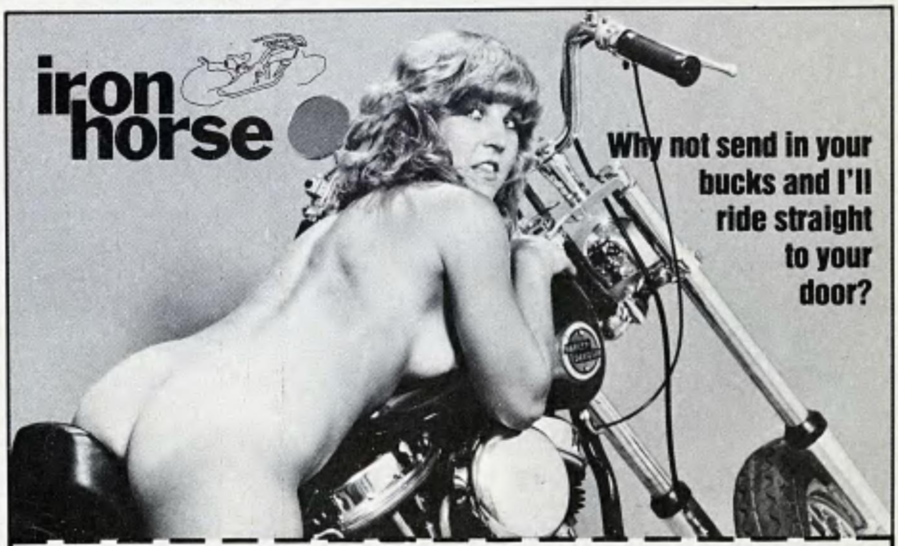

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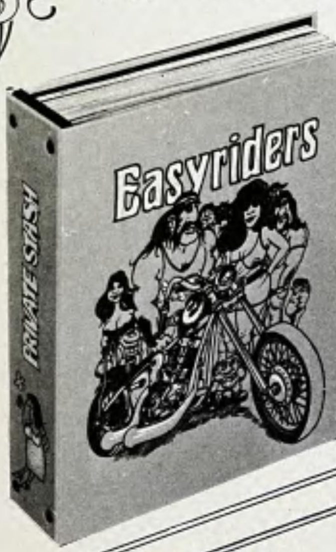

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Runnin' Weekend

—Continued from page 72

"Pardon me." Janet's small voice broke through his thoughts. "Is there anything I can get you from the store?"

"Nope," Pete said absently as he eyed the goofy-looking attendant, who looked like a soda jerk and eyed Pete and Janet very skeptically as he approached. She hitched up the blanket around herself and tiptoed off to the store next door, calling over her shoulder, "Be back in a minute."

"I need about four quarts of thirty-weight oil," Pete informed Mr. Squeaky Clean. As the attendant wordlessly turned and went after the oil, Pete glanced into the garage and noticed a grubby-looking mechanic working on an antiquated truck. Pete casually sauntered over to where the cat was diligently bent over the engine compartment. Suddenly, he heard a voice saying, "Wanna smoke a number?" Pete turned his head, saw no one behind him, and then realized that the question had come from the mechanic, who emerged from under the hood and stood smiling—a good six feet of grease, long beard, and wild, matted hair. No wonder the soda jerk kept this dude in the back, Pete thought.

"Sure," he replied in amazement. "Man, you sure aren't holding up the Mr. Clean image your partner is."

"Yeah," the mechanic responded, "but that lightweight couldn't change a spark plug, either. But he's punctual—and that's a lot more than you can say for me."

The kid returned with the oil, and Pete paid for it and set the cans down next to his bike. "C'mon." The mechanic nodded to Pete, and turned to walk outside to a battered old Cadillac. Once they were inside the car, the mechanic reached into the glove compartment and pulled out a wrinkled cigarette pack full of joints, selected a plump one, and fired it up. Pete took a deep hit and held it long enough to savor what he figured to be righteous home-grown weed. "You won't get popped doin' this shit while ol' Squeaky Clean is out front?"

"Fuck, no," the dude replied as he took a healthy hit, "I own this fuckin' station."

In a flash Pete took in the entire setup. "Far-out trip," he mumbled, and half-listened as the dude ran down his growing operation.

Finally, Pete interrupted. "Hey, listen, man, thanks for the smoke, but I gotta go find someone." He sudden-

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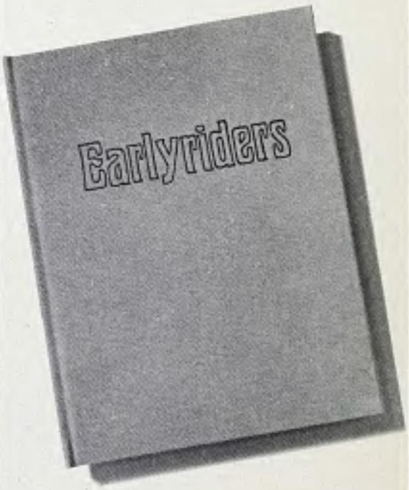

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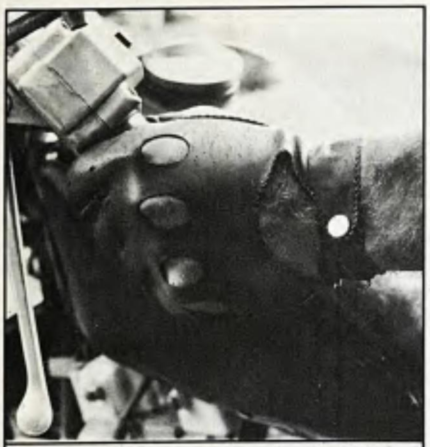

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ly couldn't remember how long Janet had been gone, and besides, he wanted to get her taken care of and get back on the road.

"Take this last hit," the burly mechanic said. "I can tell you have miles to cover." He passed the joint for the last time.

Janet was nowhere to be seen, and Pete was leaning against the sissy bar, wondering where she was, when her voice suddenly erupted over his shoulder. "Hi," she squeaked gleefully.

She was very animated—giggling, yelling in his ear, trying to sit on the shovel while it was still on the stand. "Here," she said, thrusting a pint of Southern Comfort in his face. "This oughtta warm you up."

"No." Pete gently pushed the bottle aside. "Only Jack Daniel's for me."

Janet pouted and pulled the bottle under the folds of the sleeping bag. Suddenly, her eyes grew glassy and she burst into a hundred-watt smile. "Okay, but wait a sec, huh? I gotta go get some cigarettes." And before Pete could stop her, she had jumped off the bike and was headed back toward the store, trailing her makeshift blanket behind her. Pete stood speechless as she flounced off, then busied himself with strapping the oil cans to his wide handlebars. Janet returned as abruptly as she had left. "Well," she chirped, "are we ready?"

In a matter of seconds they were knifing their way through the inky darkness to where the stranded bug waited. It was easy to make time on the empty highway and soon they pulled up behind the VW.

Pete went to work immediately, his mind racing ahead to getting Janet on the road and himself back on the track toward his weekend of solitude. When the oil was in the bug, he checked out the engine as thoroughly as his limited knowledge of Volkswagens would allow, then climbed into the driver's seat and gave it a try. There was plenty of juice in the battery, but when the key went into position to turn over the engine, the

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This model release must be completed in full, **notarized**, and must accompany each entry. Be sure that the release is signed and witnessed. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a **notarized** model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older. (See page 92 for additional information.)

only response he got was a whine from the starter motor. The engine wouldn't budge. Putting the car in reverse, he released the emergency brake and the VW began to roll backwards. Pete dumped the clutch but the little car only skidded and jerked to a stop. After 45 minutes of effort, Pete concluded that the engine was frozen and likely to remain that way. So he trudged back up the road to Janet and his bike, only to find her leaning listlessly against the guard rail.

"Hi! Wanna drink?" she called, extending a nearly empty pint of Southern Comfort. He waved it away and patiently explained that her car had run too far without oil and was not going to go anywhere under its own power. Janet made an effort to nod in understanding, but moving her head set her off balance and she tumbled into Pete's arms, completely limp. As he shifted position to catch her, he noticed another empty Southern Comfort bottle at her feet. Two pints of that sweet crap! No wonder she was bombed!

"Hey, listen, where do you live?" he questioned as he struggled to get her propped against the railing. No answer. "Where do you live or where were you going?"

Janet's eyes fluttered, then made a concerted effort to focus. "M'dad's ranch." She tried hard not to slur the words, and looked up at Pete. "I'm gonna be sick."

"More than likely," Pete mumbled to himself as he turned her around and bent her over the railing. Okay, puke your guts out, he thought, holding the mass of hair back from her face. She heaved and moaned and Pete kept her from tumbling over the railing while she vomited alongside the road. He continued talking to her in an effort to keep her from passing out. He talked and she moaned and, after what seemed like an hour of that, all he knew for sure was that she was headed for her dad's ranch, somewhere just off the Chestnut Road cutoff.

After a while, he noticed a car coming up the hill. He eyed it carefully until it slowed enough for him to see the emblem on the door. Sure enough, it was the local sheriff and he was slowing to stop alongside them. Pete kept his back to the car, pretending to be intent on Janet; but the window rolled down nonetheless and the inevitable question followed—"What's going on here?"

"Not a thing, officer," Pete replied politely. "We'll be leaving here in just a minute." The two officers stared,

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conferred between themselves, and looked again. Pete tried to appear nonchalant as he chatted softly to Janet. Every time she slumped, he casually nudged her back into an upright position. Finally, the officer on the passenger side advised them to get rolling because the patrol car would be back in fifteen minutes. Pete didn't answer, but sighed with relief as The Man and The Gold Star Special pulled away. Hurriedly, he began walking Janet up and down the shoulder of the road, trying to get more response out of her—but no luck. The minutes raced by like seconds and Pete knew that he had to do something—fast. He could see The Man on the other side of the freeway, getting ready to circle back.

Hanging her purse around her neck, Pete grabbed her and the sleeping bag and propped them both against the bike's sissy bar. Holding her with his left hand, he used his right to turn on the ignition, tickle his carb, grab the throttle, and kick it through. His second kick did the job. He almost lost her, though, when he noticed that he hadn't turned on the gas. He released his hold on her and quickly reached for his petcock. At that moment, she started to slump and fall, so he grabbed her with both hands and let the idling 74 fend for itself. She was petite, no more than a hundred and ten, but the momentum of her dead weight almost pulled Pete off with her. "Goddammit," he shouted, straining to keep her on board. His voice startled her enough to snap her out of it, momentarily. He managed to get her back against the sissy bar and she mumbled a vague apology for her condition before lapsing back into her stupor.

Pete straddled the bike and brought it almost upright, causing Janet to lean to the other side. He caught her with his elbow and got her back against the sissy bar—just as the bike

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began to roll backward, making it all but impossible to control. As quickly as possible, he returned his right hand to the throttle, jammed the Harley into gear, and popped the clutch. The bike lurched. Pete thrust his upper body against the girl to hold her in place, and the bike went into a wheelstand across the freeway. The wheel hit ground in the second lane, and by the time he reached the far left lane, the bike was once again heading in the right direction down the freeway.

Pete flicked on his lights, settled back against Janet, and for a few miles everything went smoothly. The icy wind apparently revived her for a while, because she was able to hold onto Pete and keep her balance. But soon the winding curves taken at 75, combined with the alcohol in her system, took effect and she was in worse shape than before. Her hands slipped from Pete's shoulders and fluttered uselessly at her sides. Her head flopped down on his shoulder and rolled back and forth, and her slight body shifted abruptly from side to side, each time causing Pete to lean the bike, shift his weight against her, lean again, struggle, lean—and so on up into the mountains. Sometimes the bike would drift and sometimes nailing the throttle would bring it back into line, but booking it through those mountains became a hairy chore, especially when he passed a slow-moving semi.

There was no way to put on the brakes because his right hand was glued to the throttle and his left hand kept the slouching girl propped up. His right leg kept his body weight from following Janet off the left side of the shovel. If he shifted his weight, both he and the girl would lean heavily to the left and the bike would change lanes as if it had been hit from the right by a 90-mph gust of wind. Right turns required a shift of weight that left him feeling as if he were pulling the bike through the turn instead of leaning into it. It was murder, and Pete's arms were killing him. Worst of all, he and Janet were only halfway to the Chestnut Road cutoff.

At one point, Janet began to slip to the right and, in desperation, Pete grabbed the sleeping bag and pulled her slightly to the left while he passed a small foreign car on the right-hand shoulder. "Fuuuck!" he yelled as they slid between the car and the wall of the mountain, barely making it back into the lane. The slumping, leaning, and grabbing went on until Pete was nearing exhaustion and feeling that he had thumbed his nose at disaster

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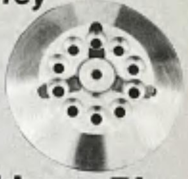

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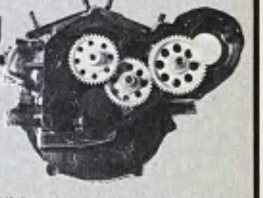

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once too often. In a last-ditch effort, he quickly reached up with his throttle hand, grabbed her tiny right hand, and brought it over his shoulder, then put his hand back on the throttle and yanked at her hand with his left until she rested firmly against his back. They had only 20 miles to go and he made up his mind that he was going to do it, no matter how much she tried to pull away. Exhausted with the constant effort of pulling against her weight, he sighed deeply when a sign suddenly loomed up: *Chestnut Road 3 miles.*

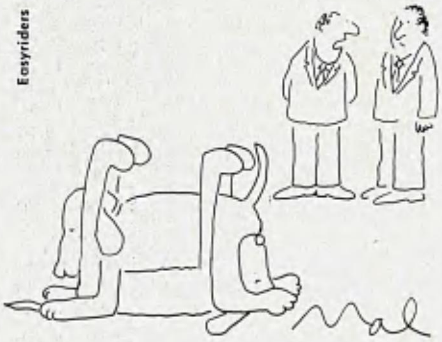
"Hey!" he screamed over his shoulder. "Hey, we're to Chestnut. Now which way?"

"Firsh ranch onna lef'." Slump. Out cold. But Pete no longer cared. They were almost there.

Three miles of sycamore groves and lush pasture land—but no gas station in sight, and that worried Pete. He knew they couldn't go much farther on the gas he had. Then he spotted a ranch about half a mile down the road, perched on a slight rise. As they approached, he began to wonder again who the hell was riding on the back of his scoot.

This was no ordinary ranch house. It was a huge, three-story white mansion with enormous columns all across the front. The effect was like something out of *Gone With The Wind.* To the left was an immaculate red barn and a scattering of outbuildings beyond that. A great, fan-shaped intricacy of white wrought iron arched over the driveway where it met the road. The wide, paved drive was lined with thick, perfectly square rows of hedge, and beyond that were rows of rose bushes that looked like giant lollipops on five-foot sticks. This is unreal, Pete thought. And to top it all off, there was a gleaming white El Dorado parked in front. Knowing he was out of place, Pete felt like he was in a foreign country.

Easyriders



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As he pulled up in front of the house, he saw the immense front door open and someone come out onto the front porch. Confronting him was a big man in his early fifties. He was burly, with very short grey-brown hair and a bristling moustache. He wore sharply creased Levi's that looked brand-new and a white shirt with the sleeves turned back to the middle of his forearms. Everything about him looked crisp and brand-new. A woman came out to stand behind him. She had beautifully waved silver-blond hair and she wore a long dress of some deep blue and green Scotch plaid material with white collar and cuffs. Their clothes spelled money and their faces spelled trouble. They looked at his inert passenger in her sleeping bag cocoon, then at Pete, then back again at the girl. Pete reached back to rouse Janet, but at that moment, she uttered a little moan and slid off the seat and onto the driveway, rolling like a quilted ball and still not opening her eyes. "Is this. . .ah, I mean. . .her car?" Pete stammered.

His angry eyes never leaving Pete's face, the old man bellowed, "Johnny!" From somewhere near the side of the house, a young giant suddenly appeared. He looked a lot like papa, only bigger, and he had a pitchfork in his hand and fire in his eyes. Pete's eyes swept the scene, read trouble everywhere he looked, and he quickly turned the bike around just as the old man strode down the steps and brother Johnny rounded the El Dorado. No time to worry about the little lady—Pete twisted the throttle to the stops and slammed it into first, dumping the clutch. The old dude grabbed for his sissy bar and threw him slightly off course, but Pete kept on moving straight for Johnny. The old man couldn't maintain his grip and let go about the time Johnny roared and jumped aside. Pete swerved, the bike sliding sideways and bouncing off one of the huge white rocks bordering the hedge. The bike caromed off at a bad slant and Pete thought for sure he was going to go down. One peg dug into the soft, wet turf, but Pete managed to yank the long girder in the opposite direction. The 74 spun, the rear wheel burning into the damp grass as he shoved his heavy boot down hard and, by the skin of his teeth, managed to pull it up into a straight line, throwing chunks of carefully manicured sod in all directions. He slowed a bit near the archway, then eased out onto the pavement. After his heart stopped banging against his chest and his

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breath no longer came in wrenching gasps, Pete sighed the world's deepest sigh of relief at finally ridding himself of good ol' whatshername.

He breezed back to the freeway, then off at the next ramp to refuel. Back on the freeway the sun was out, the road was open, and the green and tan hills looked like velvet against a solid blue sky. One brilliant white cloud floated free and alone, as if put there to make the sky look even bluer. There was no sound but the deep rumble of the shovel. Pete watched the hills slip by as he kicked back, placing only his thumb and forefinger on the quick throttle and rolling the grip until the bike neared 90. He listened to the revs increase and felt the mighty bike shoot down the road until he reached the place where the mountains led to the flat desert and into town. He swung off at a ramp marked *Civic Center*—had to be the middle of town. His bike rolled down the main drag, barely running on fumes. He spotted a gas station up about a block. He pulled to a boulevard stop, balanced his bike while the dude on the cross street took his right of way and passed, then, just about to fall over, let out his clutch slightly so that he could roll across the intersection and hang a right into the station. He pulled up in front of the gas pump, stopped, and dropped his kickstand.

No sooner had he put his left foot on the slick cement than he was startled by the screeching noise of a car coming to a stop. He jerked his head to the side just in time to see The Local Man in action. The car rocked forward and both front doors flew open. The driver, only a few feet from Pete on his right, jumped out of the car, followed closely by his partner. Pete stood straddling his bike. "What's up?" he asked the oncoming driver, trying to sound calm.

The cop was a fat dude six feet tall, with grayish, kinky hair. He came at

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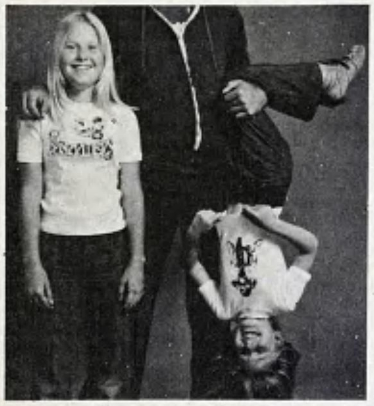

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Pete like a mad dog. Pete had started to step over his bike toward the man when the cop grabbed him by the jacket, saying, "I'll teach you to roll through a boulevard stop in my town." In a seeming frenzy, he pulled Pete off balance toward the hood of the car, so that Pete wound up leaning over the fender with both hands spread out on the shiny black hood. Pete thought about fighting—he was sure he could kick ass on these punks—but by the time his hands hit the hood, there were two more black-and-whites squealing into the station. Pete watched his attacker's partner come scurrying around the car with his .38 drawn. He needed it—the little squirt couldn't have been over five-five, with an average build and looking like a Boy Scout with his uniform and slicked-back light-brown hair.

"Fuckin' scum," the little punk snarled as he kicked Pete's feet farther apart, yanked the Buck knife from the sheath at his side, opened it, and deliberately threw it on the ground. Pete heard it hit hard and slide along the cement, but there wasn't much he could do. The older cat had no sooner got him to the car than he ripped the bracelets out of his hip pouch, flipped them open, grabbed Pete's wrists one at a time, and snapped them on. The young punk, full of little comments, got to Pete's side, opened the rear door of the black-and-white and started shoving Pete into the car. Pete rolled so that his back was to the door opening and stopped. "I'm not getting into this fucking car until I know what's going to happen to my motorcycle." He glared at the little punk as he spoke, his voice quaking with anger.

"You call that a motorcycle?" the cop sneered, and yelled to one of his partners in another car, "Hey, Jack, did you call a tow?"

"Yeah," a tall cop replied. "It's coming up the street."

—*Continued on page 111*

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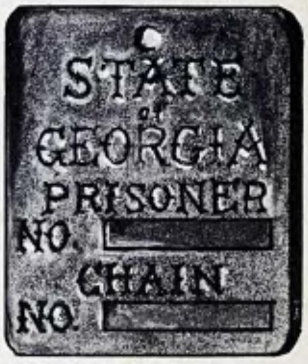

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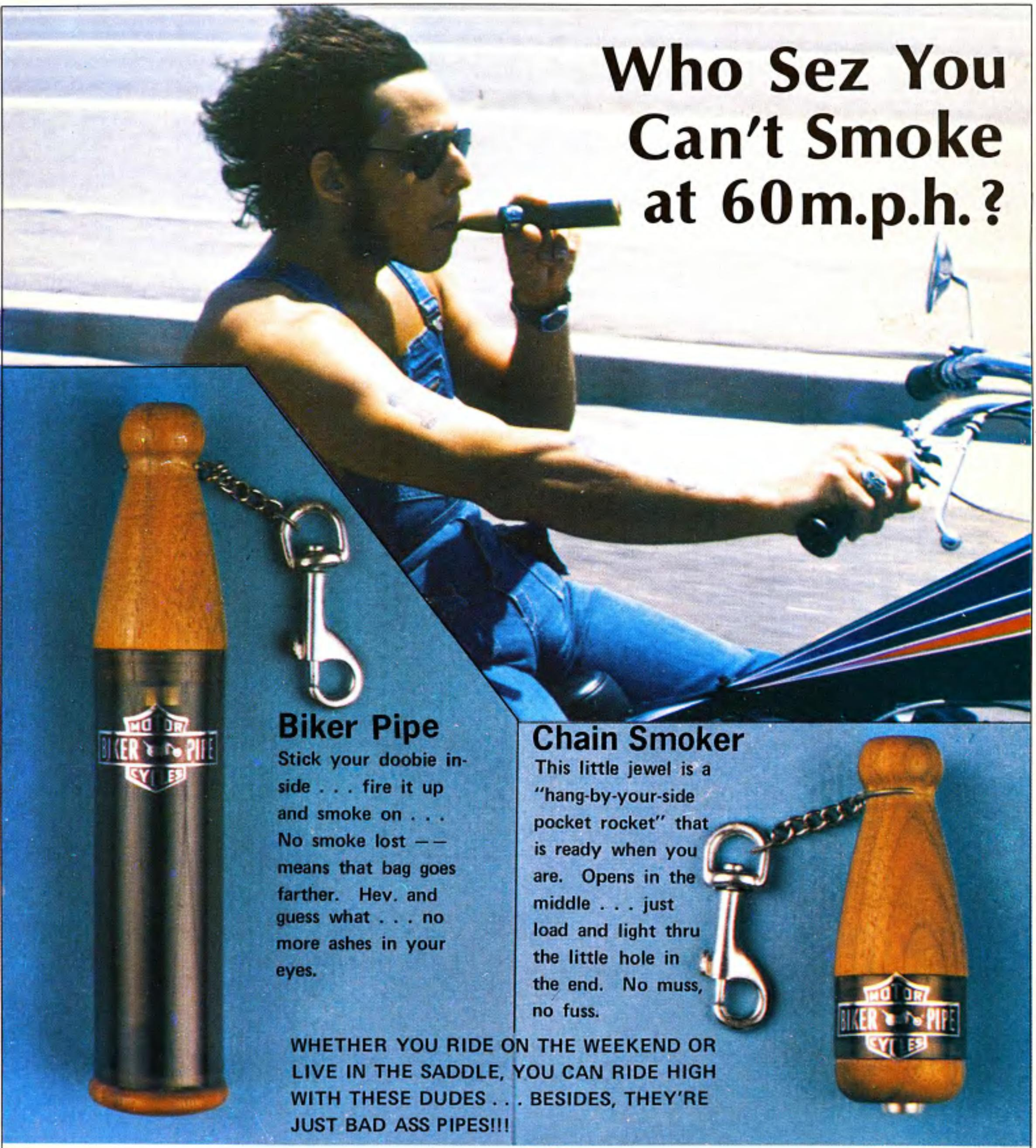

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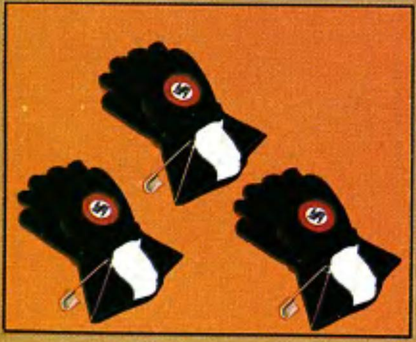

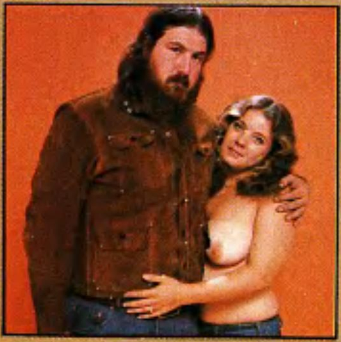

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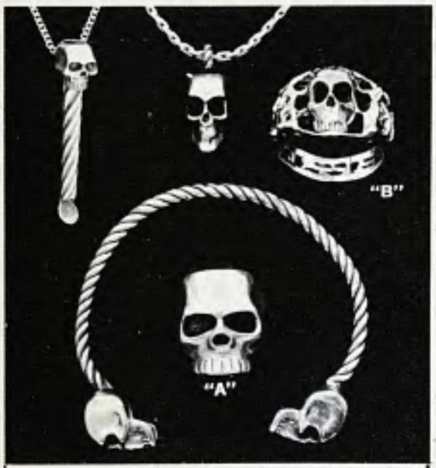

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Mackenzie Company

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—Continued from page 106

"Satisfied?" the little lightweight retorted. He jabbed his flashlight into Pete's gut hard and tried to push him into the car. but Pete wouldn't budge. He stood in glaring silence, motionless, until the cop stepped back. Then Pete slowly got into the car.

He sat there, thinking of what he'd like to do to the little bastard and watching as an all-white tow truck pulled in. The driver got out, wrapped Pete's scooter in chains, and hoisted it onto the rear of the truck. He was just about finished when the lightweight got in the other side of the car beside Pete and his partner got in the driver's seat. The little punk kept staring at Pete. "You don't talk much, do you?" he blabbered, but Pete didn't say a word. All the way to the station, he completely ignored the cops, who continued their bad-mouthing. The sheriff's station was the only building on the block that had a huge flag flying out front. The Man pulled into a driveway adjacent to a one-story brick building with steel letters mounted on the front spelling out *Melford Sheriff's Department.*

Inside, it was as if they had busted the only outlaw left in the world—and had caught him fucking the Mayor's wife. The whole department watched as they marched Pete in the back door to the booking area, which consisted of cement walls painted a dull cream color. There was a caged-in alcove, closed off by a slotted door and chain link walls. Outside that was a corridor where they searched Pete, emptying his pockets and taking his belt. They inventoried all his crap, including the belt and various tools, and put everything into a plastic bag. Pete noticed that there was a sheet of stainless steel, mounted like a mirror, on one

"How silly of me! I seem to have wrapped your extra-large condoms in my personal stationery with my phone number on it."

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wall. He figured it was there so they could smash a dude's face into it and not have to worry about messing up their paint. After they were through patting him down and going through his personal belongings, they shoved him into the cage while the cop filled out the paper work.

Sitting there on the plank bench, Pete began to think about his situation—he didn't know a soul for hundreds of miles, and was sure that whatever the bail was, he wouldn't have the coin to pay it. He sat back glumly and looked at the blank walls and wondered how long he'd be there. His thoughts were interrupted by a guard's snapping his name, "Pete Conrad!" Pete got up and went to the cage door. "Your right hand!" the old cop spouted. Pete stuck his hand through the door slot and the guard riveted a plastic band on his wrist. It looked something like a hospital identification band, but all it had on it was a number. The cop then shoved a paper through the slot and told him where to sign, then offered to let him make a phone call, which Pete refused. He couldn't think of anyone who had any bread, or even lived within a reasonable distance. The officer then gave him a pink slip of paper that looked like a receipt. Pete went back to the bench, sat down, and started going over the paper. It stated that the charge was reckless driving and the bail was $150.

Pete leaned back against the cold cement wall, but only momentarily. The guard returned and took him out of the cage and down the corridor through a large steel door, and put him in one of the cells. It was painted the same as the rest of the tomb, except where many dudes had copped their attitudes on the walls with whatever was available.

Pete bundled up his jacket for a pillow and lay down on the hardwood bench, but he couldn't keep his eyes closed. Foolishly, he hoped that someone would just come in and cut him loose. The afternoon passed, although Pete wasn't really too sure what time it was, because his watch was gone and there was no window and no natural light coming into the cell block.

It had to be late evening when he was startled by someone opening the door leading into the cells. A guard came in, unlocked his cell, put a handcuff on one wrist, and led him out the door, through the corridor, and outside. Pete was worried, his weekend was shot, and he had an idea of what might be outside since he'd become aware of this lightweight joint's

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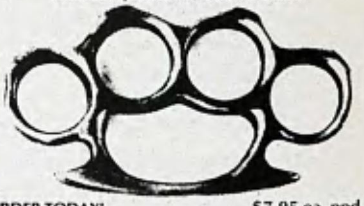

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accommodations. His suspicions were confirmed the moment he stepped through the heavy door and into the parking lot, where a black and white bus stood idling. Some prisoners from elsewhere were already loaded into the back of the bus. The guard led him onto the bus and to the back, where all the prisoners were shackled in pairs to opposite sides of a long chain. Pete sat down beside an old man, probably a wino, whose thin, wrinkled wrist was bleeding because the handcuff was on too tight. Pete sat silently peering out the window and glancing at the other prisoners. They sat for another hour before the bus moved.

It was definitely late, probably about ten o'clock, but a beautiful, warm, dry desert evening. Pete felt like hell, and every time he saw a cop, he mumbled "Fuckin' pig" under his breath. He didn't communicate with the other prisoners, but let the sound of their conversation break the monotony as the bus rumbled out of town toward the county clink 50 miles away. Pete leaned his head against the window and, to the vibrations of the bus and the murmurs of conversation among the other prisoners, he fell asleep.

About an hour later, he suddenly awakened, his head bouncing on the window pane as the bus rolled off the freeway, through a dip, and out onto a street. By the time they reached the county slammer, it was one in the morning. Inside, the entire group was searched again, then put into a large room where they waited to be booked again.

Another two hours passed before any names were called. Then, all at once, everyone who had come on the bus was called forward for booking. One by one, they filed by a clerk, picking up their paper work. A tall, goofy-looking officer was herding the

Easyriders

"It's a collection for Ms. Wilson's abortion."

A Warm Riding Scarf

We've been working on these scarves for over a year now. We wanted the best. And we wanted this scarf to be as useful and comfortable as it is sharp-looking. We think we've succeeded and plan to add more designs in the future. This warm-riding scarf is over five feet long and eight inches wide. And we can't let them go for any less than $9.75, plus 75¢ postage and handling.

1927 Motorcycle Art

This 16 in. by 20 in. reproduction of motorcycle art was published in England in 1927. It is in full color and printed on heavy stock suitable for framing. This is a class vintage piece of bike art which will stand out on any wall.

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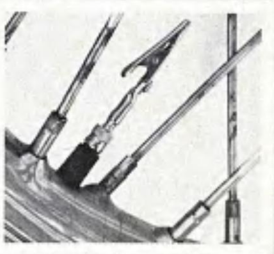
Rolling Roach Clip



The original motorcycle roach clip. It's functional and adds a bit of class to any valve stem, on any scooter.

They're show chrome plated and we'll ship 'em out for only $4.50 apiece, plus 50¢ postage and handling.

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my method of DYNAMIC-TENSION starts giving results you can feel and your friends will notice. Big, useful muscles. Gain weight, if needed. Lose "pot belly." Send your name and address for 32-page book—FREE. CHARLES ATLAS, 49 West 23rd St., New York, N.Y. 10010 Dept. Q36

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Dealer spots (10x12) $40 in advance or $50 at the gate. Make checks to: "Jam On Productions" 4120-40th St., Brentwood, MD 20722

Moving?

If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks **before** changing your address. **Important:** Attach current address label and fill in your name **and new address.** Your filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so, if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.

prisoners, throwing little snide remarks at them and obviously enjoying his job. When he got to Pete, he held out his arm to stop him and barked, "You wait in here." He led Pete into a narrow cell off to one side. Pete could hear a lengthy telephone conversation going on in the booking area, but couldn't follow what the cop was saying. Twenty minutes later, another cop appeared. "You're to be released," he said. "Follow me."

After the final paper work was completed, another officer appeared and pressed a button under the clerk's counter. The door swung open, releasing Pete. He went out the door and down a hallway to a desk where he traded his wristband for his belongings.

Then he was back on the street, taking a deep breath and looking both ways for some idea of which way to go to get as far as possible as soon as possible. He walked down the sidewalk and around the front of the building. As he turned toward what looked like the lights of town, he noticed a girl sitting on the grass in front of the station. As he got closer, the girl stood up and walked toward him. Pete stopped dead in his tracks.

"I saw your bike in the tow lot behind the sheriff's station," Janet said, walking up to him. "Here, I brought you something to loosen up on," she added, opening her cigarette case and displaying four beautifully rolled joints.

"Far out!" Pete said, gulping out the words as he reached for a joint—but she jerked the case away from his outstretched hand.

"You can wait until we get back to the motel, can't you?" she murmured, looking up at him.

"Suppose so," Pete said, walking with her toward her car and breaking into a satisfied smile. It looked as if his luck had changed. ■

"You certainly know how to please a woman, Ben."

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低く誂

They talk low. They talk custom.

The Righteous Bike.

Announcing the Harley-Davidson Wide Glide.

Here it is. A factory "custom" from one factory that knows what the word means. A pure, righteous California Classic. Just the way you might have done it if you had a few years and a few million in engineering bucks to work with.

Extended forks, polished and plated, with customized Electra Glide® sliders. An oversized 21 inch front wheel holding a tire just 3 inches wide. Topped off with a custom, chrome plated headlamp.

Moving back, the primary chain cover is done in a special high gloss black. You've got chromed shorty duals. And the rear fender is bobbed.

As for the huge, 5-gallon bob-and-a-half tank, you can choose yours spitting fire like the

one shown here. Or get yours in black, brown, candy red or blue with distinctive pin striping and matching fenders.

But the show's not over until you get in. The risers, buckhorn bars, and contoured seat put you in a bold, Harley-Davidson riding position. And now, you can really ride in comfort–the Wide Glide® is the first factory bike with the rear brake and shift lever designed to be used from the front mounted highway pegs.

Finally, to make the laid back life even smoother, we've engineered a unique front fork triple clamp system. It eliminates the front end flop you usually get in homemade customs. And has the kind of handling you want for a brute carrying 80 cubic inches of low-end torque.

The Wide Glide. Its flaming tank and custom style might shock the neighborhood garden club. But that's all right. At Harley-Davidson® we think their freedom to disapprove is almost as important as your freedom to take it down any highway you choose.

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We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A.
Specifications subject to change without notice.

Harley-Davidson.
More than a machine.

The Low Rider. Get down into its soul.

With Low Rider® you don't sit on top. You get down–down just 27 inches from the pavement. Tucked squarely behind the largest power plant in Harley-Davidson® history, the pulse and power of the huge V-Twin becomes your own.

There, where flesh, steel and 80 cubic inches of low-end torque come together, you learn what it is to ride low. That's down low, with your hands on the buckhorn bars, your feet on the highway pegs, and your lady resting royally on the new sissy bar with the new padded backrest embossed with the Bar & Shield.

What surrounds is pure, sculptured custom: a black pin striped fat bob tank over a flat black, wrinkle-finish engine. Contrasted against a high gloss black finish on the primary, transmission and timer covers. And a chrome clutch cover with eagle medallion.

But there's one caution: sitting 27 inches from the road, don't expect a lot of company. Most fair weather riders will be perched on faceless, nameless transportation a few inches above you. And a few thousand miles from what biking is all about.

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We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A.

Harley-Davidson.
More than a machine.

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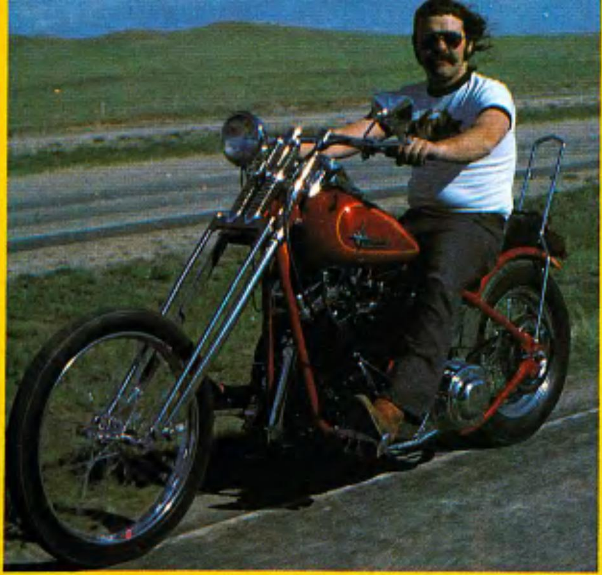
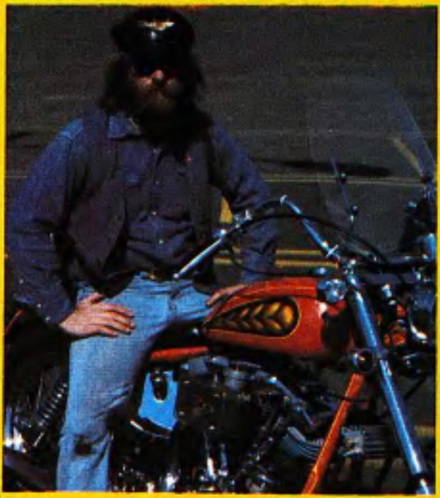


PEOPLE PLEASIN' PARTS

Dial in on this small taste of beauties from Jammer men—good people with good parts. There's a place for many of their parts on your scoot. So, stop searchin'. Start pickin'!



Jammer Frames

ADVERTISEMENT

***All Frames will be Shipped with a Manufacturer's Statement of Origin. However, this statement may not be required in your state, and probably is not, unless you are building a bike from the ground up rather than converting an existing registered motorcycle to a custom bike.**

PLEASE NOTE: All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start):
74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead, Shovelhead & Shovelhead 80
61 OHV Knucklehead, Pånhead 74 and 80 Flatheads

Rigid Frames

Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

74 Jammer Rigid Frame
Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes.
2804 .... 349.95

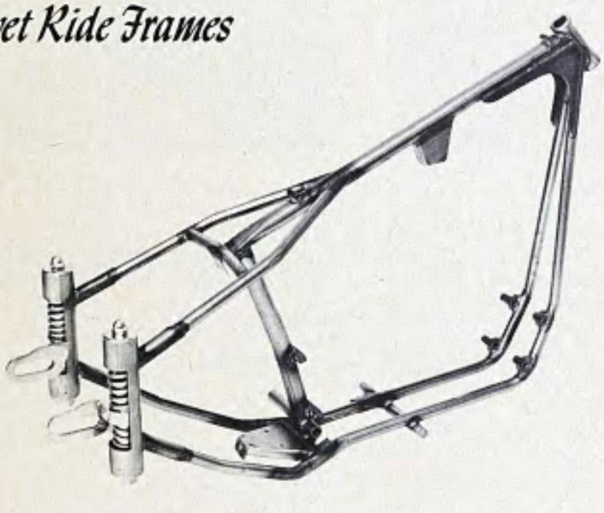
Mechanical Brake Kit
Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required.
2805 .... 19.95

74 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame
Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed.
2801 .... 359.95

Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame
You can bolt any year Sportster engine, 1957-1977 kick or electric start into our frame. Will also accept 1978-1979 Sportster engines with slight modifications. The holes are reamed and tapped.
2802 .... 339.95

750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame
Accepts any year 750 engine.
2803 .... 334.95

Velvet Ride Frames



Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame
Same as 2804 except with suspension.
28027 .... 399.95

Sportster Jammer Velvet Ride Frame
Same as 2802 except with suspension.
28025 .... 379.95

750 Honda Jammer Velvet Ride Frame
Same as 2803 except with suspension.
28026 .... 359.95

74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame
Same as 2807 except with suspension.
Hydraulic brake only.
28028 .... **30° Rake** 419.95

Fat Bob Frames

Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 30 degrees.

74 Hydraulic Brk. Rigid Fat Bob
Added stress bar. Clearance for strokers. Provision for speedo set-up. Made with all mountings for fat bob tank.
2807 .... 389.95

74 Mechanical Brk. Rigid Fat Bob
Same as 2807 except 2805 mech. brake kit installed.
2808 .... 399.95

74 Jammer Velvet Ride Fat Bob Frame
Same as 2807 except with suspension.
Hydraulic brake only.
28028 .... 419.95

Only $2.95! Or call toll free 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer.
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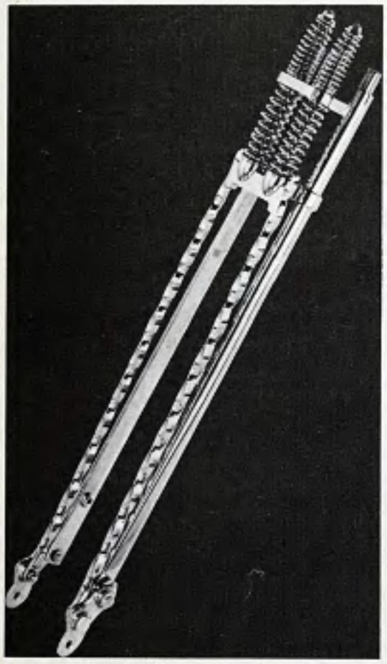
Jammer Springers

Narrow Springer		*Wide Rider Springer*



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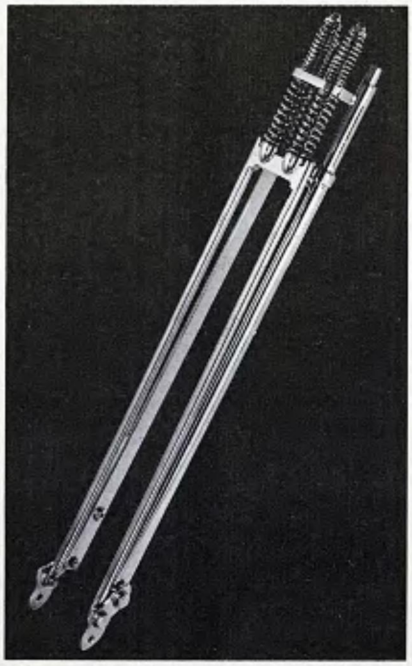

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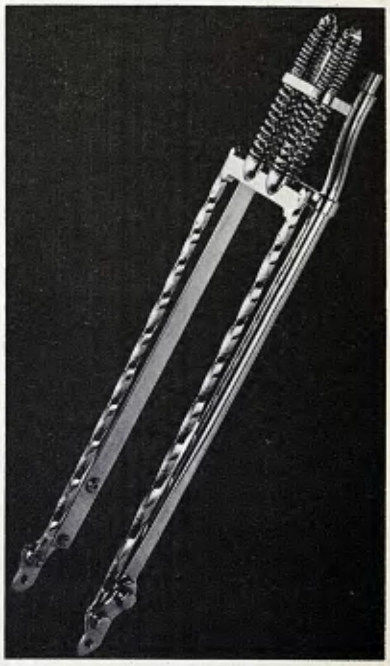


C

A/B. The Narrow Springer
Entire fork is polished before assembly. All heliarc welded. Brake anchor provision. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. Mirror chrome finish. For Harley 74, Sportster 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; Honda 750, 500, 450; BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal ⅞-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimming and spacing, for the ⅞-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Available in 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18-inch over stock lengths in either twist or round front rail styles. Order by part number and state year and type of bike.

A.	60030	3″ Twist	349.00
	60031	6″ Twist	349.00
	6001	9″ Twist	349.00
	6002	12″ Twist	349.00
	6003	15″ Twist	349.00
	6004	18″ Twist	349.00
B.	60032	3″ Round	349.00
	60034	6″ Round	349.00
	6005	9″ Round	349.00
	6006	12″ Round	349.00
	6007	15″ Round	349.00
	6008	18″ Round	349.00

C. Wide Rider Springer
You can now have the same world famous quality and features of our Narrow Springer in the Wide Rider. The finest fork for those who want both the popular wide look and the performance that assures you that you've got the best.

C.	60046	3″ Twist	349.00
	60047	6″ Twist	349.00
	60050	9″ Twist	349.00
	60051	12″ Twist	349.00
	60052	15″ Twist	349.00
	60053	18″ Twist	349.00
	60048	3″ Round	349.00
	60049	6″ Round	349.00
	60054	9″ Round	349.00
	60055	12″ Round	349.00
	60056	15″ Round	349.00
	60057	18″ Round	349.00

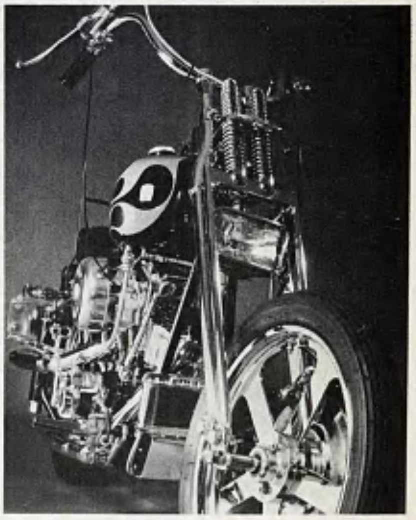
Don't forget . . . When ordering a springer, you will need a neck, triple clamp, crown nut and top nut.

Caution: No alterations should be made to fork (such as reversing rockers, etc.) that will affect the geometry and the handling of the fork.

Springers are shorter than glides, stock for stock by approx. 3″-4″ (for example, 9″ springer is equal to a 5″-6″ glide type fork).

D. Springer Necks
Necks are included with our springers. Remember to order the one you'll need along with the appropriate top nut, crown nut and triple clamp.

61031 . . Harley 74 . . . .
61032 . . Harley 45 & Sportster . . . .
61033 . . Honda 750, 500, 450 . . .
61034 . . Triumph, '70 & Earlier . .
61035 . . BSA, '70 & Earlier . . . . .
61036 . . Universal . . . .



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Harley Collectors

ALPHABET HEADERS

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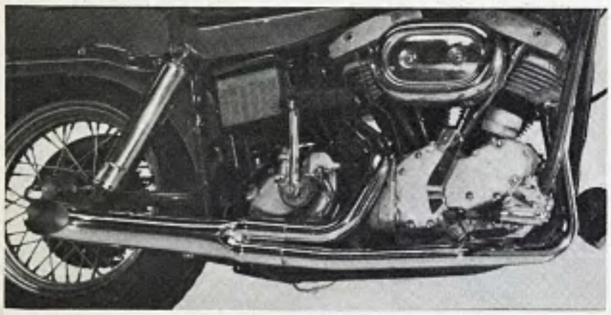

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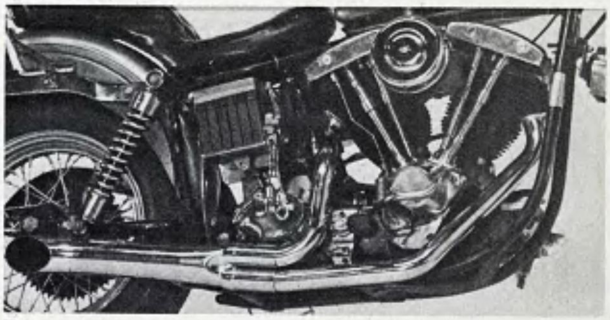

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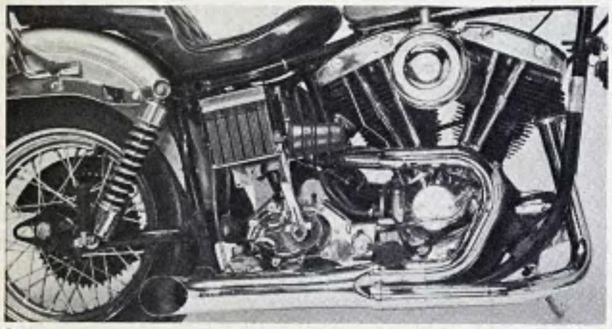

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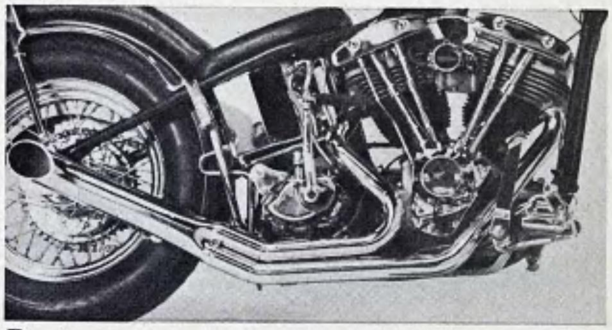

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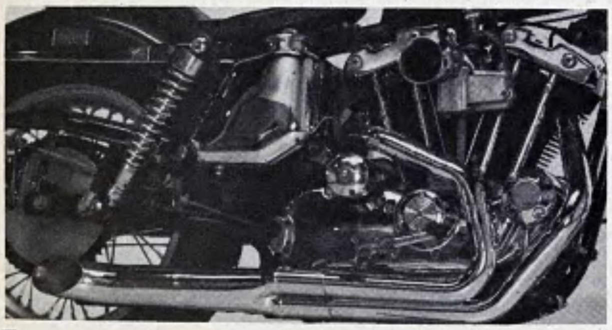

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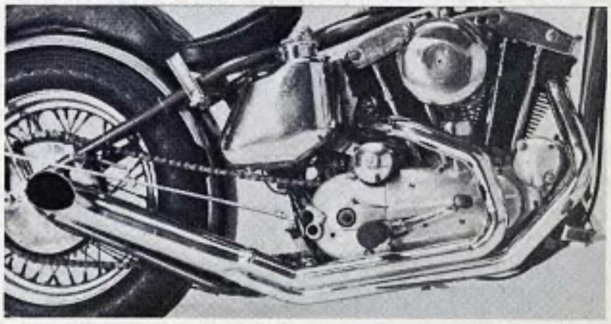

F

All Harley Header Pipes Are 2 Into 1 With Turn-Out Muffler.

	Part No.	Model	Frame	Years	Description	Footnote	Price
A	151017	Shovelhead	Sw/Arm	66 - 69	Kick or Electric	3	120.00
B	151018	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	Sw/Arm	70 - 79	Kick or Electric	3	120.00
C	151019	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	All	66 - 79	Equal Length Kick or Electric	3-4-7	120.00
D	151020	Shovelhead	Rigid	70 - 79	Kick or Electric	1-3	120.00
E	151022	Sportster- XLCH, XLH	Sw/Arm	57 - 79	Equal Length Kick or Electric	3-5-6	120.00
F	151023	Sportster XLCH, XLH	Rigid	57 - 79	Kick or Electric	1-3-5-6	120.00

Footnotes:
1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
6 It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.
7 These pipes may hang too low for some rigid frames.

Cycle Jammer Products

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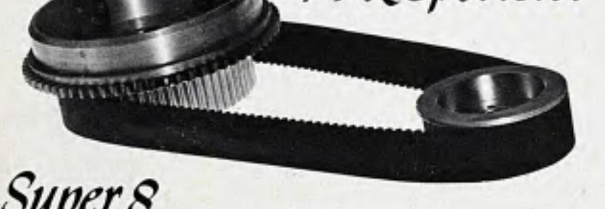
Phase 3 Belt Drives & Accessories

74 & Sportster



Super 8

74 2" Belt Drive Open Primary
Our competition unit, designed for the heavy handed. Designed for kick start and open primary use only, looks impressive on a stock motor too!

143058	Open Primary, 1937-1954	225.00
143059	Open Primary, 1955-1979	225.00

74 Belt Drive Open Primary
This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety of big inch "killer motors." It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown. Specify year.

143060	Open Primary, 1937-1954	195.00
143061	Open Primary, 1955-1979	195.00

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary
This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor. Specify year.

143062	Closed Primary, 1937-1954	175.00
143063	Closed Primary, 1955-1964	175.00
143064	Closed Primary, 1965-1979	175.00

74 Belt Drive Electric Start
An electric start application, can be installed in either an open or closed unit. It is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower, including larger strokers. Specify year.

143065	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1965-1969	200.00
143066	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1970-1979	200.00

Sportster Belt Drives
These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available. Specify year.

143067	1957-1968 See Footnote 3	179.00
143068	1969-1970 See Footnotes 1 & 3	179.00
143069	1970-1976 See Footnotes 2 & 4	179.00
143070	1977-1978 See Footnote 4	179.00
143090	1979-1980 See Footnote 4	179.00
143071	Electric Start, 1969-1970 Footnotes 1 & 3	205.00
143072	Electric Start, 1970-1976 Footnotes 2 & 3	205.00
143073	Electric Start, 1977-1978 Footnote 3	205.00
143091	Electric Start, 1979-1980 Footnote 3	205.00

Footnote 1 Fits '69-'70 models with double needle bearings in rear hub.
Footnote 2 Fits '70-'76 models with large bearings in rear hub.
Footnote 3 Accepts #143083 1½" belt
Footnote 4 Accepts #143089 1¾" belt

Replacement Belts
The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain by five times. Designed and engineering by Uniroyal. Fiberglass cord reinforced. Specify model when ordering.

143081	74 Belt, Closed Primary & Electric Start	28.90
143082	74 Belt, Open Primary	28.90
143085	74 Belt, 2" Open Primary	34.00
143083	Sportster Belt, 1½"	28.90
143089	Sportster Belt, 1¾"	28.90

Belt Shroud
Recommended for protection on all open primary Harley 74 belt drive units. Heavy steel construction and show chrome plated. Two models. Early, 1937-1969; Late, 1970-1979.

143074	1937-1969	34.95
143075	1970-1979	34.95

Aluminum Side Guard
For the added bit of safety and that touch of class on an open primary Harley 74 belt drive. Designed to fit all Phase III shrouds. Polished aluminum finish.
143077 .... 22.50

Clutch Dome
Add the finishing touch to your clutch on open primary belt drives. Protects your clutch studs & leg from moving parts. Heavy aluminum, highly polished.
143084 .... 29.00

Pressure Plate
A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation and dimensional features needed for high performance.
143021 .... 29.95

Alternator Cover
Recommended for all Harley 74 cone motors with an open primary. Add the finishing touches to your belt drive and protect your alternator. Polished aluminum finish.
143076 .... 28.00

Engine Nut
The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Show chrome.

143078	Harley 74 1937 to 1954	9.95
143079	Harley 74 1955 to 1969	9.95
143080	Harley Sportster All Years	9.95
143087	Harley 74 1970 to 1979	9.95

Bearing Support
Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent.

10404	Bearing Support	18.95
10405	Bearing	10.50

Competitor Clutch
Multi-plate hi-performance clutch for all Harley 74s. Eliminates clutch slippage and reduces lever pull.
143088 .... 195.00

Sportster Primary Spacer
Recommended for all Sportsters 1957-1969 using steel primary cover.
143086 .... 25.00

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PHOENIX CYCLE ACCESSORIES (602) 943-4282
.826 W. Peoria, Phoenix, AZ

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Rt. 2 Box 196 B, Dardanelle, AR

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HD OF COLORADO SPRINGS (303) 475-9480
711 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs, CO
JOHN'S HD (303) 493-3137
2135 E. Mulberry, Ft. Collins, CO
WINNIG CYCLE CENTER (303) 351-8150
712 8th Ave., Greeley, CO
2 WHEELER'S M/C SHOP (303) 433-0564
.433 W. 38th Ave., Denver, CO

CONNECTICUT
RETEP ENTERPRISES (203) 376-0255
12 Edwards Ave., Grizwold, CT

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CUSTOM BIKE SUPPLY (305) 632-9191
2155 Lake Dr., Cocoa, FL
FLORIDA CYCLE & CHOPPER (813) 332-0320
2200 Palm Beach Blvd., Ft. Myers, FL
HARLEY'S ONLY, INC. (305) 454-4603
100 N.W. 2nd, Hallandale, FL
HOG HEAVEN CYCLE ACCESSORIES (305) 261-5002
7254 SW. 40th St., Miami, FL
MICHAEL'S CYCLE SERVICE, (904) 249-3574
3232 San Pablo Rd., Jacksonville Bch., FL
THE HANDLEBAR SHOP (904) 732-7226
4451 So. Pine St., Ocala, FL

HAWAII
SUN AUTO & CYCLE (808) 244-5394
1246 Lower Main St., Wailuku, Maui, HI

ILLINOIS
CHARLESTON CUSTOM CYCLE (217) 345-2577
12 West State St., Charleston, IL
CHICAGO HD (312) 475-2115
1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston, IL
CYCLE MANIA, INC. (312) 837-5657
7469 Jensen Blvd., Hanover Park, IL

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CHOPPERS UNLIMITED (812) 448-1058
15 N. Vandalia, Brazil, IN
CYCLE EVOLUTION (317) 888-4346
Wilgrow Shopping Center, Greenwood, IN
RIGGIN & CASH CYCLE PARTS (317) 492-3750
N. Division St., Cayuga, IN

IOWA
CYCLESPORT (319) 322-7415
319 N. Pine, Davenport, IA

KENTUCKY
PARKER HD, INC. (606) 478-9331
P.O. Box 220, Betsy Layne, KY

LOUISIANA
LOUISIANA JAMMER CYCLE PARTS (504) 279-0883
3517 Paris Rd., Chalmette, LA
RED STICK CYCLE (504) 923-3770
4695 North St., Baton Rouge, LA

MASSACHUSETTS
BURKE'S M/C PARTS & ACC. (413) 786-0715
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DeLUCA'S M/C SHOP (617) 294-8938
269 Mattakeesett St., Pembroke, MA

MICHIGAN
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PRINDLE MARINE & SPORTS CTR, (616) 624-2941
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THE CHOPPING MALL (906) 827-3405
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SCOTT'S HD (505) 393-7936
318 So. Dalmont, Hobbs, NM
SNELL HD (505) 327-3733
111 E. Pinon, Farmington, NM

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CUSTOM CYCLE (716) 284-2615
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299 E. Main St., Amsterdam, NY
JOHNCOX M/C SALES & SERVICE (315) 536-3585
RD #1, Longpoint Rd., Penn Yan, NY

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409 Marine Blvd., Jacksonville, NC

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JAMES SMITH PARTS CO. (216) 992-2137
4117 Main Ave., Ashtabula, OH

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GILL'S INC. (405) 256-5822
1115 8th St., Woodward, OK

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301 Jefferson St., Metolius, OR
M & J CUSTOM BIKES (503) 752-7402
3650 S.W. 3rd, Corvallis, OR
SUNSHINE CYCLE (503) 779-3818
930 Summit, Medford, OR

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CUSTOM CHOPPER SHOP (412) 468-8135
Route 22, Delmont, PA
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KOSMIC KOLORS (215) 253-5333
Filbar St., Easton, PA

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7278 Alameda Ave., El Paso, TX
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8539 N.E. Loop #410, San Antonio, TX
POOLE CYCLE PARTS (214) 286-5351
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SUFFOLK HD (804) 934-1476
911 N. Main, Suffolk, VA

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310C So. Bay Rd., Olympia, WA
HD OF WASHINGTON (206) 746-7070
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CITY CYCLE (902) 425-5595
2053 Gottingen St., Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 8BZ
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CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

For fast service order from:
Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 So. Main St., Burbank, California 91506

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Date ____________

Name ____________ (Please print or type) **Address** ____________

City ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ____________ **Phone** ( ) ____________ (Give area code number)

***Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.**

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
		Sub Total	
		6% Tax - California Residents Only	
		Total	
		Less 25% C.O.D. Deposit	
		Balance due (F.O.B. California)	

MC/B of A number*

Signed ____________ Expr. Date ____________

***Credit cards accepted**

O/S 1/29/80 ☐ CV MARCH ☐ #81 ☐ BB

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow four weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

Orders: We will ship U.P.S. Ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Shipping Time: Once your order has been picked up by the carrier, their approximate shipping times are: UPS, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; COMMERCIAL AIR FREIGHT, 1 to 2 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)
☐ UPS ☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

—Continued from page 77

Mike: Freedon from the prison's prison! I await your "book"; have missed your letters these six months. Happy birthday (3/9). Love, Bear. (81)

Urgently needed: Models for custom chopper photo layouts. 18 to ? with tender, juicy tits, legs, and ass; good-looking helpful. Send 5 assorted head and bod color poses w/statistics and brief resume. Legit address and phone. All replies confidential. Ad Graphics, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (86)

Cheeky S. from Milwaukee, write Gary. I'm finally free. Box 986, Joshua Tree, Calif. 92252. (81)

Ready for the run to Daytona? Why not enjoy the beach with a new honey? Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. World's only biker dating service. Send a buck and find out. (81)

"The Tattooists." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection," Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price," Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. photographs featured in Easyriders, June 1977. Send $35 plus $1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Avenue, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (85)

#1 Riviera Lounge of Flint, Michigan—thought I'd drop into Easyriders, to say hi, love and miss you all. Linda in Tenn. (81)

Unusual books: Silencers, lock-picking, crime, police manuals, investigative and undercover techniques, guerrilla warfare, weapons, fake ID, survival, money-making opportunities, self defense, strange philosophies, drugs, living free, much more! All kindsa good shit! Hundreds of titles! 100-page illustrated catalog only $1. Loompanics, Box 264-A, Mason, Mich. 48854. (84)

For sale: East Coast Harley custom shop. Established 5 yrs.; $9,000 new parts inventory; $3,000 used parts; $8,500 machinery & shop equipment. Excellent location in heavily populated Tidewater, Virginia, area. $16,500. Call for details (804) 380-0200. (81)

Largest swap meet in western Michigan, March 23rd—Wings stadium, Kalamazoo, Mich., I-94 at Sprinkle Rd. For info. call (616) 321-4203. (81)

Male biker, 33, seeks ol' lady to share life aboard sailboat in Fla. Al Zapresko, 9555 Blind Pass Rd. Marina, St. Petersburg Beach, Fla. 33706. (82)

Wanted: Old Mustang motor scooter, any year, whole or part, any condition. Will pay top $. Please contact Bob Rider, RR 1, Box 147A, Middle Keei Rd., Captain Cook, Hawaii 96704. Or if you have complete working unit, call collect to Mr. Rider (808) 328-9045. (81)

Steve: Miles and days fade away, but some never will—you and me. Love ya always. P.B. (81)

To the King: Happy birthday, 2/6/40. You'll be #1 with me forever. Your Queen. (81)

Ripped off? Don't pay list price for your goodies! Get complete instructions with sample forms and addresses on setting yourself up as a dealer; buy parts wholesale. Send $5 to Dealer Advice, Box 156, RD 1, Marathon, N.Y. 13803. (81)

Power Supply (Elco) 0-30v DC adjustable. $79.95 plus postage. Steele, Box 242, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (81)

Swedish girls traveling country! Call Ingrid. (312) 262-9802. (81)

Tank & Rebel: Got busted, doin' time. Write Glen Kendall #84297 R1-A, P.O. Box 11401, Yardville, N.J. 08620 (81)

In memory of Rodney "Pinkey" Pinkham, one of the best bros around, who died with his panhead in the wind. You would have liked your funeral. 200 lidless bikers going through Radcliff. It was great. Ride free forever, Pinkey. Your bro, Joey. (81)

Flathead 80, electric start VL, featured last issue. $4,500. (502) 231-0567. (81)

Norton maniacs! Molded, painted, rigid frame, Sporty tank, and 15"-over springer combination for 750/850cc Norton powertrain. Tank motif is outrageous pot-smoking, bird-flipping, "Easyriders" duck. Serious inquirers send sase for color photos, or call (609) 884-0013 after 5 p.m. Dr. Bodine, P.O. Box 472, Cape May, N.J. 08204. (81)

Death row prisoner wants chicks to correspond with. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (85)

Artist. Highest quality detailed ink and/or pencil drawings from photos of your custom bike (or anything else). Satisfaction guaranteed or refund. Average price $25. For details, write Mike Jackson, 212 Reynolds, Kilgore, Tex. 75662. (81)

Debbie: They can't keep us apart forever. Keep the faith, You're #1, I love you. Mitch. (81)

Wanted: Good ol' lady, I'm 27 and I'm looking for a sincere lady to be my wife. I'm white and I'm working. So, if any good ol' lady wants a good ol' man, write soon. One rug rat okay. D. Moore, P.O. Box 42, Highland, Calif. 92346. (81)

Boring and Stroking the 45. Illustrated 12-page instruction manual. $5 p. pd. Monroe's Cycle parts, P.O. Box 210066, Dallas, Tex. 75211. (81)

Easy, anyone can make Gas-ahol at a low, low price. All engines will run good on it. So don't shit in the line and pay a dollar or more, when you can make your own for 50¢ or so a gallon. Complete, easy-to-follow directions. Guaranteed to work. Rush $5.95 today before the gas prices go up again. Send money order or cash to Terry McDonald, P.O. Box 426, Kirkland, Wash. 98033. (81)

James Coston says drunks are hell on bikers. Ask Jim Blassengame, happy healing bro. (81)

Happy birthday, Bun Bun & Pebble Head: I know this time I'm doin' is hard on you, but hell, ya learn by your mistakes, right? Better late than never (sound familiar?). Never stop lovin' ya, Rock Head. (81)

I've got something for you. . .

And it's man-sized, too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

$6.95, plus $1.50 for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of $21.95 plus $4.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save $7.85 over the single mug price.)

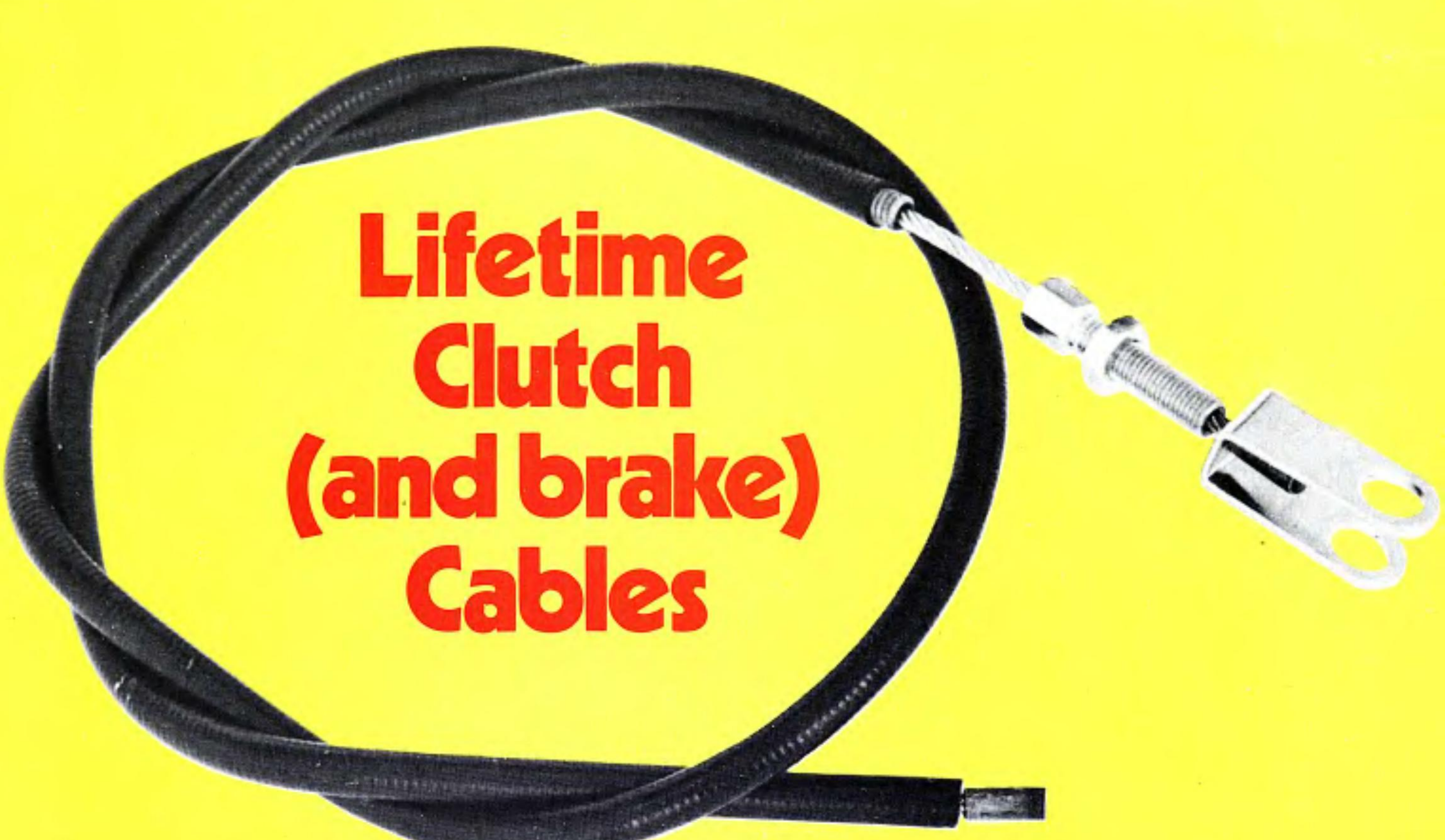
Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Foreign orders add $1.00 per mug.
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Lifetime Clutch (and brake) Cables



New Design! Guaranteed Not to Break on Ya!

That's right. Now you can travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch or brake cable ain't gonna crap out on ya in the middle of Tighttwat, Texas—where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard drivin'. Your worries are over! Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or next gallon of gas is coming from—because you **never** have to worry about your cable goin' south on ya anymore!

Cable is 1/8" diameter 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel. Prelubed!

Each cable is preformed and prelubed—thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. In assembling the product we use coil wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swedged and pull tested to 500 lbs. This insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage to the cable strands. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility, thus it can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is common knowledge that most clutch cables break at the clutch release handle pivot pin. It is also a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use **7** x 19, not **1** x 19—and we won't break!

This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, binding, or kinks.

74 clutch cable	**$20.00**
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Mousetrap cable	**$17.00**
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OSSP	**$20.00**
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CSSP	**$20.00**
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Add $1.00 for postage & handling

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